

A CHOICE  
COLLECTION  
OF  
Hymns, Psalms, and Anthems;

Principally designed for the Congregation attending BETHESDA-CHAPEL.; but calculated for all Denominations of Christians, who desire to worship God in spirit and in truth.

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By the Rev. EDWARD SMYTH.

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*Be filled with the Spirit, speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and spiritual Songs, singing, and making melody in your hearts to the Lord.*  
*Eph. v. 18, 19.—Col. iii. 16.*

*Is any merry? Let him sing Psalms. Jas. v. 13.*  
*Soliti essent Christiani, statim die, convenire, carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem.*  
*Plin. Ep. Lib. 10. Ep. 97.*

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

**T**HOUGH many different Publications of this kind have already appeared, yet as the composition of some of them greatly disparages the dignity of the subject, and as none of them contain such a number of Hymns as is necessary for the several occasions that present themselves, the Editor of this Work has taken uncommon pains to render it complete, and, on an impartial examination, he thinks it will be acknowledged it has many advantages above others of a similar nature. The Hymns have been selected (he hopes with judgment) out of a great variety of books, published by the most approved Authors; and when any of them seemed to him either defective, redundant, or unpoetical, he has added or abridged, as expediency required, and substituted many words and lines, which he believed would improve the metre, the rhyme, or the grammatical construction.

Being designed for private as well as congregational use, there are not only various Hymns for the various spiritual states of men; but also many for the Fasts and Festivals of the Church, and other occasional ones, relating to the divers occurrences, concerns, avocations, and connexions in common life; therefore, very requisite for all families: and as they are carefully arranged under respective heads, according to the peculiar circumstances of every state, by looking into the *Contents*, all may readily find those which are particu-

larly applicable to themselves. Being thus adapted to every situation in life, careless unawakened Sinners may be alarmed, and *persuaded by the terrors of the Lord, to repent, and believe the gospel* — *Mourners in Zion* may be comforted — the people of God encouraged, exhorted, and edified; while *lukewarm and backsliding Israel* may stand reprov'd, and be induced again to *turn unto the Lord, from whom they have revolted*. In short, the Work may be considered as an entire system of divinity, all the fundamental doctrines of the gospel being therein fully elucidated. To be assured of this, the Reader is directed, by marginal references, to those passages of Holy Writ, on which the different religious tenets are founded. By this method, not only *gainsayers* may be convinced, but serious *Christians* will derive much consolation and edification from searching those *Scriptures*, which are *profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for instruction in righteousness, that they may be perfect, and thoroughly furnished unto all good works*.

To make this book still more useful, at the top of every page the subject of the Hymn is mentioned; and, for the satisfaction of those who not only read but sing them, the particular measure of all of them is prefixed, whereby the proper tune for each may be much more easily raised. Many Hymns and Anthems have, likewise, been inserted, which have never yet appeared in print, or are but little known in this kingdom; and many more, which the Editor borrowed from other Authors, he judged it necessary to put in another dress; so that they may be almost accounted new. Some of them being too long for public service, in order to shorten them, he was obliged

## ADVERTISEMENT.

obliged to alter many of the lines, that the connexion which was broken off by the verses left out, might be preserved. Others, again, containing too *strong meat*, adapted to the experience of very, very few in congregational meetings, could not, properly, be sung by any, but those who had attained the highest summit of perfection: these, therefore, he has turned into prayers.

Now, he trusts that none will be offended at the liberty he has thus taken, as he cheerfully allows them the same; and it should, certainly, be the study of every one who wishes to promote the glory of *God*, and the salvation of souls, to render Psalmody as perfect as possible, it being so elevated a part of divine worship. If, therefore, any imagine that they can mend either the sense or the verse in these Hymns, they are not only welcome to do so, but I should rejoice to see them improved by *their* revival. It is certain that some blemishes may be discovered in the most finished Poems: hence *Horace* observes of the most celebrated Epic Poet among the ancients, *Aliquando deridit Homerus*. The sublimest genius may sometimes sink; and Poets, who, at particular seasons, may write a thousand verses with freedom, *stans uno in pede*, at other times may be frequently at a loss; and, therefore, for the sake of rhyme, or to avoid farther trouble, will let words or lines remain which do not even please themselves, not being sufficiently expressive of their ideas. Now, if, in some brighter moment, they could amend what they have written, they undoubtedly should; or, if another presumes he can do it, his well-meant attempt should rather be applauded than condemned.

vi      A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

On account of the great diversity of Hymns (to which so many circumstances necessarily give rise) they must be printed in two volumes; but as the different parts of our Liturgy, and the reading-psalms of *David* are added at the end of the second volume, they who attend divine service in Bethesda Chapel will be saved the trouble of bringing their prayer-books.

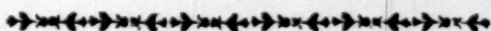


PREFACE.





# P R E F A C E.



**T**H A T singing has been always considered as a part of divine worship, is clearly evident from the Scriptures, quoted in the title-page, and from the usage of the Church, in all ages.

But, perhaps, it may be objected, "What need is there of introducing new hymns? Are not the Psalms of *David* fully sufficient for us?" To this I answer,

1st. We are commanded to sing *hymns*, as well as *psalms*. *Eph. v. 18. Col. iii. 16.*

2dly We are informed by *St Matthew* that Christ and his Apostles *sang an hymn*. *Matt. xxvi. 30.*

3dly As fine Music, employed in celebrating the great blessing of our redemption, through Christ Jesus, has the power of raising grateful sensations, and engaging the heart in *God's* service, many of the most beautiful tunes must be laid aside, if hymns were not used, the metre of which is particularly adapted to them.

4thly. David, writing as a *Prophet*, whose duty it was to denounce divine judgments against the wicked) frequently prays that they may be poured out on the heads of *God's* enemies, and his ; but these imprecations, in the mouths of *ordinary* persons, under the influence of the *Christian* religion,  
are,

are, certainly, incongruous with the charitable spirit of it, which requires us not to call for fire from heaven to consume our enemies, but to love them, to bless them, and to return good for their evil.

And, lastly, though it be allowed that *David*, that sweet *Singer of Israel*, was moved by the *Holy Ghost*, when he composed his *Psalms*, and that they were sung in the temple, yet, as we are under a dispensation widely different, more spiritual and evangelical — as *Christ is the Mediator of a better covenant, established upon better promises* — as *life and immortality are brought to light by the gospel*, the law, which was only the *shadow of good things to come*, being now abolished, the *shadow*, consequently, gives place to the *substance*, the *prophecies* to their *fulfilment*, and the *types* to their great *Antitype*. Many of the *Psalms* intirely relate to *carnal ordinances*, imposed on the *Jews*, until the time of reformation: and now that time is come, all true believers being delivered from the *Jewish yoke* — brought into the liberty of the sons of God, and washed in the atoning blood of *Christ*, from all their sins, (which the divers washings of old prefigured,) they now worship God in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter. Since the veil is taken away, and we can enter into the Holiest by the blood of *Jesus* — since the gospel now shines with brightest lustre upon us, dissipating all the clouds of *Jewish* ceremonies and figures, we should no longer walk in darkness, but rejoice in the light — no longer worship an unknown God, but a God clearly manifested in the face of *Jesus Christ*. We should praise him, with joyful lips, for the unspeakable gift of his dear Son, who was only revealed to the *Jews* in obscure types, but was made flesh, and dwelt among

us personally, and was at last crucified for our salvation.

It is in ascriptions of praise to him that the highest orders of the heavenly hierarchy are incessantly engaged. While, therefore, they are crying, night and day, before his radiant throne, "*Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing,*" should not the redeemed and ransomed of the Lord on earth lift up their voices on high, and, with exalted rapture, join in the celestial anthem? Not for *angels*, but for *men*, did the incarnate Jesus shed his precious blood; and therefore, *we* are more particularly called upon to celebrate the wonders of his grace—the matchless love of our redeeming God. Now, though an heart-felt interest in the blood of the crucified *Lamb* is the best requisite to the performance of this duty, yet nothing can be more happily suited to inflame our devotion, and to excite a more lively sense of the divine goodness, than smoothly-flowing Poetry, judiciously set to sacred music.

If the votaries of pleasure can find such high enjoyment in their bacchanalian songs, surely, the children of God, in whose hearts his love is shed abroad, must feel an increase of it—must find their affections drawn out after him, while in harmonious numbers and sounds, they vent the aspirations of their souls. If we are walking in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, and are joyful in the God of our salvation, what can be more pleasing than to express our feelings in songs of praise! This will afford far greater recreation, and more exalted delight, than ever carnal worldlings enjoyed

joyed in their merry catches, and facetious glees. *Oh that men were wise!* that they did but know the joys which spring up, as a running fountain, in the hearts of those who are filled with divine love; then would each of them adopt the converted Musician's language —

With *Tubal's* wretched sons, no more  
I prostitute my sacred pow'r,  
To please the fiends beneath;  
Or modulate the wanton lay —  
Or smooth, with music's hand, the way  
To everlasting death.

Suffice for this the season past —  
I come, great *God*, to learn, at last,  
The lessons of thy grace:  
Teach me the new — the gospel-song —  
And let my head, my heart, my tongue,  
Move only to thy praise.

The glory of *God* should, undoubtedly, be the ultimate end of all our religious exercises; therefore, in every act of praise, as well as supplication, we ought to take special heed that our hearts accompany our lips; otherwise, we only *offer unto God the sacrifice of fools*. It is very possible that we may be so captivated with the outward sound — that the organs of sense may be so delighted, as to draw the attention entirely to the music; and though, perhaps, *God is not in all our thoughts*, at the time — though we do not feel inflamed desires towards him, we may falsely conclude, that the happy, lively frame in which we find ourselves, is the result of our love to him,  
when

when it is only the effect of the powers of music. A mistake here is dangerous: therefore, let us resolve with the Apostle, *I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the understanding, also.* 1 Cor. xiv. 15. We should always bear those words of the Poet in remembrance, and have our hearts lifted up in prayer, while we sing —

Still let us on our guard be found,  
And watch against the pow'r of sound,  
With holy jealousy;  
Lest, haply, sense should damp our zeal,  
And music's charms bewitch and steal  
Our hearts away from thee.

That hurrying strife far off remove —  
That noisy burst of selfish love  
Which swells the formal song:  
The joy from out our hearts arise,  
And speak, and sparkle in our eyes,  
And vibrate on our tongue.

Our devotions thus ascending from the altar of our hearts, will not only elevate our minds, and draw our affections from earth to heaven, but they will be as vials full of odour, and prove a sweet-smelling savour unto that God, whom we *worship in the beauty of holiness*. We shall be thereby prepared to join in the hallelujahs of the heavenly choir, and to *sing the song of Moses, and of the Lamb*, when time shall be no more.

If any should imagine that the experimental part of those hymns savours too strongly of enthusiasm, I must beg leave to inform them, that they thus think, because they have not *senses exercised to discern spiritual things* — because they  
know



*know not the Scriptures, neither the power of God, who manifests himself to his people as he does not to the world which lieth in wickedness. Hence David, speaking on this subject, says, Blessed are the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance. Ps. lxxxix. 15. Therefore, though the children of night and of darkness, may speak evil, as natural brute beasts, of the things that they know not, yet Christianity has its internal evidences; and they who are Christians in deed and in truth, do rejoice in Christ Jesus, with joy unspeakable, and full of glory: But (as Solomon remarks) A stranger doth not intermeddle with their joy. However, then, the wicked may discredit the operations of the Spirit on the heart of man, yet their unbelief cannot make the faith of God's people without effect.*

Ah, foolish world, forbear  
 Thy unavailing pain,  
 Nor idly, needlessly declare  
 Our hope and labour vain:  
 Say not, we cannot know, —  
 On earth, the heav'nly pow'rs,      *Heb. vi. 5.*  
 Or taste the glorious blifs below,  
 Or feel that God is ours.      *Acts xvii. 27.*

So ignorant of God —      *1 Jn. iii. 1.*  
 In sin brought up, and born,      *Psl. li. 3.*  
 Ye prudent fools, be not so proud —  
 Suspend your senseless scorn:  
 For us who have our fight      *Matt. xiii. 16.*  
 Ye fain would judges be,  
 And make us think there is no light,  
 Because ye cannot see.      *Matt. xiii. 13.*

The

The same in your esteem,  
 Falsehood and truth ye join —  
 The wild enthusiast's idle dream,  
 And real work divine :  
 In *substance*, or in *show*,  
 No difference ye can find ;  
 For, colours all, full well we know,  
 Are equal to the blind.

Wherefore, from us depart,  
 And to each other tell,  
 " No, no - we cannot on our heart  
 " The written pardon feel :"  
 A stranger to that bread *Matt. xv. 26.*  
 Ye may beguile, and cheat ;  
 But us ye never can persuade  
 That honey is not sweet.

It is certain that the good old Bishops, by whose pious endeavours the reformation was established, were firmly persuaded of this evangelical doctrine, that *if any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his. Rom. viii. 9.* Hence we find this excellent Collect in our Liturgy, " Almighty God, cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of thy *Holy Spirit*, that we may perfectly love thee, and worthily magnify thy holy name." Hence, this expressive Hymn occurs in the Ordination-office,

Come, *Holy Ghost*, our souls inspire,  
 And lighten with celestial fire !  
 Thou the anointing *Spirit* art,  
 Who dost thy sev'n-fold gifts impart ;

Thy blessed unction from above  
 Is comfort, life, and fire of love;  
 Enable with perpetual light  
 The dulness of our blinded sight —  
 Anoint, and cheer our soiled face;  
 With the abundance of thy grace.

Now, surely, nothing can be found in the following pages more fully declarative of the vital, influential power of the *Spirit*, to enlighten, quicken, comfort, and sanctify all them that believe: it is, therefore, hoped, that no member of the Established Church, nor any Bishop, who repeats these striking words every time he ordains Ministers, will exclaim against those as fanatics, or insatuated visionaries, who offer them up to *God* as the sincere breathings of their souls. Rather, I trust, they will address the *Father of lights*, as I do from the ground of my heart, in the words of another Collect, “ Almighty, and everlasting *God*, who alone workest great marvels, send down upon our Bishops, and Curates, and all congregations committed to their charge, the healthful Spirit of thy grace; and that they may truly please thee, pour upon them the continual dew of thy blessing. Grant this, O *Lord*, for the honour of our Advocate, and Mediator, *Jesus Christ*. Amen.”



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A CHOICE  
COLLECTION

OF

Hymns, Psalms, and Anthems, &c.

PART I.

Containing Hymns calculated to instruct, and  
move Sinners to Repentance.

SECTION I.

On the Excellency of the Scriptures, and the  
Means of Grace.

H Y M N I.

Common Measure.

**H**ERE at *Bethesda's* pool, the poor, *Jn. v. 2.*  
The wither'd, halt, and blind,  
With waiting hearts expect a cure,  
And free admittance find.

Here streams of wond'rous virtue flow,  
To heal a sin-sick soul —  
To wash the filthy white as snow,  
And make the wounded whole.

*Isa. i. 18.*

B

III The

2      *On the Excellency of the Scriptures,*

III

The dumb break forth in songs of praise —  
The blind their sight receive —  
The cripple runs in wisdom's ways —  
The dead revive, and live.      *Isa. xxxv. 5, 6.*

IV

Refrain'd to no one case, or time,  
These waters always move :  
Sinners in ev'ry age and clime  
Their vital influence prove.

V

Yet numbers daily near them lie,  
Who meet with no relief :  
With life in view, they pine and die,  
In hopeless unbelief.

VI

'Tis strange they should refuse to bathe,  
And yet frequent the pool :  
But none can even wish for faith,  
While love of sin bears rule.

VII

*Satan* their consciences has seal'd,  
And stupify'd their thought ;  
For, were they willing to be heal'd,  
The cure would soon be wrought.

VIII

Do thou, dear *Saviour*, interpose —  
Their stubborn will constrain —  
Or else to them the water flows,  
And grace is preach'd in vain.

H Y M N      2.

*6 Lines, eights, and sevens.*

I

**P**RECIOUS *Bible* ! what a treasure  
Does the word of *God* afford !

All

All I want for life or pleasure,  
*Food, and Med'cine, Shield, and Sword:*  
Let the world account me poor,  
Having this, I need no more.

II

*Food* to which the world's a stranger, *Jn. iv. 34.*  
Here my hungry soul enjoys;  
Of excess there is no danger —  
Tho' it fills, it never cloy:  
On a dying *Christ* I feed —  
He is meat and drink indeed! *Jn. vi. 55.*

III

When my faith is faint and sickly,  
Or when *Satan* wounds my mind,  
Cordials to revive me quickly —  
Healing *Med'cines* here I find: *Eze. xlvii. 12.*  
To the Promises I flee — *2 Pet. i. 4.*  
Each affords a remedy.

IV

In the hour of dark temptation,  
*Satan* cannot make me yield;  
For the word of consolation,  
Is to me a mighty *Shield*: *Eph. vi. 16.*  
While the scripture-truths are sure,  
From his malice I'm secure.

V

Vain his threats to overcome me,  
When I take the *Spirit's Sword*; *Eph. vi. 17.*  
Then with ease I drive him from me —  
*Satan* trembles at the word:  
'Tis a *Sword* for conquest made —  
Keen the edge, and strong the blade.

VI

Shall I envy then the Miser  
Doating on his golden store?  
Sure I am, or should be wiser —  
I am rich——'tis he is poor:

4 On the Excellency of the Scriptures,

Jesus gives me in his word,  
Food, and Medicine, Shield, and Sword.

H Y M N 3.

Common Measure.

I

FATHER of mercies, in thy word 2 Cor. i. 3.  
What grace and glory shines!  
For ever be thy name ador'd,  
For these celestial lines!

II

Here the fair tree of knowledge grows, Gen. ii. 9.  
And yields a free repast:  
Sublimar sweets than nature knows  
Invite the longing taste.

III

Here springs of consolation rise, Rom. xv. 4.  
To cheer the fainting mind:  
Here thirsty souls receive supplies,  
And sweet refreshment find. Matt. v. 6.

IV

When guilt and terror, pain and grief,  
United, rend the heart,  
Here the poor sinner meets relief, Ps. x. 7.  
And cools the raging smart.

V

Here the Redeemer's gracious voice  
Glad tidings spreads around; Rom. x. 15.  
And life, and everlasting joys  
Attend the blissful sound. Jn. v. 25.

VI

Oh, may these heav'nly pages be  
My study, day and night! Ps. i. 2.  
And still new beauties may I see,  
With still-increasing light Ps. cxix. 130.

H Y M N



*and the Means of Grace.*

5

H Y M N 4.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**H**OW beautiful appear *Isa. lii. 7.*  
Their feet on Zion's hill,  
Who bring the gospel-tidings near,  
And speak the things they feel!  
To them a charge is giv'n  
(Commission'd from above)  
To publish peace 'twixt earth and heav'n, *Lu. ii. 14.*  
To tell that God is love.

II

The Heralds cry aloud,  
And make the vallies ring:  
Among them is the shout of God,  
The triumph of a King:  
The gospel-trumpet's blown —  
Redemption's wond'rous plan  
To fallen sinners is made known —  
God's reconcil'd to man. *2 Cor. v. 18.*

III.

The spacious fields are white — *Jn. iv. 35.*  
The harvest now is come;  
While Preachers labour to invite  
Poor wand'ring sinners home:  
They hear the pow'rful call,  
(Made willing to obey) *Pf. cx. 3.*  
*Jesus* becomes their all in all, *Col. iii. 11.*  
And takes their guilt away.

IV

Their peace is made with God — *Rom. v. 1.*  
In *Jesus* they find rest — *Matt. xi. 28.*  
Sprinkled with his atoning blood,  
Joy fills their ravish'd breast:  
Now, with uplifted voice,  
Their hallelujahs sound —

6 *On the Excellency of the Scriptures, &c.*

How they in *Jesus Christ* rejoice,  
They tell to all around.

H Y M N 5.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

**M**Y brethren belov'd,  
Your calling you see — 1 *Cor.* i. 26.  
In *Jesus* approv'd, 2 *Cor.* x. 18.  
No goodness have we — *Pf.* xvi. 2.  
No riches or merit,  
No wisdom or might, 1 *Cor.* i. 30.  
But all things inherit,  
Thro' *Jesus's* right.

II

Yet not many wise  
His summons obey,  
And great ones despise.  
So vulgar a way;  
And strong ones will never  
Their helplessness own,  
Or stoop to find favour,  
Thro' mercy alone. *Tit.* iii. 5.

III

The Lord therefore chose 1 *Cor.* i. 27.  
The outcasts of men, *Isa.* xi. 12.  
Forsaking all those  
Who're puff'd up, and vain: *Col.* ii. 18.  
When wise ones rejected  
His offers of grace,  
His goodness elected  
The foolish and base.

IV

To baffle the wise,  
And noble, and strong,  
He bade us arise,  
An impotent throng:

Poor

Poor ignorant wretches,

We gladly embrace

A Prophet that teaches,

Salvation by grace.

*Jn. vii. 49.*

*Eph. ii. 5.*

V

The things that were not

His mercy bids live, —

His mercy unbought

We freely receive :

*Isa. lv. 1.*

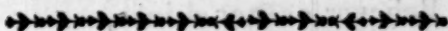
His gracious compassion

We thankfully prove,

And all our salvation

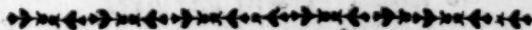
Ascribe to his love.

*Eph. ii. 4.*



S E C T I O N II.

*Hymns descriptive of the Character of God's  
People, and of the Blessings resulting from  
the Power of Godliness.*



H Y M N 6.

*Long Measure.*

I

HAPPY the man who *Jesus* knows, *Jn. xvii. 3.*

Who to his cross by faith is join'd !

His pure believing heart o'erflows

With love to God, and all mankind.

II

Redeem'd from all iniquity —

*Tit. ii. 14.*

From ev'ry evil work and word —

From ev'ry sinful temper free,

He lives devoted to his Lord.

*Rom. vi. 18.*

III

Little and vile in his own eyes,

All good he gives to God alone:

Sav'd

## 8 True Christians described, and the Blessings

Sav'd from all selfishness, he cries,  
 " Lord, not my will, but *thine*, be done." *Mark*

IV

xiv. 36.

Sav'd from the love of all below, *Gal. i. 4.*

Heav'n-ward his ev'ry wish aspires ;

Nothing but *Christ* resolv'd to know, *1 Cor. ii. 2.*

*Him*, only *Him*, his heart desires.

V

Sav'd from all evil *words*, he speaks  
 For *God*, and ministers his grace: *Eph. iv. 29.*

Sav'd from all evil *deeds*, he seeks  
 In all to shew his *Saviour's* praise. *1 Pet. ii. 9.*

VI

When the Believer eats or drinks,  
 He means to glorify his *God* ; *1 Cor. x. 31.*

Whether he acts, or speaks, or thinks, *Col. iii. 17.*

He spreads his *Maker's* name abroad.

H Y M N 7.

8 Lines, *sevens and sixes.*

I

WHERE shall true Believers go,  
 When from the flesh they fly?

Glorious joys ordain'd to know, *1 Cor. ii. 9.*

They mount above the sky —

To that bright celestial place

Where they shall in raptures live,

More than tongue can e'er express,

Or heart can e'er conceive.

II

When they once are enter'd there,

Their mourning days are o'er — *Rev. xxi. 4.*

Sin, and pain, and want and care,

And sighing are no more : *Isa. li. 11.*

Subject then to no decay,

Heav'nly bodies they put on, *1 Cor. xv. 44.*

Swifter

Swifter than the lightning's ray,  
And brighter than the sun. *Dan. xii. 3.*

III

But their greatest happiness,  
Their brightest joy, shall be  
God their Saviour to possess,  
To know, and love, and see:  
With that beatific sight,  
Glorious ecstasy is giv'n —  
This is their supreme delight,  
And makes an heav'n of heav'n.

IV

Him beholding face to face, *1 Cor. xiii. 12.*  
To him they glory give —  
Bless his name, and sing his praise,  
As long as God shall live:  
While eternal ages roll,  
'Thus employ'd above they are —  
Lord, receive my happy soul,  
With all thy Servants there!

H Y M N 8.

8 Lines all sevens.

I

WHO are these array'd in white, *Rev. vii. 13.*  
Brighter than the noon-day sun?  
Foremost of the sons of light —  
Nearest the eternal throne?  
'These are they that bore the cross —  
Nobly for their Master stood —  
Suffers in his righteous cause —  
Patient followers of God.

II

Out of great distress they came — *Rev. vii. 14.*  
Wash'd their robes by faith below;

In



10 *True Christians described, and the Blessings*

In the blood of yonder *Lamb*,  
They were wash'd as white as snow: *Isa. i. 18*  
Therefore are they next the throne —  
Serve their *Saviour* day and night —  
He resides among his own —  
In his saints he takes delight.

III

More than conquerors at last, *Rom. viii. 37.*  
Here they find their trials o'er —  
Thirst and hunger now are past — *Rev. vii. 16.*  
Death and sorrow are no more: *Rev. xxi. 4.*  
Now with *Jesus* glorify'd,  
He doth all their troubles chase —  
All their wants are now supply'd,  
And the tears wip'd off each face.

IV

Hark! all heav'n resounds with songs!  
“Glory to the great *I AM*!” *Rev. vii. 12.*  
“Glory to our *God* belongs!  
“Glory to the bleeding *Lamb*!  
“Render we our *God* his right —  
“Blessing, wisdom, thanks, and pow'r,  
“Honour, majesty and might!  
“Praise him—praise him evermore!”

H Y M N 9.

8 Lines all sevens.

I

**B**LESSED are the Sons of *God*! *Rom. viii. 16.*  
They are bought with *Christ's* own blood—  
They are ransom'd from the grave — *Hos. xiii. 14.*  
Life eternal they shall have: *John vi. 47.*  
They are all redeem'd from hell —  
And with *God* shall ever dwell:  
Number'd with them may we be,  
Here, and in eternity!

They

II

They the seal of this receive,  
When on *Jesus* they believe:  
They are justify'd by grace —  
They enjoy a solid peace:  
All their sins are wash'd away —  
They shall stand in *God's* great day:  
Number'd with them may we be  
Here, and in eternity!

*Eph.* i. 13.  
*Rom.* iii. 34.  
xv. 13.  
*Acts* xxii. 16.

III

They produce the fruits of grace,  
In the works of righteousness:  
They are harmless, meek and mild,  
Holy, humble, undefil'd;  
They are lights upon the earth —  
Children of an heav'nly birth:  
Number'd with them may we be,  
Here, and in eternity!

*Phil.* i. 11.  
*Phil.* ii. 15.  
*Psalms* cxix. 1.

*Eph.* v. 8.

IV

Born of *God*, they do not sin —  
*God's* pure seed remains within:  
They have fellowship with *God*,  
Thro' the *Mediator's* blood.  
One with *God*, with *Jesus* one,  
Glory is in them begun:  
Number'd with them may we be,  
Here, and in eternity!

*1 John* iii. 9.

*1 Jn.* i. 3.

*1 Tim.* ii. 5.

*John* xvii. 11

V

Tho' they suffer much on earth,  
And renounce all worldly mirth,  
Yet they feel an inward joy —  
Pleasures that can never cloy;  
They alone are truly blest,  
In both worlds enjoying rest:  
Number'd with them may we be,  
Here, and in eternity!

*2 Tim.* iii. 12.

*1 Pet.* i. 8.

*Heb.* iv. 9.

HYMN.

12 True Christians described, and the Blessings

H Y M N 10.

8 Lines all sevens.

I

**H** APPY saint, that, free from harms,  
Lies within his *Shepherd's* arms!  
Who his quiet shall molest?  
Who shall violate his rest?  
Kept from sin, and servile fear,  
He has *Jesus* ever near:  
*Jesus* doth his spirit bear —  
*Jesus* takes his ev'ry care.

II

Oh that I might so believe!  
Steadfastly to *Jesus* cleave!  
On his only love rely —  
Smile at the *Destroyer* nigh!  
Let me hear my *Shepherd's* voice —  
More and more in thee rejoice —  
More and more of thee receive;  
Ever in thy *Spirit* live.

Gal. v. 25.

III

Oh that I in grace may grow,  
'Till thy life I freely know!  
Gladly then from earth remove  
To the fold of saints above!  
Oh that I, at last, may stand  
With the sheep at thy right-hand! *Mat. xxv. 33.*  
Wear the crown so freely giv'n,  
And enjoy my *God* in heav'n!

H Y M N 11.

8 Lines fives and sixes.

I

**R**EJOICE evermore  
With angels above!

1 *Thef. v. 16.*  
*Jesus's*

In *Jesus's* pow'r,  
In *Jesus's* love;  
With glad exultation  
Your triumph proclaim,  
Ascribing salvation  
To God and the *Lamb*.

II

Thou, *Lord*, our relief  
In trouble hast been —  
Hast sav'd us from grief —  
Hast sav'd us from sin :  
The pow'r of thy *Spirit*  
Hath set our hearts free,  
And now we inherit  
All fulness in thee.

*Psaln ix. 9i*

III

All fulness of peace;  
All fulness of joy,  
And spiritual bliss,  
That never shall cloy ;  
To us it is given  
In *Jesus* to know  
A kingdom of heaven,  
A kingdom below.

*Lu. xvii. 20.*

IV

No longer we join,  
While Sinners invite,  
Nor envy the Swine  
Their brutish delight ;  
Their joy is all sadness,  
Their mirth is all vain ;  
Their laughter is madness,  
Their pleasure is pain.

*Matt. vii. 6.*

*Prov. xiv. 13.*

*Eccl. ii. 2.*

V

Oh, may they, at last,  
With sorrow return,

C

The

14 *True Christians described, and the Blessings*

The pleasures to taste  
For which they were born —  
Our *Jesus* receiving, *John i. 12.*  
Our happiness prove —  
The joy of believing —  
The heaven of love! *Rom. xv. 13.*

H Y M N 12.

6 Lines, 2 sixes and 4 sevens.

I  
**H**OW happy, *Lord*, are we  
Who build our hopes on thee!  
What can our foundation shock?  
Tho' the heav'ns and earth remove,  
Stands our city on a *Rock* — *Isa. lx. 14.*  
On a *Rock* of heav'nly love.

II  
A house we call our own *2 Cor. v. 1.*  
Which cannot be o'erthrown :  
In the ger'ral ruin sure,  
Storms and earthquakes it defies — *Rev. xi. 19.*  
Built immoveably secure —  
Built eternal in the skies.

III  
High on *Immanuel's* land,  
We see the fabric stand —  
From a tott'ring world remove,  
To our steadfast mansion there :  
Our inheritance above *Col. i. 12.*  
Cannot pass from heir to heir.

IV  
Oh, may we quickly find  
The place for us design 'd  
See the long-expected day  
Of our full redemption near! *Rom. viii. 23.*  
Let



Let the shadows flee away!

Let the new-made world appear!

*Rev. xxi. 1.*

High on thy great white throne,

*Rev. xx. 11.*

O King of Saints, come down!

*Rev. xv. 3.*

To the new Jerusalem

Now triumphantly descend!

Let the final trump proclaim

Joys begun which ne'er shall end!

H Y M N 13.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

**T**HEY who in *Christ* believe,  
And in his grace confide,

A joy unspeakable receive,

*1 Pet. i. 8.*

And feel his blood apply'd:

*Rom. iii. 25.*

Exults each pardon'd soul,

Disburden'd of its load,

*Matt. xi. 28.*

And swells unutterably full:

Of glory and of God.

*Eph. iii. 19.*

I I

His love (surpassing far

The love of all beneath)

They find within their hearts, and dare *Rom. v. 5.*

The pointless dart of death:

*1 Cor. xv. 56.*

Stronger than death or hell

*Cant. viii. 6.*

The mystic pow'r they prove;

In fellowship with God they dwell — *1 Jn. i. 3.*

Their treasure is above.

*Matt. vi. 20.*

III

They, by his *Spirit*, prove

And know the things of God —

The things which, freely, of his love,

He hath on them bestow'd:

*1 Cor. ii. 12.*

C 2

Both

# 16 True Christians described, and the Blessings

Both witnesses agree,  
The Spirit of God with theirs  
That they are sons, and so shall be  
With Jesus Christ co-heirs. *Rom. viii. 16, 17.*

## IV

Whate'er their gracious Lord  
Commands, they gladly do ; *2 Jn. v. 1.*  
And, guided by his sacred word, *Pf. 119. 9.*  
They all his steps pursue : *1 Pet. ii. 21.*  
His glory their design, *1 Cor. x. 31.*  
They live their God to please, *1 Thes. iv. 1.*  
And rise, with filial fear divine,  
To perfect holiness. *2 Cor. vii. 1.*

## H Y M N 14.

### Long Measure.

#### I

BLESS'D are the saints that dwell above,  
In the pure element of love ! *Pf. cxxxiii. 1.*  
They know no rage, nor cruel spleen, *1 Cor. xiii. 5.*  
But all is peaceful and serene.

#### II

Celestial love each breast inspires,  
Kindling within her purest fires :  
To harps of gold they sweetly sing,  
Nor is there found one jarring string.

#### III

How blest'd on earth would mortals be,  
Did love constrain them to agree ! *2 Cor. v. 14.*  
Drawn by her soft and pow'rful cords *Hosea xi. 4.*  
Of gen'rous deeds, and gentle words.

#### IV

Did love unfeign'd each heart engage, *1 Pet. i. 22.*  
'Twould be a truly golden age :  
Then should we shew our heav'nly birth, *1 Jn. iv. 7.*  
And heav'n itself descend to earth.

Ye

V

Ye sons of strife, your wrath forbear,  
Nor, like wild beasts, each other tear : *Gal. v. 15.*  
How can ye think to dwell above,  
Where all is harmony and love ?

VI

Ye zealots, vain will be each plea,  
Whilst zeal consumes your charity : *Rom. x. 2.*  
*Love* only can pure zeal inspire —  
The rest is strange and dang'rous fire. *Lev. x. 1.*

H Y M N 15.

*Common Measure.*

I

**V**AIN are our fancy's airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead : *Jam. ii. 20.*  
None but a living faith unites  
To *Christ*, the living Head. *Eph. i. 22.*

II

True faith will purify the heart — *Acts xv. 9.*  
True faith still works by love ; *Gal. v. 6.*  
It bids all sinful joys depart, *Heb. xi. 25.*  
And lifts the thoughts above. *Heb. xi. 13.*

III

It overcomes sin, earth, and hell, *1 Jn. v. 4.*  
By a celestial pow'r :  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

IV

Faith must obey the *Father's* will ; *Tit. iii. 8.*  
As well as trust his grace :  
A pard'ning God is jealous still *Eze. xxxix. 25.*  
For his own holiness.

V

When from past guilt he sets us free,  
He makes us pure within ; *Rom. viii. 10.*

18 *True Christians described, and the Blessings, &c.*

Nor would he send his *Son* to be

The minister of sin. *Gal. ii. 17.*

VI

Let me, then, *Lord*, that faith obtain

Which speaks my sins forgiv'n, *Acts x. 43.*

Which makes my evil nature clean,

And fits me thus for heav'n.

H Y M N 16.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

WHO is as the *Christian great* ?

Bought, and wash'd with sacred blood, *I Cor.*

Crowns he treads beneath his feet — *[vi. 20.*

Soars aloft, and walks with *God.* *Gen. v. 24.*

II

Who is as the *Christian wise* ?

He his naught for all has giv'n —

Bought the pearl of greatest price — *Matt. xiii. 46.*

Nobly barter'd earth for heav'n.

III

Who is as the *Christian blest* ?

He has found the long-sought stone — *Rev. ii. 17.*

Feels uninterrupted rest — *Isa. xxvi. 3.*

He and happiness are one.

IV

Lo ! his cloathing is the Sun —

The bright *Sun of Righteousness* : *Mal. iv. 2.*

He hath put salvation on — *Isa. lii. 1.*

*Jesus* is his glorious dress.

V

Lo ! he feeds on living bread —

Drinks the fountain from above — *Jn. vi. 51.*

Leans on *Jesus's* breast his head — *Rev. xxi. 6.*

Feasts for ever on his love. *Jn. xxi. 20.*

*Rev. iii. 20.*

Angels

VI

Angels here his servants are — *Heb. i. 14.*  
 Spread for him their golden wings —  
 To his throne of glory bear —  
 Seat him by the *King of Kings.* *Rev. iii. 21.*



S E C T I O N III.

*Containing Hymns, descriptive of our State by  
 Nature, and of the Way of Redemption  
 through Christ Jesus.*

H Y M N 17.

*Common Measure.*

I

**A**LAS! by nature how deprav'd!  
 How prone to ev'ry ill!  
 Our lives to *Satan* how enslav'd! *2 Tim. ii. 26.*  
 How obstinate our will!

II

And can such sinners be restor'd?  
 Such rebels reconcil'd?  
 Can *grace* itself the means afford  
 To make a *foe* a *child*?

III

Yes—*grace* has found the wond'rous means  
 Which shall effectual prove  
 To cleanse our souls—to break our chains,  
 And teach our hearts to love.

IV

On *Jesus* all our sins were laid — *Isa. liii. 6.*  
 He dy'd, that we might live;

His



His blood a full atonement made,  
And cry'd aloud, "Forgive." *Lu. xxiii. 34.*

## V

Then, sinners, come—no more pursue  
The paths that lead to death; *Matt. vii. 15.*  
Look up—a bleeding *Saviour* view!  
Look, and be sav'd by faith!

## VI

Thus saith the *Lord*—"Come, find in me  
"A *Father* and a *God*;  
"My Sons and Daughters ye shall be  
"Thro' the atoning blood." *2 Cor. vi. 18.*

H Y M N 18.

*Common Measure.*

## I

**H**OW sad our state by nature is!  
Our sin how deep it stains!  
While our poor, wretched, captive souls  
Are bound in *Satan's* chains.

## II

But there's a voice of sov'reign grace  
Sounds from *God's* sacred word:  
"Ho! ye despairing Sinners, trust,  
"In *Jesus Christ*, the *Lord*.

## III

"Weary, and heavy-laden, come, *Matt. xi. 28.*  
"And I will give you rest:  
"The strong man arm'd that dwells within  
"Shall soon be dispossest'd." *Lu. xi. 21.*

## IV.

Oh, may we hear the heav'nly call,  
That dissipates our grief!  
We would believe thy promise, *Lord*—  
Oh, help our unbelief! *Mark ix. 24.*  
Now

V

Now, to the fountain of thy blood, *Zech. xiii. 1.*

May we, in faith, draw nigh,  
And wash our vile, polluted souls

From crimes of deepest dye. *Isa. i. 18.*

VI

Stretch out thine arm, victorious King!

Our reigning sins subdue:

Drive the old Dragon from his seat, *Rev. xx. 2.*

And form our souls anew. *Col. iii. 10.*

H Y M N 19.

*Long Measure.*

I

W Herewith, O Lord, shall I draw near, *Mic. vi. 6.*

And bow myself before thy throne?

How in thy holy sight appear? *Job ix. 2.*

How for my dreadful sins atone?

II

Can gifts assuage the wrath of God?

Can they wash out my guilty stain?

Rivers of oil, and seas of blood,

May flow, but they must flow in vain.

III

No works have I whereof to boast— *Eph. ii. 5.*

My works are rather cause of shame: *Isa. lix. 6.*

What have I, then, wherein to trust?

A helpless sinner is my name. *Lu. xviii. 13.*

IV

Guilty I stand before thy face — *Rom. iii. 19.*

On me I feel thy wrath abide — *Jn. iii. 36.*

'Tis just the sentence should take place —

'Tis just—But oh thy Son hath dy'd!

V

Jesus, the Lamb of God, hath bled— *Jn. i. 29.*

He bore our sins upon the tree — *1 Pet. ii. 24.*

Beneath

Beneath our curse he bow'd his head — *Gal. iii. 13.*  
 “ *Tis finish'd* ” — he hath dy'd for me. *Jn. xix. 30.*

## VI

For me I now believe he dy'd —  
 He made my ev'ry crime his own — *Isa. liii.*  
 Fully for me he satisfy'd —  
*Father*, well pleas'd behold thy *Son*! *Matt. iii. 17.*

## VII

See where before thy throne he stands,  
 And pours thy all-prevailing pray'r — *Heb. vii. 25.*  
 Points to his side, and lifts his hands,  
 And shews that I am graven there. *Isa. xlix. 16.*

H Y M N 20.

## Long Measure.

## I

**B**URY'D in shadows of the night, *Psf. cvii. 10.*  
 We lie, 'till *Christ* restores our sight — *Matt.*  
 Wisdom descends to lead the blind, *[iv. 16.*  
 And chase the darkness of the mind. *Isa. xxix. 18.*

## II

Lost, guilty souls are drown'd in tears, *Lu. vii. 38.*  
 Till the atoning blood appears; *Rom. v. 11.*  
 Then they awake from deep distress,  
 And sing, “ *The Lord, our Righteousness.* ” *Jer.*

## III

*Jesus* beholds where *Satan* reigns,  
 Binding his slaves in heavy chains; *2 Tim. ii. 26.*  
 He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks *Isa. xlii. 7.*  
 The iron bondage from our necks. *Lu. iv. 18.*

## IV

Poor, helpless worms in him possess  
 Grace, wisdom, pow'r, and righteousness: *1 Cor. i. 30.*  
*Jesus* thou art our *All* — may we *Col. iii. 11.*  
 Our souls and bodies yield to thee! *1 Cor. vi. 20.*

H Y M N

H Y M N 21.

*Long Measure.*

I

**D**EEP are the wounds which sin has made —  
Where shall the Sinner find a cure?  
In vain, alas! is nature's aid —  
It ne'er can make the conscience pure.

II

And is there, then, no sov'reign balm?  
Is there no kind *Physician* nigh,  
My pains to ease, my griefs to calm,  
Ere life and hope for ever fly?

III

There is a great *Physician* near —  
Look up, O dying soul, and live!  
See in his heav'nly smiles appear  
Such ease as nature cannot give!

IV

See in the dying *Saviour's* blood  
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow!  
'Tis only this dear sacred flood  
Can cleanse thy soul, and ease thy woe.

V

Here, here a sov'reign balm is found —  
A cordial for the fainting heart!  
His bleeding wounds can heal thy wound *Isa. liii. 5.*  
Extracting sins envenom'd dart.

H Y M N 22.

*Long Measure.*

I

**W**HY droops my soul, with grief oppress? *[xlii. 5. Ps.]*  
Whence these wild tumults in my breast?  
Is there no balm to make me sound? *Ier. viii. 22.*  
No kind *Physician* to be found?

Raise





*exhibiting his power to save Sinners.*

25

II

It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast— *Isa. lvii. 15.*  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest. *Matt. xi. 28.*

III

Dear name! the rock on which I build! *Mat. xvi. 18.*  
My *Shield*, and *Hiding-place*! *Pf. xxxii. 7.*  
My never-failing treas'ry, fill'd  
With boundless stores of grace!

IV

*Jesu*, my *Shepherd*, *Husband*, *Friend*,  
My *Prophet*, *Priest*, and *King*,  
My *Lord*, my *Life*, my *Way*, my *End*,  
Accept the praise I bring.

V

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought;  
But when I see thee as thou art, *1 Jn. iii. 2.*  
I'll praise thee as I ought.

VI

'Till then, I would thy love proclaim,  
With ev'ry fleeting breath;  
And may the music of thy name  
Refresh my soul in death!

H Y M N 24.

*Common Measure.*

I

**H**E who on earth as Man was known,  
And bore our sins and pains, *1 Pet. ii. 24.*  
Now, seated on th' eternal throne,  
The *God of Glory* reigns.

II

His hands the wheels of nature guide,  
With an unerring skill;

D

And

And countless worlds, extended wide,  
Obey his sov'reign will.

## III.

While harps unnumber'd sound his praise,  
In yonder world above,  
His Saints on earth admire his ways,  
And celebrate his love.

## IV

His righteousness, to faith reveal'd, *Rom. i. 17.*  
Wrought out for guilty worms,  
Is a sure hiding-place, and shield,  
From enemies and storms. *Isa. xxxii. 2.*

## V

This land thro' which his Pilgrims go,  
Is desolate and dry;  
But streams of grace from him o'erflow,  
Their thirst to satisfy. *Jn. vii. 37.*

## VI

When troubles, like a burning sun,  
Beat heavy on their head,  
To this Almighty Rock they run,  
And find a pleasing shade. *Isa. xxxiii. 2.*

## VII

How glorious he! how happy they,  
In such a glorious friend!  
Whose love protects them all the way,  
And crowns them at the end.

H Y M N 25.

*Long Measure.*

**T**HE Saviour calls his people sheep, *Jn. xxi. 16.*  
And bids them on his love rely;  
For he alone their souls can keep,  
And all their various wants supply.

*Jehovah*

I-I

*Jehovah* is our *Shepherd's* name—  
Then what have we, tho' weak, to fear?  
Our sin and folly we proclaim,  
If we despond while he is near.

III

When *Satan* threatens to devour—  
When troubles press on ev'ry side—  
Think of our *Shepherd's* care and pow'r—  
He can defend, he will provide. *Jn. x. 28.*

IV

See the rich pastures of his grace, *Pf. xxiii. 2.*  
Where, in full streams, salvation flows! *Isa. xii. 3.*  
There he appoints our resting-place,  
And we may feed secure from foes. *Isa. xl. 11.*

V

There, midst the flock, the *Shepherd* dwells—  
The sheep around in safety lie:  
The *Wolf* in vain with malice swells, *Jn. i. 12.*  
For he protects them with his eye. *Pf. xxxiv. 13.*

VI

Dear *Lord*, if I am one of thine,  
From anxious thoughts I would be free:  
To trust, and love, and praise, is mine—  
The care of all belongs to thee. *i Pet. v. 7.*

H Y M N 26.

6 Lines, 4 fixes and 2 eights.

I

**L**ET earth and heav'n agree,  
Angels and men be join'd,  
To celebrate with me,  
The *Saviour* of mankind—  
To adore the all-atoning *Lamb*,  
And bless the sound of *Jesu's* name.

D 2

*Jesus*

## II

Jesus—transporting sound!  
 The joy of earth and heav'n!  
 No other name is found, *Acts iv. 12.*  
 No other name is giv'n,  
 By which we can salvation have,  
 But Jesus came the world to save. *1 Tim. i. 15.*

## III

His name the Sinner hears,  
 And is from sin set free; *Acts x. 43.*  
 'Tis music in his ears—  
 'Tis life and victory: *Pf. xl. 3.*  
 New songs do now his lips employ,  
 And dances his glad heart for joy. *Pf. xxx. 11.*

## IV

Stung by the scorpion Sin, *Rev. ix. 10.*  
 His poor expiring soul,  
 The balmy sound drinks in, *Jer. viii. 22.*  
 And is at once made whole:  
 He sees his Lord upon the tree, *1 Pet. ii. 24.*  
 And then cries out, "He dy'd for me."

## V

Oh for a trumpet's voice,  
 On all the world to call!  
 To bid their hearts rejoice  
 In him who dy'd for all:  
 Come, Sinners, to Christ crucify'd—  
 For all, for all my Jesus dy'd. *Heb. ii. 9.*

H Y M N 27.

*Common Measure.*

## I

JESUS, the name to sinners dear!  
 It tells their sins forgiv'n — *Acts iv. 12.*  
 It scatters ev'ry guilty fear—  
 It turns their hell to heav'n.

Pow'r

II

Pow'r into feeble souls it speaks,  
And life into the dead: Eph. ii. 1.  
Jesus the pris'ner's fetters breaks, Ps. cii. 20.  
And bruises Satan's head. Gen. iii. 15.

III

Oh that the world might taste and see Ps. xxiiv. 8.  
The riches of his grace! Eph. i. 7.  
The arms of love which compass me,  
Would all mankind embrace.

IV

Oh that my Jesus's heav'nly charms  
Might ev'ry bosom move!  
Fly, Sinners, fly into those arms  
Of everlasting love.

V

His blood and righteousness I shew —  
His saving grace proclaim;  
'Tis all my bus'ness here below,  
To cry, " Behold the Lamb." Isa. l. 29.

VI

Happy, if, with my latest breath,  
I may but gasp his name!  
Preach him to all, and cry in death,  
" Behold, behold the Lamb!"

H Y M N 28.

Common Measure.

I

COME, heav'nly love, inspire my song,  
With thine immortal flame;  
And teach my heart, and teach my tongue,  
The Saviour's lovely name!

II

The Saviour! Oh! what num'rous charms  
Dwell in the blissful sound!



Its influence ev'ry fear disarms,  
And spreads sweet comfort round!

## III

Here pardon, life, and joys divine,  
In rich effusion flow,  
For guilty rebels, dead in sin, *Eph. ii. 1.*  
And doom'd to endless woe.

## IV

God's only Son (stupendous grace!)  
Forsook his throne above;  
And, swift to save our wretched race,  
He flew on wings of love!

## V

Th' almighty Former of the skies  
Stoop'd to our vile abode,  
While angels view'd with wond'ring eyes,  
And hail'd th' incarnate God!

## VI

Oh the rich depths of love divine! *Eph. iii. 19.*  
Of bliss a boundless store!  
Dear Saviour, let me call thee mine,  
I cannot wish for more!

## VII

On thee alone my soul relies—  
Beneath thy cross I fall,  
My Lord, my Life, my Sacrifice,  
My Saviour, and my All.

H Y M N 29.

8 Lines, eights and sevens.

**L**AMB of God, we fall before thee,  
Humbly trusting in thy cross;  
That alone be all our glory—  
All things else are dung and dross: *Phil. iii. 8.*  
Thee

Thee we own a perfect *Saviour*;  
Only source of all that's good —  
Ev'ry grace, and ev'ry favour  
Come to us thro' *Jesu's* blood. *Col. i. 20.*

II.

*Jesus* gives us true repentance, *Acts v. 31.*  
By his *Spirit* sent from heav'n —  
*Jesus* whispers this sweet sentence,  
“ Son, thy sins are all forgiv'n : ” *Matt. ix. 2.*  
Faith he gives us to believe it — *Eph. ii. 8.*  
Grateful hearts his love to prize —  
Want we wisdom ? He must give it — *Jam. i. 5.*  
Hearing ears, and seeing eyes. *Prov. xx. 12.*

III.

*Jesus* gives us pure affections —  
Wills to do what he requires —  
Makes us follow his directions,  
And what he commands, inspires:  
When our pray'rs and praises raise us  
To an happy holy frame,  
He that dictates them is *Jesus*,  
He that answers is the same.

IV.

When we live on *Jesu's* merit,  
Then we worship *God* aright —  
*Father, Son, and Holy Spirit*,  
With our spirits then unite :  
Hear the whole conclusion of it — *Eccles. xii. 13.*  
Great or good whate'er we call,  
*God, or King, or Priest, or Prophet*,  
*Jesus Christ* is *All in all.* *Col. iii. 11.*

H Y M N 30.

8 Lines, *fixes and eights.*

I.

**C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T is th' eternal *Rock* *Matt. xvi. 18.*  
On which his Church is built —

The

The *Shepherd* of his little flock — *Jn. x. 14.*  
 The *Lamb* that took our guilt: *Jn. i. 29.*  
 Our *Counsellor*—our *Guide*, *Isa. ix. 6.*  
 Our *Brother*, and our *Friend*; *Heb. ii. 11.*  
 The *Bridegroom* of his chosen *Bride*, *Jn. iii. 29.*  
 Who loves her to the end.

## II

He is the *Son* to free — *Jn. viii. 36.*  
 The *Bishop* he to bless — *1 Pet. ii. 25.*  
 The full *Propitiation* he — *1 Jn. ii. 2.*  
 The *Lord* our *Righteousness*: *Jer. xxiii. 6.*  
 His body's glorious *Head* — *Col. i. 18.*  
 Our *Advocate* that pleads — *1 Jn. ii. 1.*  
 Our *Priest* that pray'd, aton'd, and bled, *Heb. iv. 14.*  
 And ever intercedes. *Heb. vii. 25.*

## III

Let all obedient souls  
 Their grateful offerings bring —  
 Submit to *Jesus's* righteous rules,  
 And bow before their *King*. *Matt. xxi. 5.*  
 Our *Prophet Christ* expounds *Acts iii. 22.*  
 His and our *Father's* will —  
 This good *Physician* cures our wounds, *Matt. ix. 12.*  
 With tenderness and skill.

## IV

When sin had sadly made  
 'Twixt wrath and mercy strife,  
 Our kind *Redeemer* dearly paid *Isa. lix. 20.*  
 Our ransom with his life: *1 Tim. ii. 6.*  
 He purchas'd our release,  
 When he our *Surety* stood — *Heb. vii. 22.*  
 The *Mediator* made the peace, *1 Tim. ii. 5.*  
 And sign'd it with his blood.

## V

*Soldiers*, your *Captain* own — *Heb. ii. 10.*  
*Servants*, obey your *Lord* — *Rom. i. 3.*  
 Sav'd

*exhibiting his Power to save Sinners.* 33

Sav'd Sinners, make your Saviour known *Jn. iv. 42.*  
 Saints, praise th' incarnate Word — *Jn. i. 1.*  
 The Witness sure and true *Rev. i. 5.*  
 Of God's good-will to men —  
 The Alpha and th' Omega too — *Rev. i. 8.*  
 The first and last Amen. *Rev. ii. 8.*

VI

Poor Pilgrims shall not stray *I Pet. ii. 11.*  
 Who fly from sin and wrath —  
 A bleeding Jesus is the way, *Jn. xiv. 6.*  
 And blood tracks all the path:  
 The Truth that can't deceive *Jn. xiv. 6.*  
 Christians in Christ obtain;  
 And who in him, the Life, believe,  
 Shall never die again. *Jn. xi. 26.*

H Y M N 31.

*6 Lines, eights and sevens, and one four.*

*On one stone shall be seven eyes. Zech. iii. 9.*

I

JESUS Christ, the Lord's Anointed, *Acts x. 38.*  
 Who his blood for sinners spilt,  
 Is the Stone by God appointed, *I Pet. ii. 4.*  
 And on him the church is built: *Eph. ii. 22.*  
 He delivers,  
 All who trust him, from their guilt. *Isa. xlv. 22.*

II

Many eyes at once are fixed  
 On a person so divine:  
 Love, with awful justice mixed,  
 In his great salvation shine; *Heb. ii. 3.*  
 Bless'd Redeemer,  
 Give me faith to call thee mine!

III

By the Father's eye approved,  
 Lo! a voice is heard from heav'n!  
 " Sinners,

" Sinners, this is my *Beloved*, *Matt. iii. 17.*

" For your ransom freely giv'n :

" Kifs the *Son*, then, *Pf. iii. 12.*

" Left from glory ye be driv'n."

## IV

Angels with their eyes pursu'd him, *1 Tim. iii. 16.*

When he left his glorious throne ;

With astonishment they view'd him

Put the form of servant on ; *Phil. ii. 7.*

Angels worshipp'd *Heb. i. 6.*

Him who was on earth unknown.

## V

*Satan* and his host, amazed,

Saw this *Stone* in *Zion* laid : *Isa. xxviii. 16.*

*Jesus*, tho' to death abas'd,

Bruis'd the subtil *Serpent's* head, *Gen. iii. 15.*

When to save us

On the cross his blood he shed.

## VI

When a guilty sinner sees him,

While he looks, his soul is heal'd ; *Jn. iii. 14.*

Soon this sight from anguish frees him,

And imparts a pardon seal'd : *Eph. iv. 30.*

May this *Saviour*,

Be to all our hearts reveal'd ! *Gal. i. 16.*

## VII

With desire and admiration,

All his blood-bought flock behold

Him who wrought out their salvation,

And enclos'd them in his fold ;

O good *Shepherd*, *Jn. x. 14.*

May we be with them enroll'd !

H Y M N 32.

*Long Measure.*

## I

WHEN on the cross my *Lord* I see,  
Bleeding to death for wretched me,

*Satan*



Satan and sin no more can move,  
For I am all transform'd to love.

II

His thorns and nails pierce thro' my heart —  
In ev'ry groan I bear a part :  
I view his wounds with streaming eyes,  
And bow my head, while Jesus dies.

III

Look, sinners, on the Lamb of God,  
Wounded, and dead, and bath'd in blood !  
Behold his side, and venture near —  
The well of endless life is here. *Jn. iv. 14.*

IV

Here I forget my cares and pains —  
I drink, yet still my thirst remains :  
Only the fountain-head above  
Can satisfy the thirst of love.

V

Oh that I thus could always feel !  
Lord, more and more thy love reveal !  
Then my glad tongue shall loud proclaim  
The grace and glory of thy name.

VI

Thy name dispels my guilt and fear,  
Revives my heart, and charms my ear —  
Affords a balm for ev'ry wound,  
And makes my soul entirely sound.

H Y M N 33.

6 Lines, 4 fixes and 2 eights.

I

WITH ecstacy of joy  
Extol his glorious name,  
Who rais'd the spacious earth,  
And rais'd our ruin'd frame !  
He built the Church who built the sky — *Heb. iii. 14.*  
Shout, and exalt his honours high!

Jesus

## II

Jesus, the Son of God,  
 The Son of man was made,  
 And, suff'ring for our sins, *1 Pet. iii. 18.*  
 A sure foundation laid : *Isa. xxviii. 16.*  
 Low he descends— in dust he lies —  
 That from his Tomb a Church might rise. *Eph. v. 25.*

## III

But lo ! he lives again — *Rev. i. 18.*  
 Nor for himself alone ;  
 Each saint new life derives  
 From him the living Stone : *1 Pet. ii. 4.*  
 His influence spreads thro' ev'ry soul, *Col. 2. 19.*  
 And in one house unites the whole. *Heb. iii. 6.*

## IV.

Polish'd and squar'd by him,  
 We all cemented stand — *1 Pet. ii. 5.*  
 The holy temple grows *1 Cor. iii. 16.*  
 And owns the Founder's hand :  
 The top-stone, Lord, with shoutings raise, *Zech. iv. 7.*  
 That we may sound the Builder's praise.

## V

Descend, and shed abroad  
 The tokens of thy grace ;  
 And, with more radiant beams,  
 Let glory fill the place : *Eze. xlvi. 4.*  
 Then ev'ry soul shall prostrate fall,  
 And own our God is All in all. *Col. iii. 11.*

H Y M N 34.

6 Lines, 4 fixes, and 2 eights.

## I

REJOICE ! the Lord is King ! *Psm. x. 16.*  
 Your Lord and King adore !  
 Mortals, give thanks, and sing,  
 And triumph evermore ! *2 Cor. ii. 14.*

Lift

Lift up your heart—lift up your voice!

Rejoice—again I say rejoice! *Phil. iv. 4.*

II

*Jesus*, the Saviour reigns! *Isa. xxxii. 1.*

The God of grace and love!

When he had purg'd our stains, *Heb. i. 3.*

He took his throne above:

Lift up your heart—lift up your voice!

Rejoice—again I say, rejoice!

III

His kingdom cannot fail— *Lu. i. 33.*

He rules o'er earth and heav'n;

The keys of death and hell

Are to our *Jesus* giv'n:

Lift up your heart—lift up your voice!

Rejoice—again I say, rejoice!

IV

He sits at God's right hand,

Till all his foes submit, *Heb. x. 13.*

And bow to his command,

And fall beneath his feet:

Lift up your heart—lift up your voice!

Rejoice—again I say, rejoice!

V

He shall the Tempter quell— *Rom. xvi. 20.*

Shall all our sins destroy, *1 Jn. iii. 8.*

And ev'ry bosom swell

With pure seraphic joy: *1 Pet. i. 8.*

Lift up your heart—lift up your voice

Rejoice, again I say, rejoice!

VI

Rejoice in glorious hope *Rom. v. 2.*

*Jesus*, the Judge shall come,

And take his servants up

To their eternal home: *1 Pet. v. 4.*

We soon shall hear th' Arch-angels voice—

The trump of God shall sound, rejoice! *1 Cor. xv. 52.*

## H Y M N 35.

## Common Measure.

## I

AND did the *Holy-one*, the *Just*,  
The *Sov'reign* of the *skies*,  
Stoop down to wretchedness, and dust, *Heb. ii. 7.*  
That guilty worms might rise?

## II

Yes—the *Redeemer* left his throne—  
His radiant throne on high,  
(Surprising mercy! love unknown!)  
To suffer, bleed, and die.

## III

He took the dying traitor's place,  
And suffer'd in his stead — *Dan. ix. 26.*  
For man—O miracle of grace!  
For man the *Saviour* bled!

## IV

Dear *Lord*, what heav'nly wonders dwell  
In thy atoning blood!  
Sinners by this are snatch'd from hell,  
And rebels brought to *God*. *Col. i. 21.*

## V

*Jesus*, my soul, adoring, bends  
To love so full, so free:  
And may I hope that love extends  
To one so vile as me?

## VI

What glad return can I impart  
For favours so divine?  
'Oh take my all—this worthless heart,  
And make it only thine!

S E C T I O N V.

*Hymns of Expostulation with Sinners.*

H Y M N 36.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I.

SINNERS, turn—why will ye die? *Eze. xviii. 31.*  
 God, your Maker, asks you why?  
 God, who did your being give—  
 Made you with himself to live—  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands,  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross his love, and die? *Matt. xxiii. 37.*

II.

Sinners, turn—why will ye die?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why?  
 Jesus who his life did give,  
 That ye might for ever live:  
 Will ye let him die in vain?  
 Crucify your Lord again? *Heb. vi. 6.*  
 Why, ye ransom'd Sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace, and die? *Heb. ii. 3.*

III.

Sinners, turn—why will ye die?  
 God the Spirit asks you why?  
 He who all your lives hath strove— *Gen. vi. 3.*  
 Woo'd you to embrace his love—  
 Will ye not his love receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will ye grieve your God, and die? *Eph. iv. 30.*

IV.

Dead, already dead within— *Eph. ii. 1.*  
 Dead in trespasses and sin—



40 *Hymns of Expostulation with Sinners.*

Strangers to the Spirit's breath,      *Eze. xxxvii. 8.*  
Pant ye for the second death?      *Rev. xx. 14.*  
Will ye still in sin remain,  
Greedy of eternal pain?  
O ye dying Sinners, why,  
Why will ye for ever die?

H Y M N 37.

*Long Measure doubled.*

I  
**P**OO*R* *Esau* repented too late,      *Gen. xxv. 34.*  
That once he his birth-right despis'd,  
And sold, for a morsel of meat,      *Heb. xii. 16.*  
What could not too highly be priz'd.  
How great was his anguish, when told,  
The blessing he sought to obtain  
Was gone with the birth-right he sold,  
And none could recall it again!

II  
He stands as a warning to all,  
Where-ever the gospel shall come —  
Oh hasten, and yield to the call,  
While yet for repentance there's room!  
Your season will quickly be past —  
Work out your salvation to day;      *Phil. ii. 12.*  
Lest when you seek mercy at last,  
The *Saviour* should cast you away.      *Prov. i. 24.*

III  
What is it the world can propose?  
A morsel of meat at the best —  
For this are you willing to lose  
A share in the joys of the bless'd?  
Its pleasures will speedily end —  
Its favour and praise are but breath —  
And what can its profits befriend  
Your soul, in the moment of death?

And think what you're doing,  
While yet there is time to be saved,  
If Jesus for these you despise,  
And sin to the Saviour prefer,  
In vain your entreaties and cries,  
When summon'd to stand at his bar!  
How will you his presence abide?  
What anguish will torture your heart,  
When saints sit enthron'd by his side,  
And you with damn'd Devils depart? *Mat. xxv. 11.*

H. Y. M. N. 38.

8 Lines, free and fixed.

**N**O words can declare,  
No fancy can paint,  
What rage and despair,  
What hopeless complaint,  
Fill Satan's dark dwelling,  
The prison beneath;  
What weeping and yelling,  
And gnashing of teeth!

Yet Sinners will choose—  
This dreadful abode,  
Each madly pursues  
The dang'rous road;  
Tho' God gives them warning  
No more to do so,  
They answer with scorning,  
And onward they go.

How sad to behold  
The rich and the poor,  
The young and the old,  
All blindly secure!  
All posting to ruin,  
Refusing to stop—

42 *Hymns of Expostulation with Sinners.*

Ah! think what you're doing,  
While yet there is hope.

IV

How weak is your hand  
To fight with the Lord! *Job xl. 8.*  
How can you withstand  
The edge of his sword?  
What hope of escaping  
For those who oppose, *Heb. ii. 3.*  
When hell is wide gaping  
To swallow his foes? *1/a. xiv. 9.*

V

How oft have you dar'd  
The Lord to his face!  
Yet still you are spar'd  
To hear of his grace —  
Oh pray for repentance,  
And life-giving faith,  
Before the just sentence  
Consign you to death.

VI

It is not too late  
To *Jesus* to flee —  
His mercy is great —  
His pardon is free —  
His blood has such virtue  
For all that believe,  
That nothing can hurt you,  
If him you receive.

H Y M N 39.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes.

I

**S**TOP, poor sinner! stop, and think,  
Before you farther go!

Will

Will you sport upon the brink  
Of everlasting woe?  
Once again I charge you, stop!  
For, unless you warning take,  
Ere you are aware, you drop  
Into the burning lake. *Rev. xxi. 8.*

II

Say, have you an arm like God,  
That you his will oppose? *Job xl. 9.*  
Fear you not that iron rod  
With which he breaks his foes?  
Can you stand in that dread day, *Mal. iii. 2.*  
When he judgment shall proclaim?  
And the earth shall melt away, *Pf. xcvi. 5.*  
Like wax before the flame?

III

Pale-fac'd death will quickly come  
To drag you to his bar —  
Then to hear your awful doom  
Will fill you with despair:  
All your sins will round you crowd —  
Sins of a blood-crimson dye, *Isa. i. 18.*  
Each for vengeance crying loud —  
And what can you reply?

IV

Tho' your heart were made of steel —  
Your forehead lin'd with brass —  
God, at last, will make you feel —  
He will not let you pass: —  
Sinners then in vain will call,  
(Tho' they now despise his grace)  
"Rocks, and mountains, on us fall,  
"And hide us from his face." *Rev. vi. 16.*

V

But as yet there is some hope —  
You may his mercy know;  
Tho'

44 *Hymns of Exhortation with Sinners.*

Tho' his arm is lifted up,  
He has not struck the blow:  
'Twas for Sinners Jesus dy'd —  
Sinners he invites to come — *Mat. ix. 13.*  
None who come shall be deny'd — *Jn. vi. 37.*  
He says, " There still is room." *Luk. xiv. 22.*

H Y M N 40.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes.

**S**HALL men pretend to pleasure  
Who never knew the Lord?  
Can all the worldling's treasure  
True peace of mind afford?  
In vain your expectation  
To find content in sin; *Isa. xlvi. 22.*  
Or freedom from vexation, *Ecc. i. 14.*  
While passions reign within.

I

Come, turn your thoughts to Jesus  
If you would good possess —  
Tis he alone that frees us *Jn. viii. 36.*  
From guilt and from distress:  
When he, by faith, is present,  
The sinner's troubles cease —  
His ways are truly pleasant —  
And all his paths are peace. *Psa. lxxiii. 17.*

II

Our time in sin we wasted,  
And fed upon the wind; *Hos. xix. 1.*  
Untill his love we tasted,  
No comfort could we find:  
But now we stand to witness  
His pow'r and grace to you —  
May you perceive their fitness  
And call upon him too!

Our



IV

Our pleasure and our duty,  
 Tho' opposite before,  
 Since we have seen his beauty,  
 Are join'd to part no more:  
 It is our highest pleasure,  
 No less than duty's call,  
 To love him beyond measure, *Mark xii. 30.*  
 And serve him with our all.

H Y M N 41.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

**S**INNER, art thou still secure?  
 Wilt thou still refuse to pray?  
 Can thy heart or hands endure, *Eze. xxii. 14.*  
 In the *Lord's* avenging day?  
 See his mighty arm is bar'd! *Isa. lii. 10.*  
 Awful terrors clothe his brow!  
 For his Judgment stand prepar'd —  
 Thou must either break or bow.

II

At his presence nature shakes — *Job xxvi. 11.*  
 Earth affrighted hastes to flee — *Jer. x. 10.*  
 Solid mountains melt like wax — *Psf. xcvi. 5.*  
 What will then become of thee?  
 Who his coming may abide? *Mal. iii. 2.*  
 Ye that glory in your shame, *Phil. iii. 19.*  
 Will ye find a place to hide,  
 When the world is wrapt in flame?

III

Then the rich, the great, the wise, *Rev. vi. 15.*  
 Trembling, guilty, self-condemn'd,  
 Must behold the wrathful eyes  
 Of the Judge they once blasphem'd:

Where

46 *Hymns of Expostulation with Sinners.*

Where are now their haughty looks? *Isa. ii. 11.*  
 Oh, their horror and despair!  
 When they see the open'd books,  
 And their dreadful sentence hear!

IV

Lord, prepare us by thy grace!  
 Soon we must resign our breath,  
 And our souls be call'd, to pass  
 Thro' the iron gate of death:  
 May we, then, our time improve—  
 Listen to the gospel's sound—  
 Seek the things that are above, *Col. iii. 1.*  
 And at thy right-hand be found!

H Y M N 42.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

**W**HAT could your *Redemer* do *Isa. v. 4.*  
 More than he hath done for you?  
 To procure your peace with God  
 Could he more than shed his blood?  
 After all his waste of love,  
 All his drawings from above,  
 Why will ye your Lord deny? *2 Pet. ii. 1.*  
 Why will ye resolve to die? *Eze. xviii. 32.*

II

Turn, he cries—ye Sinners, turn—  
 By his life your God hath sworn, *Eze. xxxiii. 11.*  
 He would have you turn and live—  
 He would all the world receive:  
 If your death were his delight,  
 Would he you to life invite?  
 Would he ask, obtest, and cry,  
 Why will ye resolve to die?

III

Sinners, turn, while God is near—  
 Dare not think him insincere:

Now,

*Hymns of Exhortation to Sinners.* 47

Now, ev'n now, your *Saviour* stands,  
All day long he spreads his hands — *Rom. x. 21.*  
Cries, ye will not happy be —  
No—ye will not come to me — *Jn. v. 40.*  
Me, who life to none deny —  
Why will ye resolve to die ?

IV

Can ye doubt if *God* is love ?  
If to all his bowels move ?  
Will ye not his word receive ?  
Will ye not his oath believe ? *Heb. vi. 17.*  
See ! the suff'ring *God* appears !  
*Jesus* weeps ! Believe his tears ! *Jn. xi. 35.*  
Mingled with his blood, they cry,  
Why will ye resolve to die ?

H Y M N 43.

*Common Measure.*

I

**H**OW can ye hope, deluded men,  
Salvation to obtain,  
By all your works of righteousness ?  
Alas ! your labour's vain. *Tit. iii. 5.*

II

The law but makes your guilt abound, *Rom. v. 20.*  
Sad help ! and (what is worst)  
All souls who under *that* are found,  
By *God* himself are curst. *Gal. iii. 10.*

III

This curse pertains to those who break  
One precept e'er so small : *Jas. ii. 10.*  
And where's the man, in thought, or deed,  
That has not broken *all* ?

IV

Fly, then, awaken'd sinner, fly  
To *Christ*, without delay :

The

48 *Hymns of Expostulation with Sinners.*

The fountain's open'd now for sin, *Zec. xiii. 1.*  
Come, wash your guilt away.

V

See how the blood and water flows  
From *Jesu's* wounded side! *Jn. xix. 34.*  
Let it not flow in vain, but plunge  
Into the purple tide.

VI

Only by faith in *Jesu's* wounds  
The Sinner gets release :  
No other sacrifice for sin  
With *God* can make your peace. *Heb. ix. 22.*

H Y M N 44.

*4 Lines, eights and sevens.*

I

**B**RETHREN, why toil ye thus for toys,  
And reckon trash for treasure ?  
Call gay deceptions, solid joys —  
Intoxication, pleasure ?

II

If more refin'd amusements please,  
Arts, sciences, and learning —  
A moment puts an end to these,  
And, sometimes, short's the warning.

III

What balm could wretches ever find  
In wit, to heal affliction ?  
Or, who can cure a troubled mind,  
With all the pomp of diction ?

IV

Reflect what trifles ye pursue,  
So anxious, and so heedful :  
For, after all, ye'll find it true,  
There is but one thing needful. *Lu. x. 42.*  
True

V

True wisdom, of celestial birth,  
Can both instruct, and cherish:  
Other attainments are of earth,  
And all that's earth must perish. *1 Jn. ii. 17.*

VI

The chief concern of lost mankind  
Should be to gain *God's* favour:  
What safety can the sinner find,  
Before he finds a *Saviour*?

H Y M N 45.

*Chester.*

I

**Y**E simple souls, that stray *Pro. i. 23.*  
Far from the paths of peace, *Rom. iii. 17.*  
(That unfrequented way *Matt. vii. 14.*  
To life and happiness)  
How long will ye your folly love,  
And throng the downward road,  
And hate the wisdom from above, *Jam. iii. 15.*  
And mock the sons of *God*? *1 Jn. iii. 1.*

II

Madness and misery *Wisdom v. 4.*  
Ye count our life beneath,  
And nothing great can see,  
Or glorious in our death;  
As born to suffer, and to grieve, *Wisdom iii. 2.*  
Beneath your feet we lie, *1 Cor. iv. 9.*  
And utterly condemn'd we live,  
And unlamented die.

III

Poor, pensive sojourners, *1 Chron. xxix. 15.*  
O'erwhelm'd with various woes—  
Perplex'd with needless fears,  
And pleasure's mortal foes,

F

*Heb. xi. 25.*  
More



50 *Hymns of Expostulation with Sinners.*

More irksome than a gaping tomb,  
 Our sight ye cannot bear, *Wisdom ii. 14.*  
 Wrapt in the melancholy gloom  
 Of fanciful despair.

IV

So wretched, and obscure, *1 Cor. iv. 13.*  
 The men whom ye despise,  
 So foolish, weak, and poor,  
 Above your scorn we rise :  
 Our conscience in the *Holy Ghost* *Rom. ix. 1.*  
 Can witness better things ;  
 For, he whose blood is all our boast,  
 Hath made us priests, and kings. *Rev. i. 6.*

V

Riches unsearchable *Eph. iii. 8.*  
 In *Jesu's* love we know ;  
 And pleasures from the well *Jn. iv. 14.*  
 Of life our souls o'erflow ;  
 From him the *Spirit* we receive *2 Tim. i. 7.*  
 Of wisdom, grace, and pow'r ;  
 Tho' sorrowful we seem to live, *2 Cor. vi. 10.*  
 Rejoicing evermore.

VI

Angels our servants are, *Heb. i. 14.*  
 To guide us in our ways ;  
 And in their hands they bear  
 The sacred sons of grace :  
 On all the grov'ling kings of earth,  
 With pity, we look down,  
 Claiming, in virtue of our birth,  
 A never-fading crown. *1 Pet. v. 4.*

H Y M N 46.

*Long Measure.*

I

WHY, sinners, will ye spend your years  
 Amidst a thousand trifling cares?

Why

*Hymns of Expostulation with Sinners.* 51

While in this various range of thought,  
The *One thing needful* is forgot. *Lu. x.42.*

II

Why will ye chase the fleeting wind, *Hosea xii.1.*  
And famish an immortal mind?  
While angels, with regret, look down,  
To see you spurn a heav'nly crown.

III

The *Spirit* calls you from above,  
And *Jesus* pleads his dying love;  
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain —  
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

IV

Far diff'rent to your dying view  
Shall seem those things ye now pursue:  
In their true colours shall appear  
Both heav'n and hell, when death is near.

V

Almighty *God*, thy pow'r impart,  
To fix conviction on the heart:  
To hear and see, give ears and eyes, *Prov.xx.12.*  
And make the simple truly wise. *Pf. xix. 7.*

H Y M N 47.

6 Lines, all *Jevers*.

I

**W**HITHER, *Lord*, shall sinners go, *Jn.vi.68.*  
Thee, their *Saviour*, if they leave?  
Only thou canst ease their woe —  
Only thou their souls canst save: *Acts iv. 12.*  
If their *God* they cast behind,  
Happiness where shall they find?

II

Who would go from *health* to *pain*?  
Turn from *grace* to *wickedness*?

F 2

*Freedom*

52 *Hymns of Expostulation with Sinners.*

*Freedom quit, to hug a chain?  
Grieve his friend, his foe to please?  
Who his Saviour-God to shun,  
Would to his Destroyer run?*

*Pf. xvii. 4.*

III

*Saviour, I, with guilty shame,  
Own that I, alas, am he!  
Weak and wav'ring still I am —  
Ready still to fly from thee:  
Stop me by thy look, and say,  
" Will you also go away?"*

*Jas. i. 6.  
Heb. iii. 12.*

*Jn. vi. 67.*

IV

*" You whom I have brought to God,  
" Will you turn from God again?  
" You for whom I spilt my blood,  
" Will you let it flow in vain?  
" You who felt it once apply'd,  
" Can you leave my bleeding side?"*

V

*No, my Lamb, my Saviour, no—  
(In thy strength, I now reply)  
From thy wounds I will not go —  
Will not from my Master fly:  
Thine is the life-giving word —  
Thou art my eternal Lord.*

*Jn. vi. 68.*

VI

*Speak, and by thy word detain  
My frail soul, inclin'd to stray:  
Speak, and let thy love constrain  
Thy sad fugitive to stay:  
That I may no more depart,  
Strengthen, stablish now my heart.*

*Hof. xi. 7.  
2 Cor. v. 14.*

*1 Pet. v. 10.*

SECTION VI.

Inviting and exhorting Sinners to repent, and  
believe the Gospel. Mark i. 15.

H Y M N 48.

Long Measure.

I

COME, Sinners, to the gospel-feast —  
Let ev'ry soul be *Jesu's* guest :  
Oh! stay not one of you behind,  
For, *God* hath bidden all mankind. Matt. xxii. 4.

II

Sent by my *Lord*, on you I call—  
The invitation is to all :  
Come all the world—come, sinner thou —  
All things in *Christ* are ready now.

III

Then come, ye souls by sin oppress'd, Matt. xi. 28.  
Ye restless wand'ers after rest —  
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind, Lu. xiv. 21.  
From *Christ* a hearty welcome find.

IV

My message as from *God* receive, Judg. iii. 20.  
Who would not have you die, but live: Eze. xviii. 32.  
Ye all may live, for he hath dy'd —  
All may be freely justify'd. Rom. iii. 34.

V

See him set forth before your eyes, Gal. iii. 7.  
For sin a bleeding sacrifice !  
His offer'd benefits embrace,  
And now be sav'd by faith, thro' grace. Ephe. ii. 8.

## VI

This is the time—no more delay —

This is the acceptable day :

2 Cor. vi. 2.

Come in, this moment, at his call,

And live to him who dy'd for all.

2 Cor. v. 15.

## H Y M N 49.

*Long Measure.*

## I

SINNERS, obey the gospel-word —

Haste to the Supper of my Lord — *Lu. xiv. 16.*

Be wise to know your gracious day — *1 Pet. ii. 12.*

All things are ready—come away. *Matt. xxii 4.*

## II

Ready the *Father* is to own,

And kifs his late returning Son:

*Lu. xv. 20.*

Ready your loving *Saviour* stands,

And spreads for you his bleeding hands. *Rom. x 21.*

## III

Ready the *Spirit* to impart

A heart of flesh—a broken heart —

*Eze. xi. 19.*

T'apply the all-atoning blood,

And make 'you sons and heirs of God. *Rom. viii. 17.*

## IV

Ready for you the *Angels* wait,

*Lu. xv. 10*

To triumph in your blest estate :

Tuning their harps, they long to praise.

The wonders of redeeming grace.

## V

The *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*,

In concert with their shining host,

Thro' heav'n are ready to resound,

" The dead's alive ! The lost is found." *Lu. xv. 24.*

## VI

Come, then, ye sinners—now embrace

The plenitude of gospel-grace —

The



The seeing eye, the feeling sense —  
The mystic joys of penitence —

VII

The godly grief, the pleasing smart — 2 Cor.vii.10.  
The meltings of a broken heart — Isa. lxi. 1.  
The sighs that waft your souls to heav'n —  
The peace of God, thro' sins forgiv'n. Phil.iv.7.

H Y M N 50.

Common Measure.

I

**O**H for a thousand tongues, to sing  
My dear Redeemer's praise!  
The glories of my God, and King —  
The triumphs of his grace!

II

My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim—  
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,  
The honours of thy name.

III

Jesus, the name that charms our fears —  
That bids our sorrows cease —  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears —  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

IV

He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin —  
He sets the pris'ner free: Isa. lxi. 1.  
His blood can make the foulest clean — Isa. i. 18.  
His blood avail'd for me.

V

Hear him, ye deaf — his praise, ye dumb, Isa. xxxv.  
Your loosen'd tongues employ: [6.  
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come,  
And leap, ye lame, for joy!

Look

## VI

Look unto him, and, blushing, own

Your sins, ye fallen race —

Look, and be sav'd thro' faith alone — *Eph. ii. 8.*

Be justify'd by grace.

## VII

Awake from guilty nature's sleep,

*Eph. v. 14.*

And *Christ* shall give you light —

Cast all your sins into the deep,

And wash the *Æthiops* white.

*Jer. xiii. 23.*

## H Y M N 51.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

## I

**L**ET all that pass by

To *Jesus* draw near —

*Lam. i. 12.*

He utters a cry —

Ye sinners, give ear :

From hell to retrieve you,

He spreads out his hands ;

*Rom. x. 21.*

Now, now to receive you,

He graciously stands.

## II

Does any man thirst ?

Then, come unto me —

*Jn. vii. 37.*

For sinners the worst

The fountain is free —

*Rev. xxi. 6.*

Come, drink of my *Spirit*

(Excepted is none)

Lay claim to my merit,

As if 'twas your own.

## III

Whoever receives

The life-giving word,

In *Jesus* believes,

His *God* and his *Lord*,

In him a pure river  
Of life shall arise,  
Shall spring up for ever,  
And flow to the skies.

*Jn. iv. 14.*

IV

My God, and my Lord,  
Thy call I obey —  
My soul on thy word  
Of promise I stay :

*Rom. ix. 9.*

Thy kind invitation  
I gladly embrace,  
And thirst for salvation —  
Salvation by grace.

V

Oh hasten the hour!  
Send down from above  
The Spirit of pow'r,  
Of health, and of love —

*2 Tim. i. 7.*

The Spirit of faith  
In thy heart-cleansing blood,  
That, sav'd from thy wrath,  
I may live with my God.

H Y M N 52.

8 Lines, eights and sevens.

I

AS the Serpent, rais'd by Moses, *Jn. iii. 14.*  
Heal'd the burning Serpent's bite, *Num. xxi. 8.*  
Jesus thus himself discloses

To the wounded Sinner's sight. *Isa. xlv. 22.*  
Hear his gracious invitation —

' I have life and peace to give —  
' I have wrought out full salvation —  
' Sinner, look to me, and live.'

Pore

## II

- ' Pore upon your sins no longer —  
 ' Well I know their mighty guilt ;  
 ' But my love than death is stronger — *Cant.viii.6.*  
 ' I my blood have freely spilt.  
 ' Tho' your heart has long been harden'd,  
 ' Look on me—it soft shall grow — *Eze.xi.19.*  
 ' Past transgressions shall be pardon'd,  
 ' And I'll wash you white as snow. *IJa.i.18.*

## III

- ' Well may shame, and joy, and wonder  
 ' All your inward passions move —  
 ' I could crush thee with my thunder, *Jobxxvi.14.*  
 ' But I speak to thee in love :  
 ' See ! your sins are all forgiv'n — *1Jn.ii.12.*  
 ' I have paid the countless sum !  
 ' Now my death has open'd heav'n,  
 ' Thither, therefore, you may come.'

## IV

Dearest Saviour, we adore thee,  
 For thy precious life and death :  
 Melt each stubborn heart before thee —  
 Give us all the eye of faith :  
 From the law's condemning sentence  
 To thy mercy we appeal —  
 Give us, Lord, unfeign'd repentance,  
 And our pardon kindly seal.

H Y M N 53.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes.

## I

**S**INNER, hear the Saviour's call —  
 He now is passing by ; *Matt.xx.30.*  
 He has seen thy grievous thrall,  
 And heard thy mournful cry,

He

He has pardons to impart—  
Grace to save thee from thy fears :  
See the love that fills his heart,  
And wipe away thy tears!

II

Why art thou afraid to come,  
And tell him all thy case ?  
He will not pronounce thy doom,  
Nor look with angry face ;  
Wilt thou fear *Immanuel* ?  
Wilt thou dread *the Lamb of God*,  
Who, to save thy soul from hell,  
Has shed his precious blood ?

III

Think how on the cross he hung,  
Pierc'd with a thousand wounds !  
Hark ! from each, as with a tongue,  
The voice of pardon sounds !  
See, from all his bursting veins,  
Blood, of wond'rous virtue, flow !  
Shed to wash away thy stains,  
And ransom thee from woe !

IV

Tho' his majesty be great, *Pf. ciii. xi.*  
His mercy is no less ;  
Tho' thy sins provoke his hate,  
He feels for thy distress :  
By himself the *Lord* has sworn, *Eze. xxxiii. 11.*  
He delights not in thy death ;  
But invites thee to return,  
Believe and live by faith.

V

Raise thy down-cast eyes, and see *Rev. vii. 14.*  
What throngs his throne surround !  
These, tho' sinners once like thee,  
Have full salvation found :

Yield



Yield not then to unbelief —

While he says, "There yet is room,"

Tho' of sinners thou art chief,

1 Tim. i. 15.

Since *Jesus* calls thee, come.

H Y M N 54.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**H**ELP me, dear *Lamb of God*, to sing *Jn. i. 29.*

The pow'r and virtue of thy blood —

What great salvation doth it bring *Heb. ii. 3.*

To all who hear the call of *God*!

Thy sin-atonement blood was spilt,

To wash away a world of guilt. *Rev. i. 5.*

II

If all the sins that men have done,

In will, in word, in thought, and deed,

Ere since the world, or time begun,

Were laid on one poor sinners head,

One drop of *Jesu's* precious blood

Would take off all the heavy load.

III

Hast thou indulg'd thyself in lust,

And wallow'd in adultery?

*Jn. viii. 4.*

Made harlots all thy joy and boast?

Repent, and to thy *Saviour* flee:

Forgiveness for thee yet remains,

*Christ* will wash out thy deepest stains.

IV

Come hither thou, whose chief delight

Is in the drunkard's songs to join —

Who madly spendest day and night

In riot, and excess of wine:

Buy wine and milk for nothing here,

*Isa. lv. 1.*

And feast thy soul with heav'nly cheer.

Hast

V

Hast thou, like *Saul*, against the Saints  
Breath'd fire and sword in ev'ry breath? *Acts ix. 1.*  
Expos'd them to distressing wants,  
And gave thy sentence for their death? *Acts viii. 1.*  
The blood of *Christ* can cool thy zeal,  
And quench in thee this flame of hell.

VI

Hast thou thy blessed *Lord* deny'd, *Matt. xxvi. 70.*  
And done despite unto his grace? *Heb. x. 29.*  
Look up! behold how near his side  
Backsliding *Peter* takes his place:  
Like him weep bitterly, and then *Matt. xxvi. 75.*  
The blood of *Christ* will make thee clean.

H Y M N 55.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

I

THE gospel reports  
A total reprieve  
From sins of all sorts,  
For all who believe:  
A close application  
Of *Christ's* precious blood  
Procures our salvation,  
And pardon from *God*.

II

No matter how vile  
You've hitherto been —  
He can reconcile,  
And make your hearts clean:  
The Publican, Harlot,  
The Drunkard, and Knave,  
Whose sins are as scarlet,  
Forgiveness may have.

*Matt. xxi. 31.*

*Isa. i. 18.*  
Then

## III

Then, laden with sin,  
 Apply unto God,  
 And plunge yourselves in  
 The sea of his blood :  
 The fountain is open—  
 Free pardons descend,  
 That ages may hope in  
 His name to the end.

Matt. xi. 28.

Zech. xiii. 1.

## IV

Why are you afraid?  
 Is not the Lord true?  
 The word hath he said,  
 And will he not do?  
 Be willing to venture  
 Your souls on his grace,  
 And you shall soon enter  
 The kingdom of peace.

Num. xxiii. 19.

H Y M N 56.

6 Lines, all eights.

## I

**Y**E weary wanderers, draw near,  
 That know not solid peace or rest,  
 Cast off each doubt, and anxious fear,  
 And lean upon your Saviour's breast :  
 All's stolen fruit that can be found  
 To cheer the soul on nature's ground.

## II

Come—for the Saviour bids you come—  
 The Saviour who for sinners dy'd—  
 He tells you that there yet is room,  
 And kindly wooes you for his bride :  
 Your souls shall find a resting-place,  
 In arms of everlasting grace.

Lu. xiv. 22.

Jn. iii. 29.

Jer. l. vi.

The

III

The day of small things don't despise — *Zech. iv. 10.*  
By poverty increase your store;  
The soul, unto salvation wise,  
Can richer grow by being poor: *Matt. v. 3.*  
To melt in love, to sink in shame,  
This be your wish, be that your flame.

IV

Pray for a sympathizing soul,  
To bear *Christ's* sufferings on your heart —  
His bloody sweat, and dying toil;  
Nor from the solemn vision part,  
Till you can hear his pard'ning voice,  
And in his people's rest rejoice. *Heb. iv. 9.*

V

Let earthly objects all give way —  
Nature and creature both resign —  
His blood and righteousness thy plea,  
Believe, and seek the pow'r divine:  
'Thro' *Christ* alone redemption's found,  
Cast, then, thy anchor on that ground. *Heb. vi. 19.*

H Y M N 57.

6 Lines, eights and sevens, fours and sevens.

I

COME, ye Sinners, come to *Jesus* —  
Come to your redeeming Lord;  
Who intreats you, by his servant,  
To receive his gospel-word:  
Mercy calls you —  
Mercy now he will afford.

II

Dearest *Saviour*, help thine herald  
To proclaim thy wond'rous love:  
Pour thy grace upon this people,  
That they may thy truth approve:

Bless, oh bless them,  
And their sins far off remove.

## III

While thy gracious word invites them  
To partake the gospel-feast,  
Let thy *Spirit* sweetly draw them —  
Let each soul be *Jesu's* guest :  
Oh receive us!

Let us find thy promis'd rest. *Matt. xi. 28.*

H Y M N 58.

*Long Measure.*

## I

**H**O! ev'ry one that thirsts draw nigh — *Isa. lv. 1.*  
'Tis *God* invites the fallen race :  
Mercy and free salvation buy —  
Buy wine, and milk, and gospel-grace.

## II

Come to the living waters, come ! *Jer. ii. 13.*  
Sinners, obey your *Maker's* call —  
Return, ye weary wand'ers, home,  
To him whose grace is free for all. *Tit. ii. 11.*

## III

See, from the *Rock* a fountain rise ! *Joel iii. 18.*  
For you in healing streams it rolls :  
Money ye need not bring, nor price, *Isa. lv. 1.*  
Ye lab'ring, burden'd, sin-sick souls. *Matt. xi. 28.*

## IV

Nothing ye in exchange shall give —  
Leave all you have and are behind :  
Frankly the gift of *God* receive — *Lu. vii. 42.*  
Pardon and peace in *Jesus* find.

## V

Why seek ye that which is not bread, *Isa. lv. 2.*  
Nor can your hungry souls sustain ?



On ashes, husks, and air ye feed —  
Ye spend your little all in vain.

VI

In search of empty joys below,  
Ye toil with unavailing strife ;  
Whither, ah ! whither would ye go ?  
*Christ* has the words of endless life.

*Jn. vi. 68.*

H Y M N 59.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

I

**T**HY faithfulness, Lord,  
Each moment we find —  
So true to thy word,  
So loving and kind !  
Thy mercy so tender  
To all the lost race,  
The foulest offender,  
Repenting, finds grace.

II

The mercy I feel,  
I point out to you —  
I set to my seal  
That *Jesus* is true :  
Ye all may find favour,  
Obeying his call —  
Oh ! come to my *Saviour* !  
His grace is for all.

*Rev. iii. 14.*

*Tit. ii. 11.*

III

To save what was lost  
From heaven he came,  
Come, Sinners, and trust  
In *Jesus's* name !  
He offers you pardon —  
He bids you be free —

*Lu. xix. 10.*

" If sin be your burden,  
 " Oh come unto me."

*Matt. xi.28.*

IV

Then, humbly submit  
 His grace to receive —  
 Fall down at his feet,  
 And gladly believe:  
 Your title to heaven  
 His righteousness make,  
 And you'll be forgiven,  
 For his merit's sake.

H Y M N 60.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

COME, ye weary sinners, come — *Matt.xi.28.*  
 Flee from God's avenging rod ;  
*Jesus* calls his wand'ers home —  
 Hasten to your pard'ning God :  
 Come, ye guilty souls oppress'd,  
 Answer to the *Saviour's* call,  
 " Come, and I will give you rest —  
 " Come, and I will save you all."

II

*Jesus*, full of truth and love,  
 We thy word would fain obey ;  
 Let us now thy promise prove —  
 Take our load of guilt away :  
 Fain we would on thee rely —  
 Cast on thee our sin and care —  
 To thy arms of mercy fly —  
 Find our lasting quiet there.

III

Burden'd with a weight of grief,  
 Burden'd with our sinful load,

Burden'd

Burden'd with this unbelief,  
Burden'd with the wrath of God,  
Lo! we come to thee for ease,  
True and gracious as thou art,  
Now each groaning soul release,  
Write forgiveness on each heart.

*Eph. i. 7.*

H Y M N 61.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

SEE, sinners, in the gospel-glass,  
The *Friend* and *Saviour* of mankind!  
Not one of all the apostate race  
But may in him salvation find:  
His words, his deeds, his sufferings prove  
His nature and his name is love.

II

Behold the *Lamb of God*, who bears  
The sins of all the world away!  
A servant's form he humbly wears — *Jn. i. 29.*  
He sojourns in a house of clay;  
His glory is no longer seen,  
But *God* with *God*, is man with men. *Phil. ii. 7.*

III

See where the *God* incarnate stands,  
And calls his wand'ring creatures home!  
He all day long spreads out his hands, *Rom. x. 21.*  
"To me, ye weary spirits, come;  
"I will relieve each throbbing breast —  
"Believe, and I will give you rest. *Matt. xi. 28.*

IV

"Ah! do not of my goodness doubt —  
"My saving grace for all is free; *Tit. ii. 11.*  
"I will in no wise cast him out *Jn. vi. 37.*  
"That comes a penitent to me:  
"I, who am full of truth and grace, *Jn. i. 14.*  
"Will give you pardon, joy, and peace."

HYMN

## H Y M N 62.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**S**INNERS, believe the gospel-word—  
*Jesus* has dy'd, your souls to save—  
*Jesus* has dy'd, your common Lord,  
 To raise you up from nature's grave:  
 Come, and be sav'd, whoever will— *Rev.* xxii. 17.  
 This man receiveth sinners still. *Lu.* xv. 2.

II

Outcasts of men, to you I call, *Isa.* lvi. 8.  
 Harlots, and publicans, and thieves! *Matt.* xxi. 31.  
 He spreads his arms t'embrace you all—  
 He shall be sav'd that now believes: *Mark.* xvi. 6.  
 No need of him the *righteous* have— *Matt.* ix. 13.  
 He came the *lost* to seek and save. *Lu.* xix. 10.

III

Come, then, my guilty Brethren, come,  
 Groaning beneath your load of sin;  
 His bleeding heart will make you room—  
 His open side will take you in:  
 Blest with an antepast of heav'n,  
 Ye all shall know your sins forgiv'n. *Lu.* i. 77.

## H Y M N 63.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

I

**Y**E servants and friends  
 Of *Jesus* draw near—  
 For he condescends,  
 By titles so dear,  
 To call and invite you  
 His goodness to prove,  
 And thus to unite you  
 To him by his love.

II

The blind are restor'd  
Thro' *Jesus's* name ;  
They see their dear *Lord*,  
And follow the *Lamb* ;  
The halt they are walking  
And running their race —  
The dumb they are talking  
Of *Jesus's* grace.

*Isa. xxxv. 6.*

III

The deaf hear his voice,  
And comforting word ;  
He bids them rejoice  
In him as *their Lord* —  
“ Thy sins are forgiven,  
Accepted thou art ” —  
They listen, and heaven  
Springs up in their heart.

*Matt. ix. 2.*

IV

The lepers from all  
Their spots are made clean —  
The dead, by his call,  
Are rais'd from their sin :  
In *Jesus's* compassion  
The sick find a cure,  
And gospel-salvation  
Is preach'd to the poor.

*Matt. xi. 5.*

V

O *Jesus*, ride on  
'Till all are subdu'd ;  
Thy mercy make known,  
And sprinkle thy blood :  
Display thy salvation,  
And teach the new song,  
To every nation,  
And people, and tongue.

*Psf. xlv. 4.*

*Psf. xl. 3.*

*Rev. vii. 9.*  
HYMN



## H Y M N 64.

Long Measure.

## I

**S**INNERS, to *Christ* your wants disclose —  
 Your deep complaints, your various woes :  
 Draw near to *Jesus*, he can heal *Lu. iv. 18.*  
 The pains which mourning sinners feel.

## II

Ye sons of darkness, and of night, *1 Thes. v. 5.*  
*Jesus* can make you sons of light :  
 He is the *Day-star* from on high, *2 Pet. i. 19.*  
 That opes the intellectual eye.

## III

Ye lepers, own yourselves unclean, *Matt. x. 8.*  
 And *Christ* will wash away each stain :  
 Sin, that dire leprosy of souls,  
 His all-commanding word controuls.

## IV

Ye helpless lame, lift up your eyes, *Matt. xi. 5.*  
 The *Lord*, the *Saviour* bids you rise !  
 New life and strength his voice conveys —  
 Leap as an hart, and shout his praise. *Is. xxxv. 6.*

## V

That hand divine which can assuage  
 The burning fever's restless rage —  
 That hand, omnipotent, and kind,  
 Can cool the fever of the mind.

## VI

When freezing palsy chills the veins,  
 And death has seiz'd the heart and reins,  
 He speaks — the vital pow'rs revive —  
 He speaks — and dying sinners live. *Jn. xi. 25.*  
 Dear

VII

Dear *Lord*, we wait thy healing hand—  
Diseases fly at thy command: *Pf. ciii. 3.*  
Oh! let thy sov'reign touch impart  
Life, strength, and health, to ev'ry heart!

H Y M N 65.

*Common Measure.*

I

**Y**E hungry, thirsty, starving poor,  
Behold a royal feast, *Mat. xxii. 2.*  
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store  
For ev'ry humble guest!

II

See! *Jesus* stands with open arms! *Rom. x. 21.*  
He calls—he bids you come:  
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms—  
But see! there yet is room. *Lu. xiv. 22.*

III

There's room in his dear bleeding heart  
Where love and pity meet:  
He will not bid the soul depart  
That trembles at his feet.

IV

In him the *Father* reconcil'd, *2 Cor. v. 18.*  
Invites you now to come:  
The *Rebel* shall be call'd a *Child*,  
And kindly welcom'd home.

V

Come, then, and with his children taste  
The blessings of his love,  
While hope attends the rich repast  
Of nobler joys above.

There,

## VI

There, with united heart and voice,  
 Before th'eternal throne,  
 Ten thousand thousand souls rejoicé, *Dan. vii. 10.*  
 In ecstasies unknown.

## VII

And yet ten thousand thousand more  
 Are welcome still to come :  
 Ye longing souls, the grace adore —  
 Approach, there yet is room.

H Y M N 66.

*Common Measure.*

## I

**L**ORD, we adore thy boundless grace,  
 The heights and depths unknown  
 Of pardon, life, and joy, and peace,  
 In thy beloved Son.

## II

O wond'rous gift of love divine !  
 Dear source of ev'ry good !  
*Jesu*, in thee what glories shine !  
 How rich thy flowing blood !

## III

Come, all ye hungry, thirsty poor —  
 The *Saviour's* bounty taste !  
 Behold a never failing store  
 For ev'ry willing guest !

## IV

Here may your num'rous wants receive  
 A free, a full supply :  
 For you his flesh and blood he gave— *Jn. vi. 51.*  
 Eat, drink, and never die.

Ye

V

Ye sinners, come—'tis mercy's voice—  
The gracious call obey :  
Renounce the world—make *Christ* your choice—  
Arise — no more delay. *Pf. cxix. 60.*

VI

Oh! gladly seize the present hour,  
The *Saviour's* grace to prove!  
He can relieve, for he is pow'r—  
He will, for he is love.

H Y M N 67.

*Common Measure.*

I

**N**OW let the thoughtless human race  
In silent rev'rence hear ;  
While from on high the *Saviour's* voice  
Bespeaks each list'ning ear.

II

“ To you, O sons of men, I call,  
“ Attend my words, and live :  
“ Repentance, pardon, peace, and heav'n,  
“ Are in my pow'r to give.

III

“ My vital blood I freely shed  
“ A sacrifice to *God*,  
“ That injur'd Justice might not bathe  
“ Its sword in human blood. *Isa. xxxiv 5.*

IV

“ Each faithful Minister is sent  
“ This message to proclaim,  
“ And bring the guilty world to know  
“ The virtue of my name.

H

“ Forgetful

## V

“ Forgetful mortals, then, be wise  
 “ To know your gracious hour ; *Lu. xix. 44.*  
 “ Left long-neglected love demand  
 “ The thunder of my pow’r. ” *Job xxvi. 14.*

## VI

Dear *Saviour*, let us hear thy voice, *Rev. iii. 20.*  
 While it is call’d to day : *Jn. ix. 4.*  
 Repenting, may we turn to thee,  
 And all thy will obey.

## H Y M N 68.

*6 Lines, eights and sevens, fours and sevens.*

## I

COME, ye sinners, poor and wretched,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and fore —  
*Jesus* ready stands to save you,  
 Full of pity join’d with pow’r:  
 He is able,  
 He is willing — doubt no more.

## II

Ho, ye needy, come and welcome —  
 God’s free bounty glorify ;  
 True belief, and true repentance,  
 Ev’ry grace that brings us nigh,  
 Without money, *Isa. lv. i.*  
 Come to *Jesus Christ*, and buy.

## III

Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;  
 All the fitness *God* requireth  
 Is to feel your want of him :  
 This he gives you —  
 ’Tis the *Spirit’s* rising beam.



IV

Come, then, weary, heavy-laden *Matt. xi. 28.*

With your sin, thro' *Adam's* fall;

If ye tarry till ye're better,

Ye will never come at all :

Not the righteous, *Matt. ix. 13.*

Sinners *Jesus* came to call.

V

View him prostrate in the garden!

Sweating drops of blood he lies — *Lu. xxii. 44.*

On the painful cross behold him!

Hear him cry before he dies,

“ It is finish'd — ” *Jn. xix. 30.*

He's for sin the sacrifice. *Heb. x. 12.*

VI

Now th' incarnate *God*, ascended,

Pleads the merit of his blood — *Heb. vii. 25.*

Venture on him, venture wholly ;

Let no other trust intrude ;

None but *Jesus* *Matt. iv. 12.*

Can do helpless sinners good.

VII

Saints of ev'ry tongue and people *Rev. vii. 9.*

Sing the praises of the *Lamb*;

And the Angels make the heavens

Sweetly echo with his name ;

Hallelujah !

Sinners, be your song the same !

H Y M N 69.

6 Lines, two sixes, and four sevens.

I

**S**INNERS, your Saviour feel

Oh look ye unto me ! *Isa. xlv. 22.*

H 2 Lift

Lift your eyes, ye fallen race —

I the gracious God and true,

I am full of truth and grace —

*Jn. i. 14.*

Full of truth and grace for you.

## II

Look, and be fav'd from sin —

Believe, and be ye clean!

Heavy-laden souls, draw nigh —

*Matt. 11. 28.*

See the fountain open'd wide!

*Zeek. 13. 1.*

To the wounds of Jesus fly —

Bathe ye in my bleeding side.

## III

Ah! dear redeeming Lord,

We take thee at thy word!

Up to thee we lift our eyes,

Who for sin didst once atone;

Seeking, thro' thy sacrifice,

To be fav'd by grace alone.

*Eph. ii. 5.*

## IV

The writing may we see

*Col. ii. 14.*

Nail'd to the cross with thee!

With thy mangled body torn —

Blotted out by blood divine,

Far away the bond be borne,

That we may henceforth be thine!

H Y M N 70.

*Common Measure.*

**A**H, woe is me, constrain'd to dwell *Pf. cxx. 5.*  
Among the Sons of night! *1 Thes. v. 5.*

Poor sinners dropping into hell,

Who hate the gospel-light!

*Jn. iii. 20.*

## II

Jesus, Redeemer of mankind,

Display thy saving pow'r;

Thy

Thy mercy let these outcasts find,  
And know their gracious hour. *Lu. xix. 44.*

Ah ! give them, *Lord*, a longer space,  
Nor suddenly consume !  
But let them take thy proffer'd grace,  
And flee the wrath to come. *Matt. iii. 7.*

Who thee beneath their feet have trod, *Heb. x. 29.*  
And crucify'd afresh, *Heb. vi. 6.*  
Touch with thine all-victorious blood,  
And change the stone to flesh. *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

Open their eyes and ears, to see *Isa. xlii. 7.*  
Thy cross, and hear thy cries :  
Sinner, thy *Saviour* weeps for thee —  
For thee he bleeds and dies.

All the day long he meekly stands *Rom. x. 21.*  
His rebels to receive,  
And shews his wounds, and spreads his hands,  
And bids you turn and live. *Eze. xviii. 32.*

Turn, and your sins of deepest dye  
He will with blood efface : *Isa. i. 18.*  
Ev'n now he waits his blood t' apply —  
Come, and be sav'd by grace. *Eph. ii. 5.*

H Y M N 71.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

**S**INNER, that know'st not *God*, *Eph. ii. 12.*  
Lift up thy guilty eyes !  
Thou stranger to th' atoning blood,  
From nature's sleep arise ! *Eph. v. 14.*

As of salvation sure,  
 Thy soul, insensible,  
 Lies lull'd in Satan's arms, secure  
 Within the mouth of hell. *Isa. v. 14.*

## II

Now from thy slumbers wake — *Rom. xi. 8.*  
 With deep repentance mourn —  
 Thy sins, and the dead world forsake,  
 And unto Jesus turn :  
 The shades of hellish night *2 Cor. iv. 6.*  
 Thy Lord shall then remove,  
 And bless thee with his Spirit's light —  
 The light of faith and love.

## III

The brightness of his face  
 He shall reveal to thee —  
 The knowledge of his pard'ning grace, *Lu. i. 77.*  
 With peace, and liberty : *Rom. viii. 21.*  
 The light shall still increase *Prov. iv. 18.*  
 Which shews thy sins forgiv'n,  
 And, thro' the paths of righteousness,  
 Conduct thy soul to heav'n.

## H Y M N 72.

3 Lines, two fives and one eleven.

## I

ALL ye that pass by, *Lam. i. 12.*  
 To Jesus draw nigh —  
 To you is it nothing that Jesus should die ?

## II

Our Ransom and Peace, *Eph. ii. 14.*  
 Our Surety he is, *Heb. vii. 22.*  
 Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his !  
 For

III

For what you have done,  
His blood did atone— *Col. i. 20.*  
The Father hath punish'd for you his dear Son. *Jn. iii 16*

IV

The Lord, in the day *Lam. i. 12.*  
Of his anger, did lay *Isa. liii. 6.*  
Your sins on the Lamb, and he bore them away.

V

For you, and for me,  
Christ pray'd on the tree— *Lu. xxiii. 34.*  
The pray'r is accepted — the sinner is free.

VI

He suffer'd for all— *Heb. ii. 9.*  
Then, come, at his call,  
And now, at his cross, as poor penitents, fall.

H Y M N 73.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

ALL things beneath the sun, I find,  
Are insignificant, and vain—  
Are empty shadows—fleeting wind— *Hos. xii. 1.*  
Stamp'd with vexation, care, and pain: *Ecc. i. 14.*  
The peace which all God's children know, *Jn.*  
No earthly pleasure can bestow. *[xiv. 27.]*

II

Too long my life was idly spent—  
Too long for happiness I sought  
In things that could not give content,  
And wasted was my strength for naught: *Is. xlix. 4.*  
I hop'd to gain substantial joys,  
But what the world affords soon dloys.

Satan



## III

Satan deceiv'd my heart, and I  
Suffer'd the *Tempter* to entice,  
Living, as if I ne'er should die,  
Among the frantic sons of vice:  
But, ah! I found that happiness  
Dwelt not with laughter, and excess. *Eccl. ii. 2.*

## IV

By my upbraiding conscience stung,  
With pangs of fear was I oppress'd;  
Over the brink of hell I hung,  
And cry'd to *Christ*, to give me rest: *Matt. xi. 28.*  
Weary of sin, I then withdrew  
From the fantastic, senseless crew.

## V

Right humbly to my *God* I went,  
And thus pour'd out my soul in pray'r,  
“ Lord, I have sinn'd, but I repent — *Lu. xv. 18.*  
“ Oh save me from this black despair!”  
Then to my heart, his soft, still voice, *1 Ki. xix. 12.*  
Said, “ Go in peace—be whole—rejoice.” *Lu. vii. 50.*

## VI

Deluded mortals, oh, believe! *1 Jn. v. 10.*  
The joy I feel no tongue can tell: *1 Pet. i. 8.*  
Do not the *Holy Spirit* grieve, *Eph. iv. 30.*  
Who strives to pluck you out of hell: *Zech. iii. 2.*  
*Jesus* now waits to set you free — *Jn. viii. 36.*  
Oh, praise his glorious name, with me!

## H Y M N 74.

*Jewish Tune.*

## I

**O**BEY your *Saviour's* call —  
O sinners, hear his voice!  
The saints in light before him fall, *Col. i. 12.*  
And thus rejoice:

“ Salvation

*to repent, and believe the Gospel.* 81

" Salvation to our God — *Rev. vii. 10,*

" The Lamb whom we adore !

" To him who bought us with his blood,

" Be praise and pow'r !"

II

View him enthron'd on high,

Repentance to bestow ;

*Acts. v. 31.*

He reigns the Lord of all the sky,

And earth below.

Look with the eye of faith,

To him who once was slain,

But, conq'r'or over hell and death,

Now lives again.

*Rev. i. 18.*

III

This Prince of Peace has led

Captive captivity ;

*Isa. 9. 6.*

He rose triumphant from the dead,

*Eph. iv. 8.*

To set us free.

*Heb. ii. 15.*

Unstopping the deaf ear,

*Isa. xxxv. 5.*

And op'ning the blind eyes,

His pow'rful voice dead sinners hear,

*Jn. v. 25.*

And are made wise.

*Pf. xix. 7.*

IV

Exult, ye slaves of sin —

*Jn. viii. 34.*

Captives of Satan, shout !

*2. Tim. ii. 26.*

He can redeem from foes within,

And foes without :

*2. Cor. vii. 5.*

He breaks the prison door —

*Isa. xlii. 7.*

The Son shall make you free :

*Jn. viii. 36.*

He brings the halt, the maim'd, the poor,

*Lu. xiv. 21.*

To liberty.

*Rom. viii. 21.*

V

Mighty he is to save —

*Isa. lxiii. 1.*

All pow'r to him is giv'n ;

*Matt. xxviii. 18.*

And they shall be, who mercy crave,

Made heirs of heav'n :

*Rom. viii. 17.*

Forgiveness

Forgiveness is with him — *Pf. cxxx. 4.*  
 Oh, see his hands ! his side ! *Jn. xx. 20.*  
 Lost, guilty rebels to redeem,  
 He bled, and dy'd.

VI

Believe on his great name —  
 Believe, and be made whole —  
 Sinner, believe on him, who came  
 To save your soul : *Mark. xvi. 16.*  
 Him it is life to know, *Jn. xvii. 3.*  
 And when of him possessest,  
 True peace and joy shall overflow *Rom. xv 13.*  
 Your ravish'd breast.

H Y M N 75.

8 Lines, fives and sixes,

I

**Y**E pris'ners of hope, *Zech. ix 12.*  
 Who bitterly grieve,  
 To *Jesus* look up, *Heb. xii. 2.*  
 And on him believe ;  
 Declare the condition  
 And state you are in,  
 And *Christ*, the *Physician*, *Matt. ix. 12.*  
 Will cure you of sin.

II

Tho' *God* may appear  
 A merciless foe,  
 Yet be of good cheer, *Mark vi. 50.*  
 To *Jesus* now go,  
 Sincerely confessing  
 Your transgressions past,  
 And you the free blessing  
 Of pardon shall taste. *1 Jn. i. 9.*  
 Law,

III

Law, conscience, and sin,  
Accuse us in vain,  
If we are found in  
The *Lamb* that was slain : *Rev.v.6.*  
There's no condemnation *Rom.viii.1.*  
To them that believe,  
But certain salvation *Mark xvi.16.*  
They all shall receive.

IV

Then, dry up your tears,  
Ye children of grief,  
For, *Jesus* appears  
To give you relief:  
To *Jesus* returning,  
Your *Saviour* and *Friend*, *Matt.xi.19.*  
Give over your mourning,  
And on him depend.

V

None will I cast out *Jn.vi.37.*  
Who come, saith the *Lord*;  
Why, then, do you doubt?  
Lay hold of his word:  
Ye mourners in *Zion*, *Isa.lxi.2.*  
Your pardon he'll give —  
For ever rely on  
Your *Saviour*, and live. *Jn.iii.36.*

H Y M N 76.

6 Lines, four fixes and two eights.

I

**Y**E happy sinners, hear —  
The pris'ners of the *Lord*, *Zech.ix.12.*  
And wait till *Christ* appear,  
According to his word : *Mal.iii.1.*  
Rejoice

Rejoice in hope — rejoice with me — *Heb. iii. 6.*  
 We shall from all our sins be free. *Rom. vi. 22.*

## II

The Lord, our Righteousness, *Jer. xxiii. 6.*  
 We have long since receiv'd ;  
 Salvation nearer is  
 Than when we first believ'd ; *Rom. xiii. 11.*  
 Rejoice in hope — rejoice with me —  
 We shall from all our sins be free.

## III

In God we put our trust —  
 If we our sins confess, *1 Jn. i. 9.*  
 Faithful he is and just  
 From all unrighteousness  
 To cleanse us all — both you and me —  
 We shall from all our sins be free.

## IV

Surely, in us the hope *Rom. v. 2.*  
 Of glory shall appear ;  
 Sinners, your heads lift up,  
 And see redemption near : *Lu. xxi. 28.*  
 Again I say, rejoice with me — *Phil. iv. 4.*  
 We shall from all our sins be free.

## V

Let others hug their chains — *Eph. iv. 8.*  
 For sin and Satan plead —  
 And say, from sin's remains  
 They never can be freed : *Rom. viii. 21.*  
 Rejoice in hope — rejoice with me —  
 We shall from all our sins be free.

## VI

Then, let us gladly bring  
 Our sacrifice of praise —  
 Let us give thanks, and sing,  
 And glory in free grace : *Tit. ii. 11.*  
 Again I say, rejoice with me —  
 We shall from all our sins be free.



H Y M N 77.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**P**Ris'ners of hope, lift up your heads! *Zech. ix. 12.*  
 The day of liberty draws near — *Isa. lxi. 1.*  
*Jesus* who on the *Serpent* treads, *Rom. xvi. 20.*  
 Shall soon in your behalf appear!  
 The *Lord* will to his temple come — *Mal. iii. 1.*  
 Prepare your hearts to make him room.

II

Pris'ners of hope, be strong — be bold! *Isa. xxxv. 4.*  
 Cast off your doubts — disdain to fear —  
 Dare to believe — on *Christ* lay hold — *Heb. vi. 18.*  
 Wrestle with him in mighty pray'r:  
 Tell him, "We will not let thee go, *Gen. xxxii. 25.*  
 'Till we thy name, thy nature know."

III

Has he not dy'd, to purge your sin? *Heb. i. 3.*  
 And ris'n, his death for you to plead? *Rom. viii. 34.*  
 To write his law of love within *Jer. xxxi. 33.*  
 Your hearts, and make you free indeed? *Jn. viii. 36.*  
 That ye your *Eden* might regain, *Isa. li. 3.*  
 He dy'd, and could not die in vain. ✓

IV

Therefore, believe, and wait the hour  
 Which all his great salvation brings — *Heb. ii. 3.*  
 The *Spirit* of love, and health, and pow'r *2 Tim. i. 7.*  
 Shall come, and make you priests and kings: *Rev. i. 6.*  
 He will perform his faithful word, *1 Thef. v. 24.*  
 "The servants shall be as their *Lord*." *Matt. x. 25.*

V

The promise stands for ever sure, *2 Cor. i. 20.*  
 And ye shall in his image shine, *2 Cor. iii. 18.*  
 I Partakers

Partakers of a nature pure,  
 Holy, angelical, divine—  
 Be join'd in spirit to the Son,  
 As he is with his *Father* one.

2Pet.i.4.

1Cor.vi.17.

Jn.xvii.11.

## H Y M N 78.

*Common Measure.*

## I

**L**ET ev'ry mortal ear attend,  
 And ev'ry heart rejoice :  
 The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
 With an inviting voice.

## II

Come, all ye hungry, thirsty souls,  
 Who, feeding on the wind,  
 Have vainly strove, with earthly things  
 To fill your empty mind.

*Hos.xii.1.*

## III

Indulgent heav'n has now prepar'd  
 A soul-reviving feast ;  
 And bids your longing appetites  
 The rich provision taste.

## IV

Ho ! ye that pant for living streams  
 Ready to faint and die ;  
 Here you may satisfy your thirst,  
 With springs that never dry.

*Is.lv.1.**Jn.iv.14.*

## V

Rivers of love and mercy here  
 In a broad ocean join :  
 Salvation in abundance flows,  
 Like floods of milk and wine.

*Isa.lv.1.*

## VI

Behold the fountain which the *Lamb*  
 Pour'd from his bleeding veins !

*Zech.xiii.1.*

Come,

to repent, and believe the Gospel.

87

Come, and he'll cleanse your spotted souls,  
And wash away your stains.

H Y M N 79.

8 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

**I**S there a thing beneath the sky  
Can comfort bring, or satisfy,  
But our dear *Saviour's* wounds?  
From them flow love, and joy, and peace,  
In streams replete with richest grace—  
All else are empty sounds.

II

Attend, my soul—sink down with shame,  
Before his face, who kindly came  
For thee to bleed and die:  
Oh! think upon thy sin and guilt,  
For which his precious blood was spilt,  
God's wrath to pacify.

III

See! sinful dust and ashes, see  
Thy suff'ring *Saviour* sweat for thee,  
Till drops of blood fall down! *Lu.22.44.*  
See! prostrate on the ground he lies!  
Observe his mournful pray'r and cries!  
Mark ev'ry tear and groan!

IV

See thy dear *Lord* dragg'd like a thief,  
Amidst contempt, and stripes, and grief,  
For thee a sacrifice!  
Fasten'd unto the shameful wood—  
Despis'd by men, and bath'd in blood, *Is. liii. 3.*  
Th' atoning Victim dies.

V

*Lord*, dost thou suffer thus for me?  
Dost thou feel all this misery,

I 2

To

To give me life and peace ?  
 Then, let me bear it on my heart,  
 That, by thy blood and painful smart,  
 Is sign'd my soul's release.

## H Y M N 80.

*Long Measure.*

## I

**Y**E that pass by, behold the Man! *Lam.i.12.*  
 The man of griefs condemn'd for you! *Isa.liii.3.*  
 The *Lamb of God* for sinners slain, *Jn.i.29.*  
 Weeping to *Calvary* pursue!

## II

See how his back the scourges tear,  
 While to the bloody pillar bound!  
 The ploughers make long furrows there, *Pf.cxxix.3.*  
 'Till all his body is one wound.

## III

Stretch'd out on the accursed tree,  
 His veins pour forth their crimson flood!  
 See, th' *Almighty's fellow* see! *Zech.xiii.7.*  
 He groans — he dies — in streams of blood.

## IV

Beneath my load of sin he dies —  
 I fill'd his soul with pangs unknown —  
 I caus'd those mortal groans and cries —  
 I kill'd the *Father's* only Son.

## V

O thou dear suff'ring *Son of God*,  
 How doth thy heart to sinners move!  
 Help me to catch thy precious blood —  
 Help me to taste thy dying love.

## VI

Still let thy tears and heavy sighs  
 O'erflow my eyes, and heave my breast,

'Till

to repent, and believe the Gospel.

89

'Till, loos'd from flesh and earth, I rise,  
And ever in thy bosom rest.

H Y M N 81.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

O Love divine! What hast thou done  
For such a wretched worm as me!  
The *Father's* co-*eternal Son*  
Bore all my sins upon the tree!  
Th' immortal *God* for me hath dy'd!  
My *Lord*, my *Love* is crucify'd.

*Jn.i.1.*  
*1Pet.ii.24.*

II

Behold him, all ye that pass by,  
The bleeding *Prince* of life and peace!  
Sinners, come see your *Maker* die,  
And say, was ever grief like his!  
Come, feel with me his blood apply'd—  
My *Lord*, my *Love* is crucify'd.

*Lam.i.12.*

III

He's crucify'd for me and you,  
To bring us rebels back to *God*;  
Believe, believe the record true—  
Ye all are bought with *Jesu's* blood:  
Pardon for all flows from his side—  
My *Lord*, my *Love* is crucify'd.

*1Pet.iii.18.*  
*1Jn.v.11.*  
*1Cor.vi.20.*

IV

Then let us sit beneath his cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream—  
All things for him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to him—  
Of nothing think or speak beside  
My *Lord*, my *Love* is crucify'd.

*Phil.iii.8.*

*1Cor.ii.2.*

I 3

HYMN



## H Y M N 82.

*Daniel v. 27. Tekel.**Long Measure.*

## I

**R**AISE, thoughtless sinner, raise thine eye—  
Behold *God's* balance lifted high!  
'There shall his Justice be display'd,  
And there thy hope and life be weigh'd.

## II

See in one scale his perfect law—  
Mark with what force its precepts draw!  
Wouldst thou the awful test sustain,  
Thy works how light! thy thoughts how vain!

## III

Behold! the hand of *God* appears  
To trace these dreadful characters!  
“*Tekel*—thy soul is wanting found,  
“And wrath shall smite thee to the ground.”

## IV

Let sudden fear thy nerves unbrace—  
Let pallid terror clothe thy face—  
Thro' all thy thoughts let anguish roll,  
And deep repentance melt thy soul.

## V

One only hope may yet prevail—  
*Christ* hath a weight to turn the scale:  
Still doth the gospel publish peace,  
Thro' *Jesu's* blood and righteousness. *Rom.iii.24.*

## VI

Great *God*, exert thy pow'r to save—  
Deep on each heart these truths engrave:  
The heavy load of sin remove, *Matt.xi.28.*  
That trembling lips may sing thy love.

HYMN

H Y M N 83.

*Common Measure.*

I

**Y**E sinners, tremble! for, our God *Isa.lxvi.2.*  
Is a consuming fire! *Heb.xii.29.*

His jealous eyes inflame his rage,  
And raise his vengeance high'r. *Pf.ii.12.*

II

Almighty vengeance, how it burns!  
How bright his fury glows! *Deut.xxxii.41.*

Vast magazines of plagues, and storms,  
Lie treasur'd for his foes. *Pf.xi.6.*

III

Those heaps of ire, by slow degrees, *Neh.ix.17.*  
Are forc'd into a flame;

But, kindled, oh, how fierce they blaze,  
And rend all nature's frame!

IV

At his approach, the mountains flee, *Nah.i.5.*  
And seek a watry grave;

The frighted sea makes haste away —  
And shrinks up ev'ry wave.

V

Thro' the wide air, the weighty rocks  
Are swift as hailstones hurl'd: *Isa.xxx.30.*

Who dares engage his fiery wrath,  
That shakes the solid world? *Nah.i.6.*

VI

Yet, Lord, when wrath comes rushing down,  
Thou art the *Hiding-place* *Isa.xxxii.2.*

Of all thy faints, and on the throne  
Sits regent sov'reign grace.

Secure

## VII

Secure beneath thy shelt'ring wings, *Pf.xvii.8.*  
 Thy people shall adore  
 Thy just revenge on wickedness, *Pf.lviii.10.*  
 And praise thee evermore.

## H Y M N 84.

## Common Measure.

## I

**T**HE side of *Christ* a fountain is, *Zech.xiii.1.*  
 Where all may freely go,  
 And drink the living streams of bliss, *Jn.vii.37.*  
 And wash them white as snow. *Isa.i.18.*

## II

His feet were nail'd to yonder tree,  
 To trample down your sin;  
 His hands ye all stretch'd out may see *1Pet.iii.18.*  
 To take his murderers in.

## III

Lovers of pleasure more than *God*,  
 For you he suffer'd pain:  
 Swearers, for you he spilt his blood —  
 And shall he bleed in vain?

## IV

Misers, his life for you he paid —  
 Liars, your crimes he bore —  
 Drunkards, your sins on him were laid, *Isa.liii.6.*  
 That you might sin no more. *Jn.v.14.*

## V

The *God* of love to earth he came  
 To raise you up to heav'n:  
 Believe in *Jesu's* saving name — *Matt.i.21.*  
 Believe, and be forgiv'n. *Act.x.43.*

Believe

VI

Believe in him who dy'd for thee,  
And, sure as he hath dy'd,  
Thy debt is paid — thy soul is free, *Matt. xviii. 25.*  
And thou art justify'd. *Acts xiii. 39.*

H Y M N 85.

*Long Measure.*

I

**T**HE Lord of life and glory stands — *Rev. iii. 20.*  
Aloud he cries, and spreads his hands —  
He sends a voice from all his wounds, [*Rom. x. 21.*  
Which tells how much his grace abounds. *Ro. v. 20.*

II

“ Attend, ye thirsty souls — draw near, *Jn. vii. 37.*  
“ And satiate all your wishes here :  
“ Behold the living fountain flows *Rev. xxi. 6.*  
“ In streams as various as your woes.

III

“ An ample pardon here I give —  
“ Whoever drinks of this shall live — *Jn. iv. 14.*  
“ Shall see my Father's smiling face,  
“ And rest within his dear embrace.

IV

“ I purge from sin's defiling stain, *Zech. i. 3. 1.*  
“ And make the loathsome leper clean — *Matt. x. 8.*  
“ Lead to celestial joys refin'd,  
“ And lasting as the deathless mind.

V

“ Must I anew my pity prove ?  
“ Witness the words of melting love —  
“ The gushing tears — the lab'ring breath,  
“ And all these bleeding marks of death. ”

Dear

## VI

Dear *Saviour*, let me doubt no more,  
But hear, and wonder, and adore;  
And, panting, seek that fountain-head,  
Whence waters so divine proceed.

## VII

Still near its streams may I be found,  
Long as I tread this earthly ground,  
Till Death shall make my last remove,  
To drink the ocean of thy love.

## H Y M N 86.

*Common Measure.*

## I

**T**HE *Saviour* calls—let ev'ry ear  
Attend the joyful sound: *Pf.lxxxix.15.*  
Ye fearful hearts, dismiss your fear— *If.xxxv.4.*  
For, mercy may be found. *Pf.xxxiii.18.*

## II

For ev'ry longing, thirsty heart, *Jn.vii.37.*  
Here streams of bounty flow;  
And health, and life, and bliss impart,  
To banish mortal woe.

## III

Here springs of sacred pleasure rise,  
To ease your ev'ry pain: *Jn.iv.14.*  
For all your wants here seek supplies,  
Nor shall you seek in vain.

## IV

O sinner, come—'tis mercy's voice— *Isa.lv.1.*  
The gracious call obey:  
*Jesus* invites to heav'nly joys,  
And can you yet delay?

Draw



V

Draw *Saviour*, their reluctant hearts — *Jn.xii.32.*  
 To thee let sinners fly, *Isa.lx.8.*  
 And take the bliss thy love imparts,  
 And drink, and never die.

H Y M N 87.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

**S**INNERS, with your load oppress'd, *Matt.xi.28.*  
 Come to *Christ*—he'll give you rest:  
 He that wounded can make whole, *Job v.18.*  
 Comforting the troubled soul. *Matt.v.4.*

II

Ye who dread the wrath of *God*, *Rom.i.18.*  
 Come, and wash in *Jesu's* blood:  
 To the *Son of David* cry —  
 In his word he's passing by. *Matt.xx.30.*

III

Guilty, naked, poor, and blind,  
 All you want in *Jesus* find: *Col.iii.11.*  
 This the day of mercy is — *2Cor.vi.2.*  
 Now accept the proffer'd bliss.

IV

Debtors, who have naught to pay, *Matt.xviii.25.*  
 Come to *Jesus*—come away:  
 All your sins on him were laid — *Isa.liiii.6.*  
 All your debts the *Surety* paid.

V

With his latest breath he cry'd,  
 "It is finish'd"—and then dy'd — *Jn.xix.30.*  
 Dy'd for sinners such as you —  
 Oh, believe the record true! *1Jn.v.10.*

HYMN

## H Y M N 88.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

## I

**W**HAT heart can think, what tongue express  
 The wonders of redeeming grace,  
 The pow'r of *Christ* to save!  
 He longs his mercy to display —  
 In him the greatest sinners may  
 Complete redemption have.

## II

Are you in tears and heaviness?  
 Does blushing clothe your down-cast face,  
 For sins which you have done?  
 He saves you from the guilt of all,  
 Both past and present, great and small,  
 He pardons ev'ry one.

## III

Can your extreme unrighteousness  
 Exceed the limits of his grace,  
 Tho' you are full of sin?  
 For you *Christ's* righteousness doth shine,  
 Nor can the Majesty divine  
 Find any spot therein.

## IV

But unbelief is still behind,  
 That damning sin, for which mankind  
 Deserves eternal wrath — *Mark xvi.16.*  
*Christ* takes away your unbelief,  
 Scatters your doubts, removes your grief,  
 And makes you strong in faith.

HYMN

H Y M N 89.

6 Lines, all sevens.

I

WEARY souls, that wander wide  
From the central point of bliss,  
Turn to *Jesus* crucify'd —  
Fly to those dear wounds of his —  
Sink into the purple flood —  
Rise into the life of *God* !

II

Find in *Christ* the way of peace,  
Peace unspeakable, unknown —  
By his pain he gives you ease —  
Life by his expiring groan :  
Rise exalted by his fall,  
And make *Christ* your all in all.

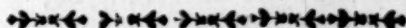
*Phil.* iv. 7.

*Col.* iii. 11.

III

Oh believe the record true !  
*God* his darling *Son* hath giv'n,  
For vile sinners such as you !  
Taste on earth your promis'd heav'n ! *Heb.* vi. 5.  
Blest in *Christ* this moment be —  
Blest to all eternity !

1 *Jn.* v. 11.



S E C T I O N VII.

Hymns concerning Death.

H Y M N 90.

Long Measure.

I

OF T as the bell, with solemn toll,  
Speaks the departure of a soul,

K

Let

Let each one ask himself, "Am I  
Prepar'd, should I be call'd to die?"

## II

Only this frail and fleeting breath  
Preserves me from the jaws of death;  
Soon as it fails, at once I'm gone,  
And plung'd into a world unknown.

## III

Then leaving all I lov'd below,  
To God's tribunal I must go—  
Must hear the Judge pronounce my fate,  
And fix my everlasting state.

## IV

But could I bear to hear him say,  
"Depart, accursed, far away — *Matt. xxv. 41.*  
"With Satan, in the lowest hell,  
"Thou art for ever doom'd to dwell."

## V

Lord Jesus, to thy cross I flee, *Matt. iii. 7.*  
And seek my hope alone in thee:  
Apply thy blood—thy Spirit give—  
Subdue my sin, and in me live. *2 Cor. vi. 16.*

## VI

Then, when the solemn bell I hear,  
If sav'd from guilt, I need not fear:  
Nor would the thought distressing be,  
Perhaps it next may toll for me.

## VII

Rather, my spirit would rejoice,  
And wish, and long to hear thy voice;  
Glad when it bids me earth resign—  
Secure of heav'n, if thou art mine,

H Y M N 91.

Common Measure.

I

MY soul, this curious house of clay,  
Thy present frail abode,  
Must quickly fall to worms a prey,  
And thou return to God. *Eccle. xii 7.*

II

Canst thou, by faith, survey with joy  
The change, before it come?  
And say, "Let Death this house destroy,  
"I have a heav'nly home. *2 Cor. v. 1.*

III

"The Saviour, whom I then shall see,  
"With new admiring eyes,  
"Already has prepar'd for me,  
"A mansion in the skies. *Jn. xiv. 2.*

IV

"I feel this mud-wall'd cottage shake,  
"And long to see it fall, *2 Cor. v. 8.*  
"That I my willing flight may take  
"To him that is my All.

V

"Burden'd, and groaning, then no more, *2 Cor. v. 4.*  
"My rescu'd soul shall sing,  
(As up the shining path I soar)  
"Death, thou hast lost thy sting." *1 Cor. xv 55.*

VI

Dear Saviour, help us now to seek,  
And know thy grace's pow'r,  
That we may all this language speak,  
Before the dying hour.



## H Y M N 92.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

## I

SOON as from earth I go,  
What will become of me ?

Eternal *happinefs* or *woe*,

Must then my portion be :

I from my grave shall rise,

(Wak'd by the trumpets sound) *1 Cor. xv. 52.*

And see the burning earth and skies, *2 Pet. iii. 10.*

And *Christ* with glory crown'd. *Heb. ii. 9.*

## II

How shall I leave my tomb ?

With *triumph* or *regret* ?

A *fearful* or a *joyful* doom,

A *curse* or *bleffing* meet ?

Will *angel-bands* convey

Their brother to the bar ?

Or *Devils* drag my soul away,

To meet its sentence there.

## III

Who can resolve the doubt

That tears my anxious breast ?

Shall I be with the *damn'd* cast out,

Or number'd with the *blest* ?

Shall I from *God* be *driv'n*,

Or with him ever *dwell* ?

Shall I enjoy the *bliss* of *heav'n*,

Or feel the *flames* of *hell* ?

## IV

O thou that would'st not have

One wretched sinner die,

*Eze. xviii. 32.*

Who dy'dst thyself my soul to save

From endless misery,

The

The way to me make known  
To serve thee, without fear, *Lu. i. 74.*  
That, when thou sittest on thy throne,  
I may with joy appear. *Heb. xiii. 17.*

V

'Thou art thyself the Way — *Jn. xiv. 6.*  
'Thyself in me reveal;  
So shall I spend my life's short day  
Obedient to thy will:  
So shall I love my *God*, *1 Jn. iv. 19.*  
Because he first lov'd me,  
And praise thee in thy bright abode,  
Throughout eternity.

H Y M N 93.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

I

AND am I only born to die?  
And must I suddenly comply  
With nature's fix'd decree?  
What after death for me remains?  
*Celestial joys, or hellish pains,*  
To all eternity?

II

How then ought I on earth to live, *2 Pet. iii. 11.*  
While *God* prolongs the kind reprieve,  
And props the house of clay!  
My sole concern, my single care,  
To watch, and tremble, and prepare  
Against the awful day!

III

No room for mirth or trifling here,  
For worldly hope, or worldly fear,  
If life so soon is gone!  
If now the *Judge* is at the door, *Jas. v. 9.*  
K 3 And

102 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

And all mankind must stand before  
Th' inexorable throne!

2 Cor.v.10.

IV

No matter what my thoughts employ,  
A moment's *miser*y or joy—

But oh! when both shall end,  
Where shall I find my destin'd place?  
Shall I my everlasting days  
With *fiends*, or *angels* spend?

V

Nothing is worth a thought beneath,  
But how I may escape the death

That never, never dies —  
How make mine own election sure,  
And when I fail on earth, secure  
A mansion in the skies.

Mark ix.44.

2 Pet.i.10.

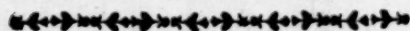
Lu.xvi.9.

VI

*Yesu*, vouchsafe a pitying ray —  
Be thou my light, my guide, my way,  
To glorious happiness!

Ah! write forgiveness on my heart!  
And whensoever I hence depart,  
Let me depart in peace!

Lu.ii.29.



S E C T I O N VIII.

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

H Y M N 94.

6 Lines, eights and sevens, fours and sevens.

I

**D**AY of judgment, day of wonders!  
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound, 1 *The*se.iv.16.  
Louder

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 103

Louder than a thousand thunders,  
Shakes the vast creation round!  
How the summons  
Will the sinner's heart confound!

II

At his call, the dead awaken —  
Rise to life from earth and sea —  
All the pow'rs of nature, shaken,  
Now prepare to flee away :  
Careless sinner,  
What wilt *thou* do in that day ?

*Rev.xx.13.*

*Lu.xxi.26.*

*Isa.xxiv.20.*

*Isa.x.3.*

III

Horrors, past imagination,  
Will surprize thy trembling heart,  
When thou hear'st thy condemnation, [41.  
“ Hence, accursed wretch, depart — *Matt.xxv.*  
“ With the *Devil*,  
“ To hell-fire now doom'd thou art.”

IV

*Satan* who now tries to please thee,  
Lest thou timely warning take,  
When that word is past, will seize thee —  
Plunge thee in the burning lake : *Rev.20.15.*  
Think, poor sinner,  
Thy immortal soul's at stake!

V

But to those who have confessed, *Lu.xii.8.*  
Lov'd and serv'd the *Lord* below,  
He will say, “ Come near, ye blessed *Matt.xxv.34.*  
Take the kingdom I bestow —  
Ye for ever  
Shall my love and glory know.”

VI

Under sorrows and reproaches,  
May this thought your spirits raise!

Swiftly

104 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

Swiftly *God's* great day approaches *Jas. v. 8.*  
 Sighs shall then be turn'd to praise:  
 We shall triumph,  
 When the world is in a blaze.

H Y M N 95.

*Long Measure.*

I

**G**OD, with one piercing glance looks thro'  
 Creation's wide extended frame—  
 The past and future, in his view,  
 And days and ages are the same. *2Pet. iii. 8.*

II

Sinners, who dare provoke his face,  
 Who on his patience long presume,  
 And trifle out his *day of grace*,  
 Will find he has a *day of doom*. *Rom. ii. 4, 5.*

III

As pangs the lab'ring woman feels, *1Thes. v. 3.*  
 Or as the thief, in midnight sleep, *2Pet. iii. 10.*  
 So comes that day, for which the wheels  
 Of time their ceaseless motion keep.

IV

Hark! from the sky the trump proclaims *1Thes. 4. 16.*  
*Jesus* the *Judge* approaches nigh!  
 See the creation wrapt in flames, *2Pet. iii. 10.*  
 First kindled by his vengeful eye!

V

When thus the mountains melt like wax, *Pf. xcvi. 5.*  
 When earth, and air, and sea shall burn—  
 When all the frame of nature breaks,  
 Poor sinner, whither wilt thou turn?

VI

Since all below to ruin tends,  
 Oh fix thy heart and hopes above! *2Pet. iii. 11.*  
 That



*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 105

That when this burning system ends,  
Thou may'st eternal pleasures prove.

H Y M N 96.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**T**HOU Judge of quick and dead, *Acts. x. 42.*  
Before whose judgment-seat,  
With holy joy, or guilty dread,  
We all must shortly meet; *2 Cor. v. 10.*  
Our caution'd souls prepare  
For that tremendous day,  
That we, endu'd with watchful care,  
May without ceasing pray. *1 Thes. v. 17.*

II

To damp our earthly joys,  
And raise our gracious fears,  
For ever let th'archangel's voice *1 Thes. iv. 16.*  
Be sounding in our ears —  
'The solemn midnight cry, *Matt. xxv. 6.*  
“ Ye dead, the Judge is come —  
“ Arise, and meet him in the sky,  
“ And hear your final doom.”

III

Oh may we now be found  
Obedient to thy word!  
Attentive to the trumpet's sound,  
And looking for our Lord! *2 Pet. iii. 12.*  
By pray'r may we ensure  
A lot among the blest;  
And watch a moment, to secure  
An everlasting rest.

HYMN

H Y M N 97.

*Long Measure.*

I

**H**E comes! Behold the Judge appear!  
The seventh trumpet speaks him near: *Rev. xi. 5*  
Tho' lightnings flash, and thunders roll,  
He's welcome to the faithful soul.

II

Hark! hark! angelic voices sound!  
See the almighty Jesus crown'd!  
Girt with omnipotence and grace,  
Lo! glory decks the Saviour's face.

III

Descending on his azure throne,  
He claims the kingdoms for his own: *Rev. xi. 15.*  
The kingdoms all obey his word,  
And hail him their triumphant Lord.

IV

Fill, fill, ye saints, with shouts the sky,  
And ye cherubic hosts on high:  
Our Lord, who now his right obtains,  
For ever and for ever reigns.

V

The Father praise! the Son adore!  
The Spirit blest for evermore!  
Salvation's glorious work is done —  
We worship thee, great Three in One!

H Y M N 98.

*Long Measure.*

I

**T**HE great archangel's trump shall sound, *1 Thes.*  
(While twice ten thousand thunders roar) *[iv. 16]*  
- Tear

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 107

Tear up the graves, and cleave the ground,  
Proclaiming, "Time shall be no more." *Rev.x.6.*

II

The greedy Sea shall yield her dead — *Rev.xx.13.*  
The earth no more her slain conceal:  
Each sinner shall lift up his head,  
And shrink to see a yawning hell.

III

On rocks and mountains he shall call,  
To hide him in that awful day; *Rev.vi.16.*  
When Vengeance, just prepar'd to fall,  
Strikes him with horror and dismay.

IV

But those who now their Lord confess, *Lu.xii.8.*  
And faithful to the end endure, *Rev.ii.10.*  
Shall stand in Jesu's righteousness —  
Stand as the Rock of ages sure.

V

They, while the stars of heav'n shall fall, *Josel.ii.10.*  
And mountains are on mountains hurl'd,  
Shall, undismay'd amidst them all,  
Behold the burning melting world,

VI

The earth, and all the works therein, *2Pet.iii.10.*  
By raging flames shall be destroy'd;  
But they with joy shall see the scene,  
And mount above the fiery void.

H Y M N 99.

*Common Measure.*

I

**L**ORD, must I be to judgment brought *2Cor.v.10.*  
And answer in that day.  
For ev'ry vain, or idle thought, *Matt.12.36.*  
And ev'ry word I say?

Yes

108 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

II

Yes—ev'ry secret of my heart      *Rom.ii.16.*  
 Shall shortly be made known;  
 And I receive my just desert  
 For all that I have done.

III

How careful, then, ought I to live!      *2Pet.iii.11.*  
 With what religious fear!      *1Pet.i.17.*  
 Who such a strict account must give  
 Of my behaviour here!

IV

Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,      *Acts.x.42.*  
 The watchful pow'r bestow —      *Matt.xxiv.42.*  
 So shall I to my ways take heed,      *1Cor.x.12.*  
 To all I speak, and do.

V

If now thou standest at the door,      *Rev.iii.20.*  
 Oh let me feel thee near!  
 And make my peace with thee, before  
 I at thy bar appear.

H Y M N 100.

*Long Measure.*

I

**H**E reigns! the Lord, the Saviour, reigns!  
 Praise him in evangelic strains!  
 Let the redeem'd lift up their voice,      *Pf.cvii.2.*  
 And in their conqu'ring King rejoice.

II

Deep are his counsels, and unknown,      *Pf.lxxvii.19.*  
 But grace and truth support his throne:      *Pf.lxxxix.*  
 Tho' gloomy clouds his way surround,      *14.*  
 Justice is their eternal ground.      *Pf.xcvii.2.*

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 109

III

In robes of judgment, lo, he comes!  
Shakes the wide earth, and cleaves the tombs!  
Before him burns devouring fire! *Pf. xcvi. 3.*  
The mountains melt — the seas retire!

IV

Behold! the *wicked* in dismay, *Zeph. i. 14.*  
From vengeance strive to flee away: *Rev. vi. 16.*  
But *saints* lift up their heads on high,  
And shout to find redemption nigh. *Lu. xxi. 28.*

H Y M N 101.

8 Lines, *sevens* and *sixes*.

I

**W**HEN, descending from the sky,  
The *Bridegroom* shall appear,  
And the solemn midnight cry *Matt. xxv. 6. &c.*  
Shall call professors near —  
How the sound our hearts will damp!  
How will shame o'erspread each face!  
If we only have a lamp,  
Without the oil of grace.

II

Foolish Virgins, then will wake,  
And seek for a supply;  
But in vain the pains they take  
To borrow or to buy:  
Then, with those they now despise,  
Earnestly they'll wish to share —  
But the best among the wise  
Will have no oil to spare.

III

Wise are they, and truly blest,  
Who then shall ready be!  
But despair shall seize the rest,  
And dreadful misery:

L

" Once



110 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

" Once (they'll cry) we scorn'd to doubt,  
" Tho' in lies our trust we put ;  
" Now our lamp of hope is out —  
" The door of mercy shut."

IV

If they then presume to plead,  
" Lord, open to us now —  
" We on earth have heard, and pray'd,  
" And with thy saints did bow ;"—  
He will answer from his throne,  
" Tho' ye with my people mix'd,  
" Yet to me ye ne'er were known—  
" Depart—your doom is fix'd." *Matt. vii. 23.*

V

Oh that none who worship here  
May hear that word, " Depart !"  
*Lord*, impress a godly fear  
On each Professor's heart ! —  
Help us, *Lord*, to search the camp— *Josb. vii. 11.*  
Let us not ourselves beguile ;  
Trusting to a dying lamp,  
Without a stock of oil.

H Y M N 102.

*Common Measure.* [ *Thef. 4. 16.*

I

**H**ARK ! listen to the trumpet's sound—  
See ! the fork'd lightnings glare— *Matt. 24. 27.*  
The mountains melt ! the solid ground *Pf. xcvi. 5.*  
Dissolves as liquid air ! *2 Pet. iii. 11.*

II

See ! the celestial bodies roll  
Amidst the gen'ral fire ! *Lu. xxi. 25.*  
And shrivel as a parchment-scroll, *Isa. xxxiv. 4.*  
And all in smoke expire !

Yet

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* III

III.

Yet still the *Lord*, the *Saviour* reigns,  
Tho' nature be destroy'd —  
Tho' no created thing remains,  
Throughout the flaming void.

IV

Sublime upon his azure throne,  
He speaks th' almighty word —  
His fiat is obey'd! 'tis done!  
And paradise restor'd.

V

So be it! let this system end!  
The earth, and sea, and skies!  
The new *Jerusalem* descend! *Rev. xxi. 2.*  
The new creation rise! *Rev. xxi. 5.*

VI

Thy pow'r omnipotent assume!  
Thy brightest majesty!  
And when thou dost in judgment come,  
My *Lord*, remember me. *Lu. xxiii. 42.*

H Y M N 103.

6 Lines, four sixes, and two eights.

I

**Y**E virgin souls, arise! *Matt. xxv. 1, &c.*  
With all the dead awake!  
Unto salvation wise,  
Oil in your vessels take:  
Rous'd by the awful midnight cry,  
Behold the heav'nly *Bridegroom* nigh!

II

He comes—he comes to call  
The nations to his bar,  
And raise to glory all  
Who fit for glory are!

112 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

Made ready for your full reward,  
Go forth with joy to meet your *Lord*.

III

Go meet him in the sky,  
Your everlasting Friend —  
Your *Head* to glorify,  
With all his saints ascend :  
Ye pure in heart, obtain the grace      *Matt. v. 8.*  
To see without a veil his face.

IV

The everlasting doors      *Pf. xxiv. 7.*  
Shall soon the saints receive,  
Above yon angel-pow'rs  
In glorious joy to live ;  
Far from a world of grief and sin,  
With *God* eternally shut in.

V

Then, let us wait to hear  
The trumpet's welcome sound —  
To see our *Lord* appear,  
Watching let us be found —      *Lu. xii. 37.*  
Be found in pray'r, as we are now,  
When *Jesus Christ* the heav'ns shall bow.

H Y M N 104.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes.

I

**H**EARKEN to the solemn voice,  
The awful midnight cry!      *Matt. xxv. 6.*  
Waiting souls, rejoice, rejoice —  
Behold the *Bridegroom* nigh !  
Lo ! he comes with his reward —  
Light and joy his looks impart ;  
Go ye forth to meet your *Lord* —  
Receive him in your heart,

Ye

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 113

II

Ye who faint beneath your load  
Of sin, your heads lift up; *Lu. xxi. 28.*  
See your dear redeeming God!  
He comes, and bids you hope :  
In the midnight of their grief,  
*Jesus* doth his mourners cheer —  
Lo ! he brings you sure relief —  
Believe, and feel him here.

III

Ye whose loins are girt, stand forth, *Eph. vi. 14.*  
Whose lamps are burning bright;  
Worthy, in your *Saviour's* worth,  
To walk with him in white; *Rev. iii. 14.*  
*Jesus* bids your hearts be clean —  
Bids you all his promise prove —  
*Jesus* comes to cast out sin,  
And perfect you in love. *1 Jn. iv. 18.*

IV.

Wait we all in patient hope, *Jas. v. 7.*  
Till *Christ*, the *Judge*, shall come;  
We shall soon be all caught up, *1 Thes. iv. 17.*  
To meet the gen'ral doom :  
In an hour to us unknown,  
As a thief in deepest night, *2 Pet. iii. 10.*  
*Christ* shall suddenly come down,  
With all his saints in light. *Col. i. 12.*

V

Happy he whom *Christ* shall find  
Watching to see him come ! *Lu. xii. 37.*  
Him the *Judge* of all mankind  
Shall bear triumphant home :  
Who can answer to his word,  
“ Rise to judgment, come away ? ”  
Oh ! prepare us, gracious *Lord*,  
For that tremendous day !

114 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

H Y M N 105.

8 Lines, *sevens and sixes.*

I  
**J**ESUS, faithful to his word, *Rev. i. 5.*  
 Shall with a shout descend — *1 Thes. iv. 16.*  
 All heav'n's host their glorious Lord  
 In solemn pomp attend: *2 Thes. i. 7.*  
*Christ* shall come with dreadful noise,  
 Lightnings swift, and thunders loud,  
 With the great Archangel's voice,  
 And with the trump of God.

II

First the dead in *Christ* shall rise —  
 Then we that yet remain  
 Shall be caught up to the skies, *1 Thes. iv. 17.*  
 And with him ever reign:  
 We shall meet him in the air,  
 Into heav'n translated be —  
 Love, adore, and praise him there,  
 To all eternity.

III

Who can tell the happiness  
 This glorious hope affords?  
 Joy unutter'd we possess  
 In these reviving words:  
 Happy while on earth we breathe,  
 Mightier bliss ordain'd to know,  
 Trampling down sin, hell, and death,  
 To the third heav'n we go.

H Y M N 106.

8 Lines, *sixes and eights.*

I

**B**EHOLD! with awful pomp,  
 The Judge prepares to come!

Th'



*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 115

Th' Archangel sounds the dreadful trump, *i Thes.*  
And wakes the gen'ral doom. [iv. 16.  
Nature, in wild amaze,  
Her dissolution mourns —  
Blushes of blood the Moon deface —  
The Sun to darkness turns. *Joel ii. 31.*

II  
The living look with dread —  
The frightened dead arise —  
Start from the monumental bed,  
And lift their ghastly eyes,  
Horrors all hearts appal!  
They quake—they mourn—they cry —  
Bid rocks and mountains on them fall—*Rev. vi. 16.*  
But rocks and mountains fly.

III  
Ye wilful, wanton fools,  
Let danger make you wise —  
Carnal professors, careless souls,  
Open your drowsy eyes:  
'Tis time we all awake — *Rom. xiii. 11.*  
The fearful day draws near —  
Sinners, your proud presumption check,  
And stop your wild career.

IV  
Now is th' accepted time — *2 Cor. vi. 2.*  
To *Christ* for mercy fly:  
Oh turn, repent, and trust in him,  
And you shall never die: *Jn. xi. 26.*  
Great God, in whom we live, *Acts. xvii. 28.*  
Prepare us for that day!  
Help us in *Jesus* to believe,  
To watch, and fight, and pray. *Matt. xxvi. 41.*

116 Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.

H Y M N 107.

Common Measure.

I

SINNER, that slumb'rest on the brink  
Of hell's devouring lake,  
Oh think on death! on judgment think!  
What mean'st thou, sleeper? Wake. *Jon. i. 6.*

II

Soon shall the Lord himself descend *1 Thes. iv. 16.*  
To shake the pow'rs of heav'n; *Lu. xxi. 26.*  
Consider what will be thine end,  
If thou art not forgiv'n.

III

The King shall send his summons forth,  
To cite the quick and dead:  
From east and west, from south and north, *Matt.*  
They then shall fly with speed. *[viii. 11.]*

IV

But ah! what pale, what ghastly looks,  
When guilty wretches come,  
To hear, from God's unerring books, *Rev. xx. 12.*  
Their most tremendous doom!

V

"Depart, ye cursed, into hell, *Matt. xxv. 41.*  
"And feel my utmost ire;  
"With Devils, and damn'd Spirits dwell,  
"In ever-burning fire."

VI

But, Sinners, ere the Lord appear,  
To damn you in that day,  
With trembling now his warnings hear—  
Repent, believe, obey.

HYMN

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 117

H Y M N 108.

*6 Lines, eights and sevens, fours and sevens.*

I

**R**ISE, ye dearly-purchas'd sinners,  
Fill'd with faith's assurance, rise; *Heb. x. 22.*  
Thro' the loss of *Jesus* winners,  
Lords of all in earth and skies,  
Sing, and triumph  
In his bleeding sacrifice.

II

To his meritorious passion  
All our happiness we owe —  
Pardon, holiness, salvation,  
Heav'n above, and heav'n below —  
Grace and glory  
From that open fountain flow. *Zech. xiii. 1.*

III

Blest in our returning *Saviour*,  
When he hath prepar'd our place, *Jn. xiv. 2.*  
We shall reign with him for ever, *Rev. xxii. 5.*  
Folded in his love's embrace:  
Come, *Redeemer*,  
Shew us all thy heav'nly face!

IV

Let the world see thy salvation,  
Then let thy fork'd lightnings shine;  
Whilst, in thund'ring acclamation,  
All the Saints and Angels join:  
Sound the trumpet —  
Now unfurl the bloody sign! *Matt. xxiv. 30.*

V

With thine army of Cross-bearers,  
Lo! we wait, we long to rise,  
In thy royal triumph sharers —  
In thy joy beyond the skies:

Come,

118 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

Come, dear *Saviour*,  
Give us all th' immortal prize. *Phil. iii. 14.*

VI

Answer thine own *Bride* and *Spirit*—*Rev. xxii. 17.*  
Hasten, *Lord*, the gen'ral doom :  
The new heav'n and earth t' inherit, *Rev. xxi. 7.*  
Take thy pining *Exiles* home :  
All Creation  
Travails, groans, and bids thee come *Rom. viii. 22.*

H Y M N 109.

4 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

AND will the *Judge* descend ? *1 Thes. iv. 16.*  
And must the dead arise ?  
And not a single soul escape  
His all-discerning eyes ?

II

And, from his righteous lips,  
Shall this dread sentence sound ;  
And thro' the num'rous guilty throng  
Spread black despair around ?

III

“ Depart from me, accurs'd, *Matt. xxv. 41.*  
“ To everlasting fire—  
“ For rebel-angels first prepar'd,  
“ And share, with them, mine ire.”

IV

How will my heart endure  
The terrors of that day,  
When earth and heav'n, before his face,  
Astonish'd, flee away ? *Rev. xx. 11.*

V

But ere th' *Archangel* shakes  
The mansions of the dead,

Hark,

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 119

Hark, from the glorious gospel's trump  
What joyful tidings spread!

VI

Ye sinners, seek his grace,  
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;  
Fly to the shelter of his cross,  
And find salvation there.

VII

So shall that curse remove  
Which now ye so much dread;  
And the last awful day shall pour  
His blessings on your head.

H Y M N 110.

*Oliver's.*

I

**L**O! he comes, with clouds descending, *1 Thes.*  
Once for favour'd sinners slain! [*iv. 16.*  
Thousand, thousand saints, attending,  
Swell the triumph of his train!

Hallelujah!

God appears on earth to reign! *Rev. xi. 15.*

II

Ev'ry eye shall now behold him, *Rev. i. 7.*  
Rob'd in dreadful majesty!  
They who set at nought, and sold him,  
Pierc'd, and nail'd him to the tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the true *Messiah* see.

III

Now each island, sea, and mountain, *Rev. x. 10.*  
Heav'n and earth, dissolve away!  
All the wicked must, confounded,  
Hear the great Archangel say,

“ Come



120 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

“ Come to Judgment ! *1 Thes. iv. 16.*  
 “ This is *Christ’s* tremendous day !”

IV

But his saints, by man rejected, *Isa. liii. 3.*  
 Joyful, meet him in the air ! *1 Thes. iv. 17.*  
 Now the joys they long expected  
 They with *Christ* are call’d to share :  
 Hallelujah !  
 See the day of *God* appear !

V

Mighty *Lord*, let all adore thee,  
 High on thine eternal throne !  
*King of kings*, and *Lord of glory*,  
 In thy majesty come down !  
*Yah, Jehovah,*  
 Wear the everlasting crown !

H Y M N III.

6 Lines, eights and sevens, fours and sevens.

I

**L**IFT your heads, ye friends of *Jesus*, *Lu. xxi. 28.*  
 Partners in his patience here ! *Rev. i. 9.*  
*Christ*, to all believers precious, *1 Pet. ii. 7.*  
*Lord of Lords* shall soon appear ! *Rev. xvii. 14.*  
 Mark the tokens *Lu. xxi. 25.*  
 Of his heav’nly kingdom near !

II

Hear all nature’s groans proclaiming  
 Nature’s swift-approaching doom !  
 War, and pestilence, and famine, *Matt. xxiv. 7.*  
 Signify the wrath to come :  
 Cleaves the centre —  
 Nations rush into the tomb.

Close

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 121

III

Cloſe behind the tribulation *Matt. xxiv. 29.*  
Of theſe laſt tremendous days,  
See the flaming revelation! *2 Theſ. i. 7.*  
See the univerſal blaze!  
Earth and heaven  
Melt before the Judge's face! *Rev. xx. 11.*

IV

Sun and moon are both confounded— *Aſs. ii. 20.*  
Darken'd into endleſs night,  
While, with angel-hoſts ſurrounded,  
In his Father's glory bright,  
Beams the Saviour—  
Shines the everlaſting Light! *Rev. xxi. 23.*

V

See the ſtars from heaven falling!  
Hark on earth the doleful cry!  
Men on rocks and mountains calling,  
While the frowning Judge draws nigh,  
“ Hide us, hide us, *Rev. vi. 16.*  
“ From his fierce, vindictive eye.”

VI

With what different exclamation  
Shall the faints his banner ſee!  
Interested in his paſſion,  
Each cries out, “ He dy'd for me:  
“ My Redeemer,  
“ Glory, glory be to thee!

VII

“ Lo! he comes, with gracious carriage,  
“ For his bride eſpous'd below! *Rev. xxi. 9.*  
“ Comes to bring her to the marriage, *Rev. xix. 9.*  
“ And to make her joys o'erflow!  
“ Palms of conqueſt— *Rev. vii. 9.*  
“ Crowns of glory to beſtow!

M

Yes

122 *Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.*

VIII

" Yes — the prize shall now be given! *Phil. iii. 14.*

" We his open face shall see! *2 Cor. iii. 18.*

" Love, the earnest of our heaven,

" Love our full reward shall be —

" Love shall crown us

" Kings thro' all eternity!" *Rev. i. 6.*

H Y M N 112.

*6 Lines, eights and sevens, fours and sevens.*

I

**H**ARK! ye mortals, hear the trumpet, *1 Thes.*  
Sounding loud from shore to shore! [*iv. 16.*

Hark! the voice of the Arch angel

Swearing, " Time shall be no more!" *Rev. x. vi.*

Rolling ages,

Now your solemn close appears!

II

This great moving frame of nature —

That huge mass of blazing day —

Yonder arch'd expanse of heaven —

Moon, and stars, all melt away! *2 Pet. iii. 12.*

Lo! graves op'ning,

Send the dead in myriads forth!

III

See the gloomy pris'ners rising!

Hell's dark caverns yawning wide,

Ready to receive the wicked,

*Isa. xiv. 9.*

Who, by sin, their Lord deny'd!

Wild confusion

Seizes on each guilty soul.

IV

Now before their Judge appearing,

" They are banish'd out of heav'n; *2 Thes. i. 9.*

Tortur'd

*Hymns relative to the Day of Judgment.* 123

Tortur'd with despair and anguish,  
Into hell they all are driv'n:  
Oh, how dreadful  
Is their last decisive doom!

V

But the just that lov'd their *Saviour*,  
Near his throne, with boldness, stand,  
While he graciously anoints them  
Kings and priests, at his right-hand: *Rev. i. 6.*  
Hallelujahs  
Echo thro' the heav'nly realms!

VI

Joys ecstatic—hymns harmonious,  
In soft symphony, resound!  
Saints, and angels, harps, and trumpets,  
Celebrate our *Saviour* crown'd:  
“Glory, honour,  
“*Christ* is worthy to receive!”



P A R T II.

*Containing Hymns of Prayer and Praise.*

S E C T I O N I.

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing, in his Sanctuary.*

H Y M N 113.

*Common Measure.*

I

SIN has undone our wretched race —  
But *Jesus* has restor'd,  
And brought the sinner face to face  
With his forgiving *Lord*.

II

This truth we urge the thoughtless crowd  
Attentively to hear;  
*Lord*, speak thou with a voice more loud,  
And give the list'ning ear. *Prov. xx. 12.*

III

Thy saving goodness let them trace —  
Make this an happy hour,  
According to thy rich free grace,  
And thine almighty pow'r.

Let



*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 125

IV

Let sinners who perceive it not  
See their approaching doom,  
And tremble at the solemn thought,  
And flee the wrath to come. *Matt. iii. 7.*

V

Dear *Saviour*, in the midst appear— *Matt. xviii. 20.*  
Spread an alarm abroad; *Joel ii. 1.*  
And cry in ev'ry careless ear,  
“ Prepare to meet thy *God*.” *Amos iv. 12.*

H Y M N 114.

*Common Measure.*

I

COME, dearest *Saviour*, from above,  
And fill our hearts with grace;  
Now sweetly shed abroad thy love, *Rom. v. 5.*  
And shew thy smiling face.

II

Into thy temple, *Lord*, we come,  
To hear what thou wilt say;  
Oh, do not send us empty home, *Lu. i. 53.*  
Lest we faint by the way! *Matt. xv. 32.*

III

Oh, what a sad, distracted scene  
This present world appears!  
A field of blood—a sink of sin—  
A vale of grief, and tears!

IV

What comfort in my heart I feel,  
When, free from care and noise,  
Within thy courts, O *Lord*, I dwell,  
And with thy saints rejoice.

126 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

V

How happy 'tis when men agree,  
And join with one accord,  
In bands of truth and unity,  
To love and praise the Lord!

VI

Remove whate'er our souls might part  
From thee, and thy dear Son!  
In close communion knit each heart,  
And melt us into one!

*AAs iv. 32.*

H Y M N 115.

3 Lines, two fives and one eleven.

I

DEAR *Jesus*, draw near,  
And kindly give ear —  
Now, Lord, in this solemn assembly appear.

II

Our God and our King,  
Thy praises we sing;  
Thy name to lost creatures salvation doth bring.

III

In *Adam* we fell *Rom. v. 12.*  
From heaven to hell;  
But *Jesus* the sentence of death doth repeal.

IV

He stood in our place,  
And bore our disgrace, [*Pf. cxxx. 8.*  
And dy'd to redeem our iniquitous race.

V

No Sinner shall miss  
Of pardon and peace,  
Who truly can say that the *Saviour* is his.

They

VI

They never shall die  
Who on him rely,  
For he is a *Saviour* exalted on high. *Phil. ii. 9.*

VII

With fervent desire,  
Then let us admire,  
His mercy in saving our souls from hell-fire.

H Y M N 116.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

**L**ORD, we come before thee now —  
At thy feet we humbly bow:  
Oh! do not our suit disdain —  
Shall we seek thee, *Lord*, in vain?  
In thy temple, lo! we wait,  
Knocking at thy mercy's gate:  
Now let all thy chosen race,  
See the glories of thy face. *1 Pet. ii. 9.*

II

Oh that we may lift our eyes!  
Oh that our dead hearts may rise,  
To the throne of grace above,  
And enjoy the sweets of love!  
*Lord*, on thee our souls depend —  
In compassion now descend:  
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace —  
Fill them, *Lord*, with joy and peace. *Rom. xv. 13.*

III

Open now the fountain wide — *Zech. xiii. 1.*  
Bury us in thy dear side:  
Thy rich mercy has no bounds —  
Hide us, *Saviour*, in thy wounds.  
Love us, wash us in thy blood —  
Make us kings and priests to God: *Rev. i. 6.*  
May

128 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

May new names to us be giv'n, *Rev. ii. 17.*  
Sons of God, and heirs of heav'n! *Rom. viii. 16, 17.*

IV

Waken all in sin asleep — *Eph. v. 14.*  
Comfort those who mourn and weep — *Matt. v. 4.*  
Those that are cast down, lift up, *2 Cor. vii. 6.*  
Strong in faith, in love, and hope.  
Grant that those who seek may find  
Thee most merciful and kind! *Matt. vii. 8.*  
Heal the sick, the captives free —  
Let us all rejoice in thee.

H Y M N 117.

8 Lines, all *sevens.*

I

SON of man, in this thy day,  
Thine abundant grace display :  
Preach the acceptable year — *Isa. lxi. 2.*  
Bring the gospel-tidings near.  
Send some message from thy word,  
That may joy and peace afford : *Rom. xv. 13.*  
Let thy *Spirit* now impart  
Full salvation to each heart.

II

*Saviour*, wilt thou not appear?  
Thou hast often met us here :  
Blessed *Master*, don't dismiss  
Us without a kiss of peace :  
'Take away the veil of sin —  
Shed thy glory; *Lord*, within —  
Give thy children's liberty — *Rom. viii. 21.*  
Make us temples meet for thee. *1 Cor. iii. 16.*

III

In thine own appointed way,  
Now we seek thee—here we stay —  
*Lord,*

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 129

Lord, we know not how to go,  
Till a blessing thou bestow. *Gen. xxxii. 26.*  
Sin and Satan now dethrone —  
Rule and reign in us alone :  
Save us all from future wrath — *1 Thes. i. 10.*  
Make us heirs of God, thro' faith. *Rom. viii. 17.*

I V

Stablish, Lord, our hearts with grace — *Heb. xiii. 9.*  
Give us an abiding peace ;  
Then tho' floods around us flow,  
Tho' winds from all quarters blow,  
Built upon thyself the Rock, *Matt. vii. 24.*  
We shall bear the mighty shock —  
Stand unshaken in that day,  
When the earth shall flee away. *Rev. xx. 11.*

H Y M N 118.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes, and one eight.

I

LOOK upon us, gracious Lord,  
Pass by, and bid us live ; *Matt. xx. 30.*  
Now fulfil in us thy word —  
New hearts, new spirits give : *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*  
Now we come before thy throne,  
And thy renewing grace implore —  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore.

II

When, alas! we strive to pray,  
And pour out our complaint,  
Our affections run astray,  
We flag, we droop, we faint:  
Still to earthly pleasures prone,  
To God we cannot, cannot soar —  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore.

When



III

When we struggle to get free,  
And cannot burst our chain;  
We lament our misery,  
And think our labour vain:  
Then our sanguine hope is gone,  
We think the day of mercy o'er—  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore.

IV

*Jesu*, bring us near to thee—  
Be thou our chief delight—  
All thy goodness let us see,  
And glory in thy sight:  
Fill our hearts with joy unknown,  
And give us peace for evermore—  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore.

V

*Jesu*, loving, bleeding *Lamb*,  
Now cleanse us by thy blood—  
On each heart engrave thy name,  
And say, "I am thy *God*:"  
Write the law of love thereon,  
Such as we never felt before—  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore.

H Y M N 119.

8 Lines, *sevens and sixes, and one eight.*

I

**D**ARK, unclean, and desolate,  
And far estrang'd from *God*,  
Senseless of our Nature's weight,  
We cannot feel the load:

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 131

How should we our sins bemoan?  
Our tears, like flowing waters, pour?  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore. *Eze.xxxvi.26.*

II

How insensible are we!  
How wretched, blind, and poor!  
And, tho' full of misery  
Scarce seeking for a Cure!  
*Jesu*, when wilt thou make known,  
And open all thy mercy's store?  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore.

III

See, thou *Son of David*, see  
How *Satan* in us reigns! *Eph.ii.2.*  
From our bondage set us free,  
And burst our heavy chains:  
Cast the ancient *Dragon* down, *Rev.xx.2.*  
By thy resistless, mighty pow'r—  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore.

IV

We are weak—what can we do?  
Oh, help us by thy grace!  
Death and hell our souls pursue,  
'Till thou dost shew thy face:  
Tell us, *Lord*, what thou hast done—  
Bid us believe, and weep no more—  
Take away these hearts of stone,  
And hearts of flesh restore.

HYMN

132 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

H Y M N 120.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes, and one eight.

*Ezekiel xxxvi. 28. Hosea xiv. 8.*

I

" **H**EAR, O *Israel*, ye shall have

" None other Gods but me ;

" I the *Lord* have pow'r to save —

" 'To me for succour flee :

" Bow the knee to me alone —

" No longer be my grace withstood ;

" I will take you for mine own,

" And be to you a *God*."

II

*Lord*, we now with shame confess

Our hearts are not thy shrine —

Our own fancy'd righteousness

Would frustrate the divine :

Give us wisdom to put on

Garments wash'd white in *Jesu's* blood — *Rev. vii. 14.*

Take us, seal us for thine own,

*Eph. i. 13.*

And be to us a *God*.

*2 Cor. vi. 16.*

III

To our feeble native pow'rs

What fumes of incense rise !

Often to these wills of ours

We offer sacrifice :

Let us see ourselves undone,

And to our souls be grace bestow'd —

Take us, seal us for thine own,

And be to us a *God*.

IV

Carnal reason blinds our eye,

And makes us run astray ;

While

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 133

While ourselves we deify,  
And walk in our own way:  
Lighten us, thou righteous *Sun*, *Mal. iv. 2.*  
That we may tread the heav'nly road —  
Take us, seal us for thine own,  
And be to us a *God*.

V

How we strive ourselves to please  
And our own glory seek!  
How we study our own ease,  
In all we do or speak!  
This grand Idol *Self* dethrone —  
Correct us with thy mercy's rod —  
Take us, seal us for thine own,  
And be to us a *God*. *2 Cor. vi. 16.*

VI

All our idols who can tell!  
Their number is so great —  
Pleasure, wealth, and earth, and hell,  
Be trod beneath thy feet:  
Thy free grace to us make known —  
Thy *Spirit* in us shed abroad — *Rom. v. 5.*  
Take us, seal us for thine own,  
And be to us a *God*. *2 Cor. vi. 16.*

H Y M N 121. L. M.

I

**J**ESU, great *Shepherd* of the sheep, *Heb. xiii. 20.*  
Who dost thy flock in safety keep,  
Take me beneath thy watchful care,  
And pasture for my soul prepare. *Jn. x. 9.*

II

Me, a poor wand'ring Sheep, behold,  
And bring me back into thy fold:

N

Upon

134 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

Upon thy shoulders bear me home, *Lu. xv. 5.*  
And suffer me no more to roam.

III

Let me still find and feel thee near—  
From hirelings flee, and thy voice hear : *Jn. x. 4.*  
Into green pastures bid me go, *Psf. xxiii. 2.*  
Where wells of living water flow.

IV

Walk thou before me in the way,  
And help me, lest I run astray :  
Still teach me in thy steps to tread,  
Until from earth to heav'n I'm led.

V

Then, when thy Sheep in judgment stand,  
Among them plac'd at thy right hand, *Matt. xxv. 33.*  
May I be number'd with the blest,  
And enter into endless rest.

H Y M N 122.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**J**ESU, Redeemer of mankind,  
Sov'reign Creator, Lord of all,  
Since I in thee salvation find,  
Before thy cross I humbly fall :  
My Lord, my God, my soul's desire,  
With sacred flames my heart inspire.

II

What mov'd thee, dearest Lord, to bear  
Our sin's intolerable weight ?  
A crown of thorns why didst thou wear ?  
Why take a servant's humble state ? *Phil. ii. 7.*  
Why didst thou suffer grief and pain,  
And all our heavy curse sustain ? *Gal. iii. 13.*

How



*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 135

III.

How couldst thou love such worms as we?  
How couldst thou look upon our race?  
Why didst thou die upon the tree? *1 Pet. ii. 24.*  
What caus'd all this, but sov'reign grace?  
Did not thy bowels *freely* move?  
*Lord*, thou art nothing else but love.

IV

Now thou hast burst the gates of hell,  
And set the captive sinners free;  
Thine enemies before thee fell,  
And thou hast gain'd the victory:  
Triumphant on thy *Father's* throne,  
Thou intercedest for thine own. *Heb. vii. 25.*

V

Then, let thy pity thee constrain  
Frankly to pardon all our sin:  
Spare us, and form our hearts again —  
Come, and make all things new within: *Rev xxi. 5.*  
Lift up the brightness of thy face,  
And save our souls, thro' faith, by grace. *Eph. ii. 5.*

VI

Be thou our righteousness, and song,  
'Thou our exceeding great reward;  
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue  
Rejoice in *Jesus Christ* the Lord:  
And may our boast be still of thee,  
In time, and in eternity! *Gal. vi. 14.*

H Y M N 123. L. M.

*Ezekiel xxxvii. 1 — 14.*

I

**P**REACHERS may, from *Ezekiel's* case,  
Draw hope in this declining day;  
A proof like this of sov'reign grace,  
Should chase our unbelief away.

N 2

When

136 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

II

When sent to preach to mould'ring bones,  
Who could have thought he would succeed ?  
But well he knew the *Lord* from stones  
Could raise up *Abra'm's* chosen seed.

III

" Can these be made a num'rous host,  
" And such dry bones new life receive ?"  
The Prophet answer'd " *Lord*, thou know'st —  
They shall, if thou commandment give.

IV

Like him, around I cast my eye,  
And oh ! what heaps of bones appear !  
Like him, by *Jesus* sent, I'll try —  
For he can cause the dead to hear.

V

Hear, ye dry bones, the *Saviour's* word —  
He, who when dying, gasp'd " *Forgive*" *Lu. xxiii. 34.*  
That merciful, long-suff'ring *Lord*  
Says, " Look to me, dry bones, and live."

VI

Thou heav'nly wind, awake and blow,  
In answer to the pray'r of faith :  
Now thine almighty influence shew,  
And fill dry bones with living breath.

VII

Oh make them hear, and feel, and shake,  
And, at thy call, obedient move :  
The bonds of death and *Satan* break,  
And bone to bone unite in love.

H Y M N 124.

*L. M.*

*Ezekiel xxxvii. 1 — 14.*

I

**L**OOK down, O *Lord*, with pitying eye !  
See *Adam's* race in ruin lie !

Sin

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 137

Sin spreads its trophies o'er the ground,  
And scatters slaughter'd heaps around.

II

And can these mould'ring corpses live?  
Can these dry perish'd bones revive?  
*That, mighty God, to thee is known —*  
*'That wond'rous work is all thine own.*

III

Thy Ministers are sent in vain  
To prophesy unto the slain;  
In vain they call — in vain they cry,  
Till thine almighty aid is nigh.

IV

But if thy *Spirit* deign to breathe,  
Life spreads thro' all the realms of death;  
Dry bones obey thy pow'rful voice —  
They move — they join — and they rejoice.

H Y M N 125. L. M.

*Exodus* xiv. 21. — *ix.* 23. — *Numbers* xx. 11.

I

**W**HEN *Moses* wav'd his mystic rod,  
What wonders follow'd while he spoke!  
Firm as a wall the waters stood,  
Or gush'd in rivers from the rock.

II

At his command, the thunders roll'd —  
Lightning and hail his voice obey'd;  
And *Pharaoh* trembled, to behold  
His land in desolation laid.

III

But what could *Moses'* rod have done,  
Had he not been divinely sent?  
The pow'r was from the *Lord* alone,  
And *Moses* but the instrument.

N. 3.

O Lord

M.

Sin

138 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

IV

O Lord, regard thy people's pray'rs —  
Assist a worm to preach aright ;  
And since the gospel-rod he bears,  
Display thy wonders in our sight.

V

Proclaim the thunders of thy law —  
Like lightning, let thine arrows fly ;  
That careless Sinners, struck with awe,  
For mercy may to *Jesus* cry.

VI

Make streams of godly sorrow flow      2Cor.vii.10.  
From rocky hearts, unus'd to feel ;  
And let the poor in spirit know      *Matt.v.3.*  
That thou art near, their griefs to heal.

H Y M N      126.      L. M.

I

THE God who once to *Israel* spoke,      [xix. 18.  
From *Sinai's* top, in fire and smoke,      *Exod.*  
In gentler strains of gospel-grace,  
Invites us now to seek his face.      *Pf. xxvii. 8.*

II

He wears no terrors on his brow —  
He speaks in love from *Zion* now :  
It is the voice of *Jesus's* blood,  
Calling poor wand'ers home to God.

III

Hark ! how from *Calvary* it sounds,      *Lu. xxiii. 33.*  
From the Redeemer's bleeding wounds !  
" Pardon and grace I freely give —  
" Poor Sinner, look to me, and live."      *Isa. xlv. 22.*

IV

What other arguments can move  
The heart that slights a Saviour's love ?

Yet

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 139

Yet 'till almighty pow'r constrain,  
This matchless love is preach'd in vain.

V

O Saviour, let that pow'r be felt,  
And cause each harden'd heart to melt :  
Impress upon old age and youth  
The light and force of gospel-truth.

VI

This moment may they all begin  
To live to thee, and die to sin —  
To enter by the narrow way *Matt. vii. 14.*  
Which leads to everlasting day.

VII

How will they else thy presence bear,  
When as a Judge thou shalt appear !  
When slighted love to wrath shall turn,  
And the whole earth, like Sinai, burn.

H Y M N 127.

*Common Measure, doubled.*

I

JESUS is now gone up on high, *Pf. lxxviii. 18.*  
To fill his heav'nly throne —

He captive leads captivity,  
And tramples Satan down.  
Gifts from his Father he receives,

For poor rebellious man :  
The Sinner who in him believes  
Is freed, is born again. *Jn. iii. 3.*

II

Good Spirit, like a rushing wind, *Acts. ii. 2.*  
Descend, and fill this place;  
Let all thy sacred presence find,  
And feel an heavenly peace :



140 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

Sit on our heads, like cloven tongues,  
That we may sing thy praise,  
And lengthen out our joyful songs,  
'To everlasting days.

III

Dark, without form, and void, alas! *Gen. i. 2.*  
Our hearts are like the earth,  
*Lord*, say to the chaotic mass,  
“Awake to second birth.”  
Lo! we are blind, be thou our light —  
And dead, be thou our life —  
Lo! we are weak, be thou our might,  
And end this inward strife.

IV

Our panting spirits thirst and cry,  
Come, *Holy Spirit*, come,  
Our natures change and purify,  
And fix in us thy home :  
Then will we publish and proclaim,  
Thro' all the earth abroad,  
The virtue of our *Saviour's* name — *Matt. i. 21.*  
The wonders of our *God*.

H Y M N 128.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

OF T in vain the voice of truth  
Doth, in solemn accents, warn ;  
Thoughtless, inexperienced youth,  
Tho' they hear, the warning scorn :  
Each, in fancy's glass, surveys  
Life prolong'd to distant years ;  
While the vast imagin'd space  
Fill'd with sweets and joys appears.

Awful

II

Awful disappointment soon  
Overclouds the prospect gay !  
Oft their sun goes down at noon —  
They become to death a prey :  
Where are then their pleasing schemes ?  
Where the joys they hop'd to find ?  
Gone for ever, like their dreams,  
Leaving not a trace behind.

*Pf. lxxiii. 20.*

III

Others, who are spar'd awhile,  
Live to weep o'er fancy's cheat —  
Find distress, and pain, and toil —  
*Bitter things instead of sweet :*  
Sin has spread a curse around —  
Poison'd all things here below :  
On this base polluted ground,  
Peace and joy can never grow.

IV

Grace alone can cure our ills —  
Sweeten life, with all its cares —  
Regulate our stubborn wills —  
Save us from surrounding snares.  
May, then, old and young, O Lord,  
Inwardly thy *Spirit* hear —  
Like an hammer feel thy word — *Jer. xxiii. 29.*  
Learn to love, obey, and fear.

H Y M N 129.

*4 Lines, all sevens.*

I

**L**ORD, in mercy meet us here —  
Bid each soul be of good cheer : *Matt. ix. 2.*  
Come, thy dying work revive —  
Make us all to thee alive.

*Rom. vi. 11.*  
*Shepherd*

142 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

II

*Shepherd* of thy blood-bought sheep, *Heb.* xiii. 20.  
Teach the stony hearts to weep : *Ezek.* xxxvi. 26.  
Let the blind have eyes to see *Isa.* xxxv. 5.  
Sin in them, and grace in thee.

III

Shew them what their ways have been —  
Shew them the desert of sin :  
Then thy dying love impart,  
Till thou melt each harden'd heart.

IV

Where thou hast thy work begun,  
Give new strength the race to run : *Heb.* xii. 1.  
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears —  
Wipe away each mourner's tears. *Psa.* cxxvi. 5

V

Bless us all, both old and young —  
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue :  
Let the whole assembly prove  
All thy pow'r, and all thy love.

H Y M N 130. C. M.

I

**N**OW, gracious *Lord*, thine arm reveal, *Isa.*  
And make thy glory known : [liii. 1.  
Now let us all thy presence feel —  
Softens each heart of stone. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 26.

II

As all that we can call our own,  
Is vanity and shame,  
Help us to venture near thy throne,  
Pleading a *Saviour's* name.

From

III

From all the guilt of former sin  
May mercy set us free ;  
That we from henceforth may begin  
To yield ourselves to thee.

*Rom. vi. 13.*

IV

Send down thy *Spirit* from above,  
That Saints may love thee more ;  
And Sinners now may learn to love,  
Who never lov'd before.

V

And when before thee we appear,  
In our eternal home,  
May growing numbers worship here,  
And praise thee in our room !

H Y M N 131. L. M.

I

**O** *King of Kings*, at thy command,  
We're come in hopes to meet thee here :  
Before thy footstool may we stand,  
With solemn awe, and godly fear. *Heb. xii. 28.*

II

May this be a much favour'd hour,  
To souls in *Satan's* bondage led ! *2 Tim. ii. 26.*  
Oh clothe thy word with sov'reign pow'r,  
To break the rocks, and raise the dead !

III

Have mercy on our thoughtless youth,  
Who, young in years, are old in sin ;  
And by thy *Spirit*, and thy truth,  
Shew them the state their souls are in.

IV

Then, by a *Saviour's* dying love,  
To ev'ry wounded heart reveal'd,

Temptations,

144 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

Temptations, fears, and guilt remove, [lxxxiv.11.  
And be their *Sun*, and *Strength*, and *Shield*. Ps.

V

To mourners speak a cheering word— Isa.lxi.3.  
On seeking souls vouchsafe to shine:  
Let poor backsliders be restor'd, Hos.xiv.4.  
And all thy Saints in praises join.

H Y M N 132. L. M.

I

ALL-Seeing *God*, 'tis thine to know  
The springs whence wrong opinions flow;  
To judge, by principles within,  
When frailty errs, and when we sin.

II

Who among men, great *Lord* of all,  
'Thy servant to his bar should call? Rom xiv.4.  
For modes of faith judge him a foe, Rom.xiv.17.  
And doom him to the realms of woe?

III

Who with another's eye can read?  
Or worship by another's creed?  
Revering thy commands alone,  
We think it fit to use our own.

IV

If wrong, forgive—approve, if right—  
While, faithful, we obey our light;  
And, cens'ring none, are zealous still Lu.ix.49.  
To follow, as to learn thy will.

V

When shall our happy eyes behold  
'Thy people fashion'd in thy mould,  
And *Charity* our lineage prove, 1 Jn.iv.7.  
Deriv'd from thee, thou *God* of love?

HYMN



H Y M N 133.

6 Lines, two sixes, and four sevens.

I

AH, give us, *Lord*, to know  
Thine office here below !  
Preach deliv'rance to the poor—  
Sent for this, O *Christ*, thou art ;  
Therefore, all our sickness cure—  
Bind thou up each broken heart.

*Isa. lxi. 1, 2.*

*Hos. vi. 1.*

II

Publish the joyful year  
Of *God's* acceptance near—  
Preach glad tidings to the meek—  
Liberty to spirits bound ;  
Gen'ral, free redemption speak—  
Spread abroad the gospel-sound !

III

Humbly, behold, we sit,  
And listen at thy feet !  
Never would we hence remove—  
Lo ! to thee our souls we bow ;  
Tell us of the *Father's* love—  
Speak, O *Lord*—we hear thee now !

*Lu. x. 39.*

*1 Sam. iii. 9.*

IV

Great *Prophet*, now reveal  
His acceptable will :  
Ever for thy law we wait—  
Write it in our inward parts ;  
Our dark minds illuminate—  
Grave thy kindness on our hearts !

*Deut. xviii. 15.*

*Prov. viii. 34.*

*Jer. xxxi. 33.*

*2 Cor. iv. 6.*

V

Thou art the *Truth*—the *Way*—  
Oh, teach us how to pray !

*Jn. xiv. 6.*

*Lu. xi. 1.*

Worship,

O

146 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

Worship, spiritual and true,  
Still instruct us how to give!  
Let us pay the service due —  
Let us to thy glory live!

H Y M N 134.

6 Lines, all eights.

2

I

**L**O! God is here! let us adore, [Gen.xxviii.17.  
And say, "How dreadful is this place!"  
Let all within us feel his pow'r,  
And lowly bow before his face!  
A broken heart's a sacrifice  
Which he, by no means, will despise. Ps.li.17.

II

Lo! God is here! Him, day and night, Rev.iv.8.  
The choirs of saints and angels sing;  
To him, enthron'd above all height,  
Heav'n's host their noblest praises bring:  
Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song, [xxxiii.19.  
Who praise thee with a stamm'ring tongue. Isa.

III

The toys of earth may we resign —  
Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone!  
Let all our hallow'd souls be thine —  
Oh, take—oh, seal them for thine own! 2Tim.ii.19.  
Of all the world thou art the Lord —  
By all the world be thou ador'd!

IV

Being of Beings, may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill!  
And give us all thy saving grace, Tit.ii.11.  
Gladly to do thy holy will:  
To thee may all our thoughts arise  
As a sweet-smelling sacrifice! Eph.v.2.

HYMN

H Y M N 135.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**S**PIRIT of truth, descend,  
And with thy Church abide;  
Our *Guardian* to the end,  
Our sure, unerring *Guide*,  
Us into truth and wisdom lead,  
And give us grace to know  
*Christ* crucify'd, that we may tread  
In all his steps below. *Jn.xiv.17.*  
*1 Pet.ii.21.*

II

To ev'ry soul apply  
The doctrine of our *Lord*;  
Our conscience certify,  
And witness with the word:  
Thy realizing light display,  
And shew us things to come—  
The after-state—the final day—  
And man's eternal doom. *Jn.vii.17.*  
*Eph.i.17.*  
*Jn.xvi.13.*

III

Sent in *Christ's* name thou art,  
His work to carry on,  
His *Godhead* to assert,  
And make his mercy known:  
Thou searchest the deep things of *God* — *Jn.xiv.26.*  
Thou know'st the *Saviour's* mind — *Jn.xvi.14*  
Oh take his all-atoning blood, *[10,11.]*  
And sprinkle all mankind! *1 Cor.ii*  
*Heb.xii.24.*

IV

Come quickly from above,  
And to our souls convey  
His comfort, joy, and love,  
Which none can take away, *Rom.xv.13.*  
*Jn.xvi.27.*  
His

148 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

His merit and his righteousness

Which makes an end of sin;

*Dan. ix. 24.*

In ev'ry heart infuse his peace,

And bring his kingdom in.

*Rom. xiv. 17.*

V

The plenitude of *God*

*Col. ii. 9.*

That doth in *Jesus* dwell,

Freely thro' him bestow'd,

To us secure, and seal:

*Eph. iv. 30.*

Whate'er he did for Sinners buy,

With his expiring groan,

In us reveal — by faith apply,

*2 Cor. ii. 12.*

And make it all our own.

H Y M N 136.

*6 Lines, all sevens.*

I

**G**OOD *Physician*, shew thine art! *Matt. ix. 12.*

Make thy healing virtue known!

Break each unbelieving heart —

Into flesh convert the stone!

*Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

Sinners by thy cross subdue —

Tell them, "I have dy'd for you."

II

Let thy dying *love* constrain

*2 Cor. v. 14.*

Those who disregard thy frown!

Sink the mountain to a plain!

*Zech. iv. 7.*

Lofty looks of pride bring down!

*Isa. ii. 11.*

Soften the obdurate crowd!

Melt the rebels with thy blood!

H Y M N 137.

*6 Lines, all eights.*

I

**T**HOU loving, all-atoning *Lamb*,

*Jn. i. 29.*

Thee, by thy painful agony,

Thy

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 149

Thy bloody sweat, thy grief, and shame,  
Thy dreadful passion on the tree,  
Thy precious death and life, I pray,  
Take all, take all my sins away.

II

Oh let me kiss thy bleeding feet, [Lu. vii. 44.  
And bathe, and wash them with my tears —  
The story of thy love repeat  
In ev'ry drooping Sinner's ears ;  
That all the sick may be made sound,  
The dead be rais'd, the lost be found ! Lu. xv. 24.

III

Oh let thy love my heart constrain !  
Thy love for ev'ry sinner free ;  
That they thy mercy may obtain,  
And taste the grace that sound out me —  
That all the world with me may prove  
The riches of redeeming love. Eph. i. 7.

H Y M N 138. C. M.

I

JESU, thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Thy blessing we implore :  
Open the door to preach thy word,  
The great effectual door. 1 Cor. xvi. 9.

II

Gather the outcasts in, and save  
From sin, and Satan's pow'r ;  
And let them now acceptance have,  
And know their gracious hour. Eph. i. 6.  
2 Cor. vi. 2.

III

Lover of souls, thou know'st to prize  
What thou hast bought so dear :  
Come, then, and, in each sinner's eyes,  
With all thy wounds appear. Gal. iii. 1.

O 3

Appear



150 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

IV

Appear, as when of old concest  
 The suff'ring *Son of God*; *Matt. xxvii. 54.*  
 And let them see thee in thy vest,  
 As newly dipt in blood. *Rev. xix. 13.*

V

The heart of stone from all remove, *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*  
 Thou who for all hast dy'd; *Heb. ii. 9.*  
 Shew them the tokens of thy love —  
 Thy feet, thy hands, thy side.

VI

Oh let thy wounds to sinners cry,  
 "I suffer'd this for you!"  
 And may thy *Spirit* now apply, *Jn. xvi. 14.*  
 And prove the record true. *1 Jn. v. 11.*

H Y M N 139.

8 Lines, *fives and elevens.*

I

COME, let us anew,  
 Our journey pursue,  
 Roll round with the year,  
 And never stand still till the Master appear:  
 His adorable will  
 Let us gladly fulfil,  
 And our talents improve, *Matt. xxv. 15.*  
 By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

II

Our life is a dream,  
 Our time, as a stream,  
 Glides swiftly away, *Job vi. 15.*  
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay:  
 The arrow is flown —  
 The moment is gone —  
 The millennial year *Rev. xx. 4.*  
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

Oh

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 151

III

Oh that each, in the day

Of *Christ's* coming, may say,

“ I have fought my way thro’—*2Tim.iv.7.*

“ I have finish’d the work thou didst give me to do!”

Oh that each, from his *Lord*,

May receive the glad word,

“ Well and faithfully done! *Matt. xxv.21.*

“ Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne.”

H Y M N 140.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

**T**HOU *God* of glorious majesty,  
To thee, against myself to thee,  
A worm of earth, I cry;  
An half-awaken’d child of man —  
An heir of endless bliss, or pain —  
A sinner born to die.

II

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,  
’Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,  
Secure, insensible;  
A point of time, a moment’s space,  
Removes me to that heav’nly place,  
Or shuts me up in hell.

III

O *God*, mine inmost soul convert, *Matt. xviii. 3.*  
And deeply on my thoughtful heart  
Eternal things impress;  
Give me to feel their solemn weight,  
And tremble on the brink of fate,  
And wake to righteousness. *1 Cor. xv. 34.*

IV

Before me place, in dread array,  
The pomp of that tremendous day,

When

152 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

When thou with clouds shalt come, *Matt. xxiv. 30.*  
 To judge the nations at thy bar ;  
 And tell me, *Lord*, shall I be there,  
 To meet a joyful doom ?

V

Be this my one great bus'ness here,  
 With godly diligence and fear,  
 Salvation to secure — *Phil. ii. 12.*  
 Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,  
 And suffer all thy righteous will, *1 Pet. iv. 19.*  
 And to the end endure. *Matt. x. 22.*

VI

Then, *Saviour*, then my soul receive,  
 Transported from this vale, to live  
 And reign with thee above, *Rev. xxii. 5.*  
 Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,  
 And hope in full, supreme delight,  
 And everlasting love.

H Y M N 141.

8 Lines, fives and elevens.

I

ALL thanks be to *God*,  
 Who scatters abroad,  
 Throughout ev'ry place,  
 By the least of his servants, his favour of grace.  
 Who the victory gave,  
 The praise let him have ;  
 For the work he hath done,  
 All honour and glory to *Jesus* alone !

II

Our conquering *Lord*  
 Hath prosper'd his word —  
 Hath made it prevail,  
 And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell. *2 Cor. x. 4.*  
 Worthy

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 153

Worthy he to be prais'd,  
Who a people has rais'd  
His glory to shew, *1 Pet. ii. 9.*  
And witness the pow'r of his passion below.

III

He hath open'd a door *1 Cor. xvi. 9.*  
For the penitent poor,  
And sav'd them from sin, *Matt. i. 21.*  
Admitting the harlots and publicans in: *Matt xxi. 31.*  
They have heard the glad sound *Pf. lxxxix 15*  
They have liberty found, *Rom. viii. 21.*  
Thro' the blood of the Lamb, *Jn. i. 29.*  
And plenteous redemption in *Jesus's* name.

IV

Oh that all men may know  
Thy mercy below!  
Their *Saviour* confess, *Matt. x. 32.*  
And embrace the glad tidings of pardon and peace.  
Thou *Saviour* of all, *[Lu. viii. 1.]*  
Effectually call  
The Sinners that stray,  
And oh! let a nation be born in a day! *Isa. lxvi. 8.*

V

Our heathenish land,  
Beneath thy command,  
In mercy receive,  
And make us a pattern to all that believe! *Tit. ii. 7.*  
Awaken the dead — *Eph. ii. 1,*  
Thy gospel now spread,  
Till the earth is o'erflow'd,  
And the universe fill'd with the glory of God. *Hab. iii. 14*

H Y M N 142. C. M.

I

WE bow, O Lord, before thy throne,  
And think ourselves sincere;

But

154 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

But shew us now, is ev'ry one  
Thy real worshipper.

*Jn. iv. 23.*

II

Is here a soul that knows thee not,  
Nor feels his want of thee ?  
A stranger to the blood which bought  
His pardon on the tree ?

*I Jn. iii. 1.*

*I Pet. ii. 24.*

III

Convince him now of unbelief —  
His desp'rate state explain ;  
And fill his careless heart with grief,  
And penitential pain.

*Jn. xvi. 9.*

IV

Speak with that voice which wakes the dead  
And bid the sleeper rise :  
Let his alarm'd conscience dread  
The worm that never dies.

*Jn. v. 25.*  
*Eph. v. 14.*

*Mark ix. 44.*

V

Extort the cry, " What must be done  
" To save a wretch like me ?  
" How shall a trembling sinner shun  
" Hell's endless misery ?

*Aas xvi. 30.*

VI

" I must this very hour begin  
" Out of my sleep to wake —  
" Must turn to God, and ev'ry sin  
" Confess, lament, forsake.

*Psf. xlii. 3.*

*Prov. xxviii. 13.*

VII

" I must for faith incessant cry,  
" And wrestle, Lord, with thee :  
" I must be born again, or die  
" To all eternity."

*Gen. xxxii. 24.*

*Jn. iii. 3.*

HYMN



*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 155

H Y M N 143. C. M.

I

COME, O thou all-victorious Lord,  
Thy pow'r to us make known: 2 Pet. i. 3.  
Strike with the hammer of thy word, Jer. xxiii. 29.  
And break each heart of stone. Eze. xxxvi. 26.

II

Oh that we all might now begin  
Our wickedness to mourn!  
And turn to *Christ* from ev'ry sin,  
Since he our sins has borne! 1 Pet. iii. 18.

III

Give us ourselves and thee to know,  
In this our gracious day: Lu. xix. 42.  
Repentance unto life bestow, 2 Cor. vii. 10.  
And take our sins away. Jn. i. 29.

IV

Conclude us first in unbelief, Rom. xi. 32.  
Then sign our free release:  
Fill ev'ry soul with godly grief,  
And then with joy and peace. Rom. xv. 13.

V

First kill, then bid the dead to live — Deut. xxxii. 39  
O Lord, enrich the poor: Matt. v. 3.  
The knowledge of our sickness give — Isa. i. 6.  
The knowledge of our cure. Matt. ix. 12.

VI

A feeling sense of guilt impart,  
And then remove the load: Matt. xi. 28.  
Trouble, and wash the troubled heart  
In the atoning blood. Rom. v. 11.

VII

Our desp'rate state thro' sin declare,  
And speak our sins forgiv'n; Col. ii. 13.  
By perfect holiness prepare, Heb. xii. 14.  
And take us up to heav'n.

H Y M N

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H Y M N 144.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**S**PIRIT of faith, come down, 2 Cor. 4. 13.  
 Reveal the things of God — 1 Cor. ii. 10.  
 Our *Jesu's* Godhead now make known, Jn. xvi. 14.  
 And witness with the blood. 1 Jn. v. 8.  
 'Tis thine the blood t'apply,  
 And give us eyes to see, Eph. i. 18.  
 That he who did for *all* men die, Heb. ii. 9.  
 Hath surely dy'd for *me*.

II

No man can truly say  
 That *Jesus* is the *Lord*, 1 Cor. xii. 3.  
 Unless thou take the veil away, 2 Cor. iii. 14.  
 And breathe the living word:  
 Then, only then, we feel  
 Our int'rest in his blood,  
 And cry, with joy unspeakable, 1 Pet. i. 8.  
 "Thou art *my Lord, my God*." Jn. xx. 28.

III

Oh that the world might know  
 The all-atoning *Lamb*! Jn. i. 29.  
 Now, *Holy Ghost*, descend and shew  
 The virtue of his name: Matt. i. 21.  
 The grace which all may find, Tit. ii. 11.  
 The saving pow'r impart,  
 And testify to all mankind  
*Christ* form'd within their heart. Col. i. 27.

IV

Inspire the living faith,  
 (Which whoso'er receives,  
 The witness in himself he hath. 1 Jn. v. 10.  
 And consciously believes);  
 The

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 157

The faith that works by love — *Gal. v. 6.*  
That conquers Satan's art — *Eph. vi. 16.*  
That bids Sin's mountain to remove, *Matt. xvii. 20.*  
And purifys the heart. *AAs. xv. 9.*

H Y M N 145.

6 Lines, all eights.

I  
INSPIRER of the ancient Seers, *2 Pet. i. 21.*  
Who wrote from thee the sacred page,  
The same thro' all succeeding years,  
To us in our degen'rate age; *Heb. xiii. 8.*  
The spirit of thy word impart, *2 Cor. iii. 6.*  
And breathe the life into our heart.

II  
Thine oracles still may we hear,  
With earnest pray'r, and strong desire;  
And oh! be thou benignly near,  
Our souls to waken and inspire: *Jn. xvi. 13.*  
From all our minds the darkness chase,  
And guide us by the light of grace. *2 Cor. iv. 6.*

III  
Whene'er in error's paths we rove —  
The living God thro' sin forsake, *Heb. iii. 12.*  
Our conscience by thy word reprove — *Tit. iii. 16.*  
Convince, and bring the wand'ers back,  
Deep wounded by thy two-edg'd sword, *Heb. iv. 12.*  
And then by Gilead's balm restor'd. *Jer. viii. 22.*

IV  
The secret lessons of thy grace,  
'Transmitted thro' the word, repeat; *1 Pet. ii. 2.*  
And train us up in all thy ways,  
To make us in thy will complete: *Col. iv. 12.*  
Fulfil thy love's redeeming plan,  
And bring us to a perfect man. *Eph. iv. 13.*

P

Furnish'd

158 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

V

Furnish'd out of thy treasury, *Col. ii. 3.*  
 Oh! may we always ready stand  
 To help the soul's redeem'd by thee,  
 In what their various states demand—*Matt. xxiv. 45.*  
 To teach, exhort, correct, reprove, *2 Tim. iv. 2.*  
 And build them up in faith and love! *Jude. 20.*

H Y M N 146.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

**O** Thou who hast my sorrows borne, *Isa. liii. 4.*  
 Help me to look on thee, and mourn—*Rev. i. 7.*  
 On thee whom I have slain— *Heb. vi. 6.*  
 Have pierc'd a thousand thousand times,  
 And, by reiterated crimes,  
 Renew'd thy mortal pain.

II

Open the eye of faith to see  
 The man transfixt on *Calvary*—  
 To know thee who thou art— *Mark i. 24.*  
 The one eternal *God*, and true;  
 And let the sight affect, subdue,  
 And break my stony heart. *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

III

Lover of souls, to rescue mine,  
 Reveal the charity divine  
 'That suffer'd in my stead— *Dan. ix. 26.*  
 That made thy soul a sacrifice, *Isa. liii. 10.*  
 And quench'd in death those flaming eyes,  
 And bow'd that sacred head.

IV

The veil of unbelief remove; *2 Cor. iii. 16.*  
 And, by thy manifested love, *Rom. v. 5.*  
 And

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And by thy sprinkled blood,      *Heb. xii. 24.*  
Destroy the love of sin in me,  
And get thyself the victory,  
And be to me a *God*.      *Heb. viii. 10.*

H Y M N      147.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

I  
**R**EDEEMING *God*, to thee I turn,  
And for my past offences mourn,  
And pray, and weep for thee;  
Tell me thy love, thy secret tell —      *Pf. xxv. 14.*  
Thy mystic name in me reveal —      *Matt. i. 21.*  
Reveal thyself in me.      *Gal. i. 15.*

II.  
Descend, pass by me, and proclaim,  
O King of saints, thy glorious name — *Exod. xxxiv. 6.*  
“ The *Lord* — the gracious *Lord* —  
“ Long-suff’ring, merciful, and kind —  
“ The *God* who always bears in mind  
“ His everlasting word.”

III  
Plenteous thou art in truth and grace — *Pf. lxxxvi. 5.*  
Thou wouldst have all the fallen race  
Repent, and turn, and live!      *Eze. xviii. 32.*  
Thy pard’ning grace for all is free —      *Tit. ii. 11.*  
Transgression, sin, iniquity,  
Thou freely dost forgive.      *Exod. xxxiv. 7.*

IV  
Mercy thou dost for thousands keep —  
Thou seekest out the one lost sheep,  
To bring the wand’rer home:      *Lu. xv. 4.*  
Come, then, my *Lord*, and find out me,  
For I have wander’d far from thee — *Pf. cxix. 176.*  
My *Jesús*, quickly come!      *Rev. xxii. 20.*  
P 2      Oh!



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Oh! grant a weary sinner rest! *Matt. xi. 28.*  
Take me, dear *Saviour*, to thy breast,  
And there still let me lie: *Jn. xxi. 20.*  
Thy peace, thy love, thy pardon give —  
Then happy in thee let me live,  
And happy let me die!

H Y M N 148.

6 Lines, fives and elevens.

I

O *Jesus*, my hope, *1 Tim. i. 1.*  
For man offer'd up, *Isa. liii. 10.*  
When once thou didst suffer on *Calvary's* top,  
The blood thou hast shed, *Mark xiv. 24.*  
For me let it plead, *[ix 26.*  
And whisper within me, "I dy'd in thy stead." *Dan.*

II

Descend from above,  
My sins far remove, *[Rom. v. 5.*  
And vanquish my heart with the sense of thy love:  
Thy love on the tree, *1 Pet. ii. 24.*  
Display-unto me, *[Rom. vi. 20.*  
Then the servant of sin from all guilt shall be free.

III

O thou that hast dy'd,  
My passion and pride, *[Zech. xiii. 1.*  
Wash away in the fountain that flows from thy side:  
Let the all-cleansing flood,  
Carry off all my load, *[Heb. ix. 14.*  
And purge my foul conscience, and bring me to God.

IV

Now, now let me know  
Its virtue below, *[Isa. i. 18.*  
Till my soul red as crimson be whiter than snow:  
Let

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Let it hallow my heart,  
And throughly convert,  
And render me holy, since holy thou art. *1 Pet. i. 15.*

V

Each moment apply'd,  
My weakness to hide,  
Thy blood be upon me, and always abide !  
My *Advocate* prove, *1 Jn. ii. 1.*  
With the *Father* above,  
And speak me, at last, to the throne of thy love.

H Y M N 149. L. M.

I

FOR mortal crimes a sacrifice, *Isa. liii. 10.*  
The Lord of life, the Saviour dies —  
Dies for our sins, both yours and mine — *Dan. ix. 26.*  
What love ! what mercy ! how divine !

II

Thinking I caus'd each dying groan,  
And fill'd his soul with pangs unknown,  
With grief I hear his doleful cries,  
And view his wounds with bleeding eyes.

III

But when by faith his cross I see,  
And know that he has dy'd for me, *Gal. ii. 20.*  
Then lively hope my bosom cheers, *1 Pet. i. 3.*  
And wipes away my guilt, and tears.

IV

Tho' sorrow often fills my heart,  
Yet mingling joy allays the smart : *Rom. xv. 13.*  
Oh ! may my future life declare  
The sorrow and the joy sincere.

V

Be all my heart, and all my days  
Devoted to my Saviour's praise !  
And let my glad obedience prove  
How much I owe, how much I love. *Lu. vii. 47.*

H Y M N 150. C. M.

I

" **B**EHOLD (says *God*) I knocking stand *Rev.*  
 " To enter into thee : [iii. 20.  
 " Open thine heart, O Sinner, and  
 " 'Thou then shalt sup with me ?"

II

Surprizing grace ! And shall my heart  
 Unmov'd and cold remain ?  
 Has this hard rock no tender part ? *Zech. vii. 12.*  
 Shall Mercy knock in vain ?

III

Shall *Jesus* for admission sue,  
 His charming voice unheard ?  
 And this vile heart, his rightful due,  
 Remain for ever barr'd ?

IV

'Tis sin, alas ! with tyrant-pow'r  
 The lodging has possess ;  
 And crowds of traitors shut the door  
 Against the heav'nly guest.

V

*Lord*, rise in thy all-conqu'ring grace —  
 Thy mighty pow'r display :  
 Force open now the door, and chase  
 Thine enemies away.

VI

Take thou possession of my soul —  
 Dear *Saviour*, enter in : *Eph. iii. 17.*  
 The pow'rs of hell do thou controul,  
 And keep out ev'ry sin.

H Y M N

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 163

H Y M N 151. C. M.

I

**S**PIRIT of grace, console each heart *Zech. xii. 10.*  
By sin and sorrow prest:  
Now to the dead new life impart, *Eph. ii. 1.*  
And to the weary, rest. *Matt. xi. 28.*

II

Come from the blissful realms above —  
Our longing souls inspire,  
With thy soft flames of heav'nly love,  
And fan the sacred fire. *Matt. iii. 11.*

III

Let no false comfort lift us up  
To confidence that's vain;  
But give us all a lively hope *1 Pet. i. 3.*  
In *Christ*, for sinners slain. *Rev. v. 6.*

IV

Breathe peace and joy where grief abounds,  
And make the lepers clean; *Matt. x. 8.*  
Now heal, with balm from *Jesus*'s wounds *Jer. viii. 22.*  
The fest'ring sores of sin. *Isa. i. 6.*

V

Vanquish our lusts — our pride remove —  
Take out the heart of stone — *Ezek. xxxvi. 26.*  
The bleeding, dying *Saviour*'s love  
To ev'ry soul make known. *Rom. v. 5.*

H Y M N 152.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

**D**ESCEND from heav'n, celestial *Dove*, *Matt.*  
With flames of pure seraphic love [iii. 16.  
Our ravish'd breasts inspire; *Matt. iii. 11.*  
Fountain of joy, true *Paraclete*, *Jn. xiv. 16.*

Warm

164 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

Warm our cold hearts with heav'nly heat,  
And set us all on fire.

II

Breathe on these bones so dry and dead — *Eze.*  
Thy softest, sweetest influence shed [xxxvii. 9.  
In all our hearts abroad ; *Rom. v. 5.*  
Point out the place where grace abounds — *Rom.*  
Direct us to the bleeding wounds [v. 20.  
Of our incarnate *God*.

III

Conduct, blest *Guide*, thy sinner-train  
'To *Calv'ry*, where the *Lamb* was slain, *Rev. v. 6.*  
And with us there abide :  
Let us our lov'd *Redeemer* meet —  
Weep o'er his pierced hands and feet,  
And view his streaming side !

IV

From that pure fountain may we draw *Zech. xiii. 1.*  
Water to quench the fiery law, *Gal. iii. 13.*  
And blood to purge our sin ; *Heb. i. 3.*  
That so our body, spirit, soul, *1 Thes. v. 23.*  
Completely wash'd, may be made whole,  
And *Christ* may dwell within. *Eph. iii. 17.*

H Y M N 153. C. M.

I

COME, *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,*  
*One God in Persons Three,* *Jn. v. 7.*  
Bring back the heav'nly blessing lost  
By all mankind, and me.

II

Thy favour, and thy nature, too,  
To me, to all restore :  
Work in us both to will and do, *Phil. ii. 13.*  
And keep us evermore. *1 Pet. i. 5.*

Eternal



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III

Eternal Sun of Righteousness, *Mal. iv. 2.*  
Display thy beams divine,  
And cause the glories of thy face  
Upon my heart to shine.

IV

Light in thy light oh may I see! *Pf. xxxvi. 9.*  
Thy grace and mercy prove!  
Reviv'd, and cheer'd, and blest by thee,  
The God of pard'ning love.

V

Lift up thy countenance serene, *Pf. iv. 6.*  
And let thy happy child *Rom. viii. 16.*  
Behold, without a cloud between,  
The Godhead reconcil'd. *2 Cor. v. 19.*

VI

That peace surpassing thought bestow *Phil. iv. 7.*  
On me, thro' grace forgiv'n — *Eph. ii. 5.*  
The joys of holiness below,  
And, then, the joys of heav'n!

H Y M N 154. L. M.

I

JESU, be endless praise to thee,  
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,  
And all the world, a ransom paid, *1 Tim. ii. 6.*  
When all our sins were on thee laid! *Isa. liii. 6.*

II

Thro' thee, the meek unspotted Lamb, *1 Pet. i. 19.*  
From guilty fears absolv'd I am: *Rom. viii. 1.*  
Thee for my Lord and God I own,  
Who for my crimes didst once atone. *Rom. v. 11.*

III

When from the dust of death I rise,  
To claim my mansion in the skies;  
This

166 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

This then shall be my only plea,  
*Jesus* hath liv'd, hath dy'd for me. *Gal.ii.20.*

IV

Assist thy servant, mighty *Lord*,  
 With pow'r to speak thy gracious word;  
 That to thy wounds all here may flee,  
 And full redemption find in thee. *Pf cxxx.7.*

V

Thou *God* of pow'r, thou *God* of love,  
 Let the whole world thy mercy prove! *Pf.cxlvi.9.*  
 Now let thy word o'er all prevail — *Acts xix.20.*  
 Now take the spoils of death and hell. *Lu.xi.22.*

VI

Oh let the dead now hear thy voice! *Jn v.25.*  
 Now let each mourning soul rejoice — *Matt.v.4.*  
 Apply thy blood and righteousness, *2Cor.v.21.*  
 That all thy saving name may bless.

H Y M N 155.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

COME, *Holy Ghost*, the dead awake — *Eph.v.14.*  
 The terrors of the *Lord* display; *2Cor.v.11.*  
 Out of their sins the nations shake — *Eze.xxxviii.20.*  
 Tear their vain confidence away; *Jer. vii.4.*  
 Conclude them all in unbelief, *Rom. xi.32.*  
 And fill their hearts with godly grief. *2Cor.vii.10.*

II

Excite the salutary pain —  
 The sudden soul-condemning pow'r;  
 Blow on the goodness of man — *Isa. xl.6.*  
 Wither the grass, and blast the flow'r,  
 That, when their works are all o'erthrown,  
 They may be sav'd thro' grace alone. *Eph. ii.5.*  
 Trouble

*Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.* 167

III

Trouble the souls who know not *God*, 1 *Cor.* xv. 34.  
Their careless, *Christless* spirits wound;  
O'erwhelm with their own sinful load, *Matt.* xi. 28.  
And all their virtuous pride confound —  
Their depth of wickedness reveal,  
And shake them o'er the mouth of hell.

IV

Naked, and wretched, poor, and blind, *Rev.* iii. 17.  
Themselves let the vile sinners see —  
Their total fall lament to find,  
Till ev'ry mouth is stopp'd by thee;  
And all the world, with conscious fear,  
Guilty before their *God* appear. *Rom.* iii. 19.

V

Convince the souls who feel their sin,  
That grace doth more than sin abound — *Rom.* v. 20.  
That, thro' *Christ's* righteousness brought in,  
And thro' his cross, peace may be found; *Rom.* v. 1.  
And all may freely be forgiv'n, *Rom.* iii. 24.  
Since *Jesus* dy'd, and lives in heav'n. *Rom.* viii. 34.

VI

His bleeding love 'tis thine to seal, *Eph.* i. 14.  
With pardon on the contrite heart,  
Therefore, the saving grace reveal, *Tit.* ii. 11.  
And righteousness impute, impart; *Rom.* iv. 24.  
Oh let us all be brought to *God*,  
Thro' faith in the *Redeemer's* blood!

H Y M N 156.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**S**PIRIT of *truth*, on thee we call — *Jn.* xiv. 17.  
The merits of our *Lord* apply — *Jn.* xvi. 14.

Convince,

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Convince, and then convert us all — *Jn. xvi. 8.*  
 Condemn, then freely justify; *Rom. iii. 24.*  
 Set forth the all-atoning Lamb, *Jn. i. 29.*  
 And spread the pow'rs of *Jesu's* name. *Matt. i. 10.*

II

*Jesus*, the merciful and just,  
 To ev'ry soul of man reveal; *I Cor. ii. 10.*  
 In his obedience let us trust, *Phil. ii. 8.*  
 And thro' his blood forgiveness feel: *Col. ii. 13.*  
 Let all in him redemption find, *Eph. i. 7.*  
 Who gave his life for all mankind? *I Tim. ii. 6.*

III

Is he not to his *Father* gone, *Jn. xvi. 10.*  
 That we his righteousness might share?  
 And art thou not to earth sent down,  
 'The fruit of his prevailing pray'r — *Act. ii. 33.*  
 The witness of his grace, and seal, *Rom. viii. 16.*  
 Imparting joy unspeakable? *I Pet. i. 8.*

IV

May each of us receive the grace  
 To say, "Now my *Beloved's* mine!" *Cant. ii. 16.*  
 Come, *Holy Ghost*, to all our race  
 Bring in the righteousness divine —  
 Inspire the sense of sin forgiv'n, *I Jn. ii. 12.*  
 And grant our earth a taste of heav'n. *Heb. vi. 5.*

H Y M N 157. C. M.

I

**G**LORY to *God*, who gave the word *Psal. lxxviii. 11*  
 And bade the preachers cry! *Isa. lviii. 1.*  
 Who caus'd his will to be proclaim'd,  
 And brought salvation nigh! *Isa. lii. 7.*

II

Break up our fallow ground, O *Lord*, *Jer. iv. 3.*  
 And grant us ears to hear — *Rom. xi. 8.*  
 Hearts to receive the heav'nly seed,  
 And bring forth fruit with fear. *Mark iv. 20.*  
 Oh

III

Oh may thy word point out our path,  
And guide our wand'ring feet! *Pf. cxix. 105.*  
Direct us in the living way *Heb. x. 20.*  
Unto thy mercy-seat!

IV

Fountain of everlasting life, *Rev. xxi. 6.*  
Of bliss, and truth, and good,  
Oh give us all enlarg'd desires  
To drink of *Jesu's* blood!

V

Fill ev'ry hungry, thirsty soul, *Pf. cvii. 9.*  
From thine exhaustless store:  
And let not one go empty home, *Lu. i. 53.*  
But taste, and pray for more.

VI

Let all thy children now be fed *Matt. xv. 26.*  
With the eternal *Word* — *Jn. vi. 51.*  
Be wise, and stronger grow thereby, *1 Pet. ii. 1.*  
Increasing in the *Lord.* *Col. ii. 19.*

H Y M N. 158. L. M.

I

**O** thou, who dost the Churches bear —  
The stars in thy right hand uphold, *Rev. i. 16.*  
Who walkest now with jealous care  
Amidst the candlesticks of gold: *Rev. i. 12.*

II

Poor, guilty, abject worms, to thee  
In our declining state we call:  
With pity our backslidings see, *Hosea xiv. 4.*  
Nor let our tott'ring *Sion* fall. *Ezek. xvi. 36.*

III

Oh may we call to mind the grace —  
The glorious grace from which we fell! *Rev. ii. 5.*  
**Q** Live



170 *Hymns of Prayer for the Lord's blessing.*

Live o'er again the ancient days,  
And do the works thou lov'st so well!

IV

Lord, thou art ready to forgive, *Pf. lxxxvi. 5.*  
If we are ready to repent;  
May we then turn to thee, and live, *Ezek. xviii. 32.*  
And all thy judgments now prevent!

V

Before thou dost in vengeance come —  
Our candlestick far off remove,  
And fix th' unalterable doom,  
Let us return to our first love.

VI

Call on us till we hear thy call —  
Thy dying Church again restore:  
Shew us thy grace is over all,  
And lift us up to fall no more.

H Y M N 159. L. M.

I

O thou, whose eyes run to and fro *Zech. iv. 10.*  
Thro' earth, and ev'ry creature see,  
What is it which thou dost not know?  
All things are manifest to thee. *Heb. iv. 13.*

II

Thou know'st we take thy name in vain *Ex. xx. 7.*  
While dead in trespasses we live: *Eph. ii. 1.*  
Thee for our Lord we falsely claim, [31.  
While to the world our hearts we give. *Ezek. xxxiii.*

III

Our pow'rless form, our lifeless sound, *2 Tim. iii. 5.*  
Our works as vanity are light; *Pf. lxii. 9.*  
Wanting, alas! they all are found, *Dan. v. 27.*  
And worse than nothing in thy fight.

Oh

IV

Oh that we now may turn again,  
And cherish the last spark of grace !  
Strengthen the things that yet remain, *Rev. iii. 2.*  
And call to mind the ancient days !

V

Surely, we did thy faith receive —  
We heard with joy the gospel-word : *Lu. viii. 13.*  
No more thy *Shirib* may we grieve, *Eph. iv. 30.*  
But humbly seek our angry Lord.

VI

Let us arise, shake off our ease, *Amos vi. 1.*  
Before thy sudden judgments come ; *Matt. xxvi. 41.*  
And watch, and pray, and never cease,  
Till thou repeal our threatening doom.

H Y M N 160. L. M.

I

**G**OD of unspotted purity,  
Us, and our works canst thou behold ?  
Justly we are abhorr'd by thee,  
For we are neither hot, nor cold. *Rev. iii. xv.*

II

We call thee Lord — thy faith profess —  
But do not from our hearts obey :  
In soft *Laodicean* rest,  
We sleep our useless lives away.

III

To heav'nly things we're almost dead,  
But unto worldly things alive :  
Tho' order'd in thy steps to tread, *1 Pet. ii. 21.*  
We sometimes seek, but seldom strive. *Lu. xiii. 24.*

IV

A lifeless form we still retain —  
Of this we make our empty boast,

172      *Short Hymns before the Sermon.*

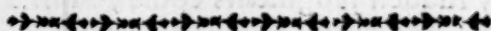
Nor know the name we take in vain — *Exod. xx. 7.*  
The pow'r of godliness is lost.      *2 Tim. iii. 5.*

V

Better that we had never known      *2 Pet. ii. 21.*  
The way to heav'n, through saving grace,  
Than, by our lives, our God disown,  
Or loiter in our Christian race.

VI

Oh may we see, in this our day,      *Lu. xix. 42.*  
The things belonging to our peace!      [*xxvi. 41.*  
Once more grow zealous, watch, and pray, *Matt.*  
And in the life divine increase!      *Col. ii. 19.*



S E C T I O N II.

*Short Hymns of Prayer to be used before the  
Sermon.*

H Y M N      161.      L. M.

I

THEE, Lord, we now are come to meet —  
To hear thy word, and seek thy face: *Pf.*  
Oh may thy word, with influence sweet, [*xxvii. 8.*  
Descend, and nourish us with grace.

II

What numbers here in sin are dead,      *Eph. ii. 1.*  
Tho' under means of grace they lie!  
The dew still falling round their head,  
And yet their hearts untouch'd and dry! *Judg. vi. 38.*

III

Dear Saviour, hear thy people's call —  
To wrestling pray'r an answer give:  
Pour down thy dew upon us all,  
That all may feel, and all may live.

HYMN

H Y M N 162.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

**L**ORD, what avails it to maintain  
A name to live, while we remain  
Formal and dead to thee?  
Therefore, thy presence now afford,  
And let thy pow'rful quickning word  
In us ingrafted be.

*Jas. i. 21.*

H Y M N 163.

C. M.

**F**ULFIL thy promise, gracious Lord,  
And in the midst appear — *Matt. xviii. 20.*  
Put forth thy Spirit with the word,  
And cause the dead to hear. *Ju. v. 25.*

H Y M N 164.

L. M.

**O** God, if I thy Servant am —  
If 'tis thy message fills my heart —  
Now glorify thy holy name,  
And shew the people who thou art.

II

Now may thy Spirit's holy fire  
Pierce ev'ry heart that hears thy word,  
Consume each hurtful vain desire,  
And make them know thou art the Lord.

H Y M N 165.

L. M.

**T**HY Servant, Lord, in vain must preach,  
If thou wilt not vouchsafe to teach:  
Instruct, then, ev'ry stupid heart,  
And thro' the means thy grace impart.

H Y M N 166. L. M.

## I

**G**REAT God, at whose almighty word, 2 Cor.  
The light from thickest darkness sprung, [iv.6.  
Thy quickning influence afford,  
And clothe with pow'r the Preacher's tongue.

## II

Tho' 'tis thy truth he hopes to speak,  
He cannot give the hearing ear: *Prov.* xxix. 12.  
The stiff-neck'd thou alone canst break, *AA.* vii. 51.  
And make stout hearted sinners fear.

## III

Then, while they hear thy word of grace, *AA.*  
Let self and Pride before it fall; [xiv. 3.  
And rocky hearts dissolve apace,  
In streams of sorrow, at thy call.

H Y M N 167. L. M.

## I

**A**S when of old, the water flow'd *Exod.* xvii. 6.  
Forth from the rock at God's command,  
*Moses* in vain had wav'd the rod,  
Without his wonder-working hand.

## II

As when the walls of *Jericho* *Josh.* vi. 20.  
Down to the earth at once were cast;  
It was God's pow'r that brought them low,  
And not the trumpet's feeble blast.

## III

Thus we would in the means be found,  
And on the Lord, alone depend:  
Oh make the gospel's joyful sound *Pf.* lxxxix. 15.  
Effectual to the promis'd end!

HYMN



H Y M N 168.

6 Lines, all eights.

**L**ORD, let thy gospel's joyful sound *Pf* lxxxix.  
Now conquer Sinners, comfort Saints — [15.  
Make all the fruits of grace abound,  
And bring relief for all complaints :  
Now let thy Church thy mercy prove,  
Till call'd to join the Church above.

H Y M N 169. C. M.

**D**EAR *Saviour*, let thy pow'r appear  
The outward call to aid ;  
'That ev'ry drowsy soul may hear  
The voice which wakes the dead. *Jn.* v. 25.

H Y M N 170. C. M.

**I**  
**O**LORD, inspire thy Servant's heart,  
And teach his tongue to speak :  
Food to the hungry soul impart,  
And cordials to the weak.

**II**  
Quicken our intellectual pow'rs  
To understand thy ways :  
So shall the benefit be ours,  
And thine shall be the praise.

H Y M N 171. C. M.

**I**  
**T**HY promise, *Lord*, and thy command,  
Have brought us here to-day :  
And now we humbly waiting stand,  
To hear what thou wilt say.

Speak

## II

Speak to our hearts in words of peace, *Pf. lxxxv. 8.*

And fill us all with love :

Then give us persevering grace,

That we may faithful prove.

H Y M N 172.

6 Lines, all eights.

**J**ESU, exert thy gracious pow'r —

A broken, contrite heart bestow : *Pf. li. 7.*

Make this the acceptable hour —

*Isa. lxi. 2.*

The trumpet of salvation blow :

Oh let thy grace effectual prove

To melt our stony hearts to love !

H Y M N 173.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

## I

**N**OW, *Lord*, allure our souls to thee —

Oh ! kindly bid us come, and see,

And taste how good thou art : *Pf. xxxiv. 8.*

Knock with the hammer of thy word *Jer. xxiii. 29.*

Knock by thy pow'rful *Spirit, Lord,*

And open ev'ry heart.

## II

Darkness and unbelief remove —

Replenish all our souls with love —

Cast out the rebel, sin :

Now for thyself our hearts prepare,

And then come in, and banquet there — *Rev. iii. 20.*

Come in, dear *Lord*, come in.

H Y M N 174.

L. M.

I

EXTEND, O *Lord*, thy pard'ning grace —

On these let mercy be bestow'd :

Oh, add them to thy chosen race! 1 *Pet.* ii. 9.

Oh, sprinkle all their hearts with blood !

II

Now bid the Publicans draw near —

Open the door of faith and heav'n ;

And give them ears thy word to hear, *Prov.* xxix. 12.

And whisper all their sins forgiv'n.

H Y M N 175.

C. M.

I

SOME gift, O *Lord*, on us bestow —

Some blessing now impart :

The seed of life eternal sow 1 *Pet.* i. 23.

In ev'ry mournful heart.

II

Thy loving, quick'ning *Spirit* shed, *Rom.* v. 5.

And speak our sins forgiv'n :

Or haste throughout the lump to spread

The sanctifying leav'n. 1 *Cor.* 5. 7.

III

Refresh us with a ceaseless show'r

Of graces from above,

'Till all receive the perfect pow'r

Of everlasting love. *Jer.* xxxi. 3.

H Y M N 176.

C. M.

I

COME, *Holy Ghost*, our hearts inspire —

Let us thine influence prove,

Source of the old prophetic fire, 2 *Pet.* i. 21.

Fountain of life and love.

Come,

I I

Come, *Holy Ghost*, (for mov'd by thee  
Thy Prophets wrote and spoke) *2 Pet. i. 21.*  
Unlock the truth, thyself the key, *Rev. iii. 7.*  
Unseal the sacred book. *Rev. v. 9.*

I I I

Expand thy wings, celestial *Dove*,  
Brood o'er our nature's night;  
On our disorder'd spirits move,  
And say, "Let there be light." *Gen. i. 3.*

H Y M N 177. C. M.

I

**F**ATHER of all, in whom alone  
We live, and move, and breathe, *Act. xvii. 28.*  
One bright celestial ray dart down,  
And cheer thy church beneath.

I I

While in thy word, we search for thee,  
With reverential awe,  
Open our eyes, and let us see  
The wonders of thy law. *Pf. cxix. 18.*

I I I

Now let our darkness comprehend  
The light that shines so clear—  
Now the revealing *Spirit* send, *Jn. xvi. 13.*  
And give us ears to hear.

H Y M N 178. L. M.

I

**L**ORD, if thy sov'reign majesty  
Doth still vouchsafe to send by me,  
Ev'n me thy meanest servant own,  
And make thy love to sinners known.

Thy

II

Thy presence and thy help afford,  
To ratify the gracious word :  
Th' attesting *Spirit's* seal set to,      1 Cor. ii. 10.  
To prove the joyful tidings true.

H Y M N 179.

8 Lines, fives and fives,

I

**Y**E children of men,  
Here by your great King  
Assembled again  
His praises to sing —  
To hear from your Saviour  
The word of his grace,      Acts xx. 32.  
Now be your behaviour  
Becoming the place.

II

Remember the ends  
For which we are met ;  
Alas ! my dear friends,  
We're apt to forget :  
The motives that brought us,  
The Lord only sees,  
But if he has taught us,  
Our ends should be these.

III

To worship the Lord  
With praise and with pray'r,  
To practise his word,  
As well as to hear —  
To own, with contrition,  
The deeds we have done  
And take the remission  
God gives in his Son.      Acts x. 43.

Blest



## IV

Blest *Spirit* of *Christ*,  
 Affect us all thus —  
 Thy Servant assist —  
 Teach him to teach us:  
 Oh send us thy unction,  
 To shew us all good —  
 Touch all with compunction,  
 Then sprinkle with blood.

1 *Jn.* ii. 20.*Heb.* xii. 24.

H Y M N 180.

L. M.

## I

**O** LORD, thy glorious gospel spread —  
 Thy everlasting truth declare!  
 Water with heav'nly dew the seed,  
 That ev'ry soul good fruit may bear.

## II

Open a door, which earth and hell 1 *Cor.* xvi. 9.  
 May strive to shut, but strive in vain;  
 Let thy word richly in us dwell, *Col.* iii. 16.  
 And cleanse our hearts, and keep them clean.

H Y M N 181.

L. M.

## I

**T**HOU only wise, and mighty *Lord*,  
 Who didst the ancient seers inspire,  
 Assist me now to speak thy word,  
 And let it be like burning fire. *Jer.* xxiii. 29.

## II

The *Spirit* of convincing speech, 1 *Cor.* ii. 4.  
 Of pow'r demonstrative impart —  
 Such as may ev'ry conscience reach,  
 And sound each unbelieving heart.

## III

On all the earth thy *Spirit* show'r —  
 The world in righteousness renew:

Thy

*Short Hymns before the Sermon.*

181

Thy kingdom come, and hell's o'erpow'r, *Matt.*  
And to thy sceptre all subdue. [vi. 10.]

H Y M N 182.

C. M.

I

NOW may the *Spirit's* holy fire,  
Descending from above,  
His waiting family inspire  
With joy, and peace, and love.

II

Great *Comforter*, thy people bless —  
For if thou art not here,  
Our songs of praise are vain address,  
And heartless is our pray'r.

III

Wake, heav'nly Wind — arise, and come — *Cant.*  
Blow on the drooping field; [vi. 16.]  
Our spices then shall breathe perfume,  
And fragrant incense yield.

IV

Touch, with a living coal, the lip *Isa. vi. 6.*  
That shall proclaim thy word:  
And may our hearts and mem'ries keep  
The statutes of the *Lord*.

H Y M N 183.

C. M.

I

ONCE more we come before our *God* —  
Once more his blessing ask:  
Oh may not duty seem a load,  
Nor worship prove a task!

II

*Father*, thy quick'ning *Spirit* send  
From heav'n, in *Jesu's* name,  
That all with rev'rence may attend,  
While I thy word proclaim.

R

To

III

To seek thee ev'ry heart dispose —  
To each thy blessing suit :  
And may the seed thy servant sows  
Produce abundant fruit.

IV

Bid the refreshing north-wind wake — *Cant. iv. 16.*  
Say to the south-wind, Blow —  
Let ev'ry plant thy pow'r partake,  
And all thy garden grow.

H Y M N 184. L. M.

I

**L**IGHT of the *Gentile* world, appear ! *Isa. xlii. 6.*  
Command the blind thy rays to see :  
Our darkness chase — the Mourners cheer —  
And set each plaintive pris'ner free. *Isa. lxi. 1.*

II

Open our eyes the *Lamb* to know, *Jn. i. 29.*  
Who bears the gen'ral sin away ;  
And to our ransom'd spirits shew  
The glories of eternal day.

H O Y M N 185. C. M.

I

**I**S there a heart that will not bend  
To the divine controul ?  
Almighty *God*, in pow'r descend,  
And break that stubborn soul.

II

Now let the Sons of *Belial* hear, *Judg. xix. 22.*  
The terrors of the *Lord* — *2 Cor. v. 11.*  
Open their long rebellious ear,  
And tremble at thy word.

Oh

III

Oh may thy *Mercy* now arise  
Ere *Justice* stop their breath!  
Enlighten those deluded eyes,  
That sleep the sleep of death.

*Eph. i. 18.*

*Pf. xiii. 3.*

IV

Oh may each willing heart confess  
Thy sweet and gentle sway!  
Glad captives of thy conqu'ring grace,  
May all thy will obey!

H Y M N 186.

L. M.

I

JESU, attend! thyself reveal!  
Are we not met in thy great name?  
Thee in the midst we wait to feel —  
We wait to catch the spreading flame.

*Jn. xiv. 21.*

*Matt. xviii. 20.*

II

To thee let all the nations flow —  
Let all obey the gospel-word —  
Let all their bleeding Saviour know,  
Fill'd with the glory of the Lord.

*Isa. ii. 2.*

*Ezek. xliii. 5.*

H Y M N 187.

C. M.

GREAT God, thy sov'reign aid impart  
To give thy word success!  
Write thy salvation on each heart,  
And all this people bless!

H Y M N 188.

4 Lines, sevens and eights.

I

IMPOSTURE shrinks from light,  
And dreads a prying eye:

R 2

Thy

184      *Short Hymns before the Sermon.*

Thy doctrines, *Lord*, the test invite —  
They bid us search, and try.

*Jn. v. 39.*

II

May we, then, hear thy word,  
With meek inquiring mind;  
And oh! do thou thy light afford,  
That we the truth may find.

*Jas. i. 21.*

III

From all delusion freed,  
Our souls with knowledge fill:  
From noxious errors guard our creed —  
From prejudice our will.

IV

The truth, once learn'd, impress  
With favour on our heart;  
And help us firmly to profess  
What grace may now impart.

H Y M N      189.

*6 Lines, all sevens.*

**S**OURCE of light, and pow'r divine,  
Deign upon thy truth to shine:  
*Lord*, behold, thy servant stands!  
Lo, to thee he lifts his hands!  
Satisfy his soul's desire!  
'Touch his lips with holy fire!

*Isa. vi. 7.*

H Y M N      190.

*8 Lines, sevens and sixes.*

**L**ORD, if thou thy gospel bless —  
If thou apply the word,  
Then our broken hearts confess  
The hammer of the *Lord*:

*J. r. xxiii. 29.*  
Fully



Fully now thy hammer use —  
Force the nations to submit;  
Smite the rocks, and break, and bruise  
The world beneath thy feet.

H Y M N 191.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

O God of wisdom, God of might, [2 Cor. iv. 6.  
Who, out of darkness, brought forth light]  
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes Matt. xi. 25.  
But make the babes and sucklings wise,  
Help ev'ry darken'd sinner, Lord,  
To hear, and understand thy word. Eph. i. 18.

II

Reveal thy scriptures to our mind —  
Here let us heav'nly treasures find :  
Those sacred pages now unfold,  
That we may there thy grace behold :  
Oh let thy Spirit teach us still Jn. xvi. 13.  
To comprehend thy blessed will !

III

Direct us, lest we judge amiss —  
Lest error cloud the hidden bliss :  
Thine oracles may we receive,  
That to thy glory we may live !  
Oh let us from the heart obey  
The gracious precepts they convey !

H Y M N 192.

L. M.

I

O Son of God, shed forth thy love ! Rom. v. 5.  
Exert thy energetic pow'r !  
Thy mercy let this people prove ! Tit. iii. 5.  
Let all thy bleeding love adore !

R 3

The

## II

The triumphs of thy grace display ! *Rom. v. 21.*  
 In ev'ry heart reign thou alone ! *Isa. xxxii. 1.*  
 Till all thy foes confess thy sway, *Heb. x. 13.*  
 And glory end what grace begun !

H Y M N 193. L. M

## I

SINNERS, the *Lord* knows all your thoughts,  
 His book records your secret faults : *Rev. xx. 12.*  
 The works of darkness ye have done, *Eph. v. 11.*  
 Must all appear before the Sun.

## II

The vengeance to your follies due  
 Should strike your hearts with terror through :  
 How will ye stand before his face, *Mat. iii. 2.*  
 Or answer for his injur'd grace ? *Job. xxxi. 14.*

## III

Almighty *God*, turn off their eyes  
 From earth's alluring vanities,  
 And let the thunder of thy word  
 Awake their souls to serve the *Lord*. *Eph. v. 14.*

H Y M N 194.

8 Lines, fixes and eights.

SINNERS, with joy look up !  
 The herald's feet appear ! *Nahum i. 15.*  
 He comes from *Zion's* sacred top,  
 A gospel-messenger !  
 Good news he publishes  
 Of all mankind forgiv'n —  
 Good-will from *God* to men, and peace  
 Restor'd 'twixt earth and heav'n. *Lu. ii. 14.*

HYMN

H Y M N 195. L. M. Doubled.

I

THE Scripture, in the *lit'ral* sense, *Jn* vi 63.  
 Tho' heard ten thousand times, and read,  
 Can never, of itself, dispense  
 The saving pow'r which wakes the dead :  
 The meaning, *spiritual* and true,  
 The learn'd expositor may give,  
 But cannot give the virtue too, *Isa.* xxix. 11.  
 Or cause the dead in sin to live. *Eph.* ii. 1.

II

But, breathing in the sacred leaves,  
 If on the soul the *Spirit* move, *Job* xxxii. 8.  
 Again begotten, it receives *1 Pet.* i. 3.  
 The quick'ning pow'r of faith and love : *2 Cor.* iii. 6.  
 Transmitted thro' the gospel-word,  
 Whene'er the *Holy Ghost* is giv'n, *Rom.* v. 5.  
 Dead sinners hear, and feel restor'd  
 'The life of holiness and heav'n. *Eph.* v. 14.

III

Therefore, bless'd *Spirit*, from on high,  
 Descend, and speak to ev'ry heart !  
 With energy the word apply, *1 Cor.* ii. 4.  
 And all thy saving grace impart. *Tit.* ii. 11.  
 Thy voice is more than empty sound—*1 Thes.* i. 5.  
 It penetrates the deafest ear :  
 Spirit and life in it is found — *Jn.* vi. 63.  
 Speak now, then, and the dead shall hear. *Matt.* xi. 5.

H Y M N 196.

6 Lines, all sevens.

I

COME, divine Interpreter, *Rev.* i. 3.  
 Give me eyes thy book to read *Job* xxxii. 8.

Ears

Ears the sacred words to hear — *Matt. xiii. 16.*  
 Words which did from thee proceed — *Lu. iv. 22.*  
 Words which endless bliss impart,  
 Kept in an obedient heart.

II

All who read, or hear, are bless'd —  
 If thy plain commands we do, *Jn. 15. 10.*  
 Of thy kingdom here possess'd, *Lu. xvii. 21.*  
 Thee we shall in glory view —  
 Shall with thee be glorify'd —  
 Reign triumphant at thy side. *Rev. xxii. 5.*

H Y M N      197.      L. M.

I

**G**REAT Sov'reign of the human heart,  
 Thy mighty energy impart,  
 Which penetrates the heart of steel,  
 And makes the harden'd conscience feel.

II

Let Sinners tremble at thy word, *Isa. ii. 66.*  
 Struck by the terror of the Lord; *2Cor. v. 11.*  
 And, while they tremble, let them flee,  
 For pardon, life, and peace, to thee.

H Y M N      198.

*6 Lines, all eight's.*

I

**T**RUE Witness of the Father's love, *Rev. i. 5.*  
 Prophet, and Messenger divine, *Mal. ii. 7.*  
 Come, in thy Spirit, from above!  
 The hearts which thou hast made incline  
 Thy faithful record to receive, *1 Jn. v. 11.*  
 That all may hear thy voice, and live. *Jn. v. 25.*

Send

Send forth the everlasting word —

The word of reconciling grace,      2 Cor. v. 19.  
That all may know their bleeding Lord      Jn. xvii. 3.  
The freely-proffer'd gift embrace —      Rom. v. 18.  
Look to the all-atoning Lamb,      Jn. i. 29.  
And bless the sound of J<sup>e</sup>su's name.      Matt. i. 21.

III

J<sup>e</sup>su, thou only hast the key,      Rev. iii. 7.  
Open the great effectual door;      1 Cor. xvi. 9.  
Spread thou the truth from sea to sea,      Zech. ix. 10.  
And glorify thy mercy's pow'r:  
Redeem the wretched slaves of sin,      Jn. viii. 34.  
And force the rebels to come in.      Lu. xiv. 23.

IV

Oh might I ev'ry mourner cheer,      Matt. v. 4.  
And soften ev'ry heart of stone!      Eze. xxxvi. 26.  
Save, under thee, the souls that hear      1 Tim. iv. 16.  
Nor lose, in seeking them, my own;      1 Cor. ix. 27.  
Nor basely from my calling fly,      Jonah i. 10.  
But, for thy gospel live and die!

H Y M N      199.      L. M.

I

**L**ORD, help thy servant to proclaim  
The benefits of J<sup>e</sup>su's name —      Matt. i. 21.  
To spread, thro' all the earth abroad,  
Glad tidings of redeeming blood.      Rom. x. 15.

II

Oh, may thy glories stand confess'd,  
From north to south, from east to west!  
Successful may thy gospel run,      2 Thes. iii. 1.  
Wide as the circuit of the sun!

H Y M N      200.      L. M.

I

**B**RIGHT Morning-star, arise, and shine      Rev.  
Upon thy consecrated Priests;      [ii. 28.  
And



And, by thy energy divine,  
Let sacred love o'erflow their breasts.

## I I

Loud let the gospel-trumpet blow — *Joel* ii. 15.  
The joyful sound let all men hear, *Pf.* lxxxix. 15.  
And may the isles their *Saviour* know, *Isa.* xli. 5.  
And earth's remotest ends draw near.

## I I I

But, chiefly, let thy grace descend  
On us, like dew, in copious show'rs; *Deut.* xxxii. 2.  
Save us, and keep us to the end, *Matt.* x. 22.  
'Till *Christ*, and heav'n, and all be ours. *1 Cor.* iii. 22.

## H Y M N 201.

6 Lines, all eights.

## I

**G**REAT God, this sacred day of thine *Pf.* cxviii.  
Demands our soul's collected pow'rs; [24.  
May we all worldly thoughts resign, *Isa.* lviii. 13.  
Allotting thee these solemn hours!  
Oh may our souls, adoring, own  
The grace which calls us to thy throne! *Heb.* iv. 16.

## I I

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!  
Where *God* resides appear no more:  
Omniscient *God*, thy piercing eye  
Can ev'ry secret thought explore; *Pf.* xc. 8.  
Oh may thy grace our hearts refine,  
And fix our minds on things divine! *Col.* iii. 1.

## I I I

'The word of life, dispens'd to-day, *Phil.* ii. 16.  
Invites us to a heav'nly feast; *Lu.* xiv. 16.  
May ev'ry ear the call obey!  
Be ev'ry heart an humble guest!

Oh,

Oh, let the wretched sons of need  
On soul-reviving dainties feed ! *Isa. xxv. 6.*

IV

Thy *Spirit's* pow'rful aid impart,  
And to thy word our souls incline ; *Pf. cxix. 36.*  
Softens, melt, break each harden'd heart !  
Then shall the day, indeed, be thine *Pf. cxviii. 24.*  
Then shall we all, adoring, own  
The grace which calls us to thy throne.

H Y M N 202. C. M.

I

'TIS all my bus'ness, *Lord*, below  
Thy gospel to proclaim —  
Thy only righteousness to shew, *Pf. lxxi. 16.*  
And glorify thy name.

II

Vouchsafe thine aid to speak thy word,  
In this appointed hour ;  
Attend it with thy *Spirit*, *Lord*,  
And let it come with pow'r. *1 Thef. i. 5.*

III

Open the hearts of all that hear  
To make their *Saviour* room :  
Oh let them find redemption near ! *Isa. xlv. 13.*  
Let faith by hearing come. *Rom. x. 17.*





I V

*Jesu*, we in thy name intreat,  
 Reveal thy gracious arm;  
 And grant thy *Spirit's* genial heat,  
 Our frozen hearts to warm.

H Y M N 205.

6 Lines, eights and sevens.

I

**M**AY the grace of *Christ* our Saviour, 2 Cor.  
 And the *Father's* boundless love, [xiii. 14.  
 With the *Holy Spirit's* favour,  
 Rest upon us from above!  
 May we close abide in union  
 With each other, and the *Lord*;  
 And possess, in sweet communion,  
 Joys which earth cannot afford.

H Y M N 206.

6 Lines, all eights.

**N**OW may the holy Three in One,  
 The *Father*, *Word*, and *Comforter*,  
 Pour an abundant blessing down,  
 On ev'ry soul assembled here!  
 And may that peace which *God* imparts  
 Direct, and keep, and cheer our hearts. *Phil.iv.7.*

H Y M N 207.

6 Lines, four sixes and two eights.

I

**T**O *God* our wants are known,  
 From whom are all our pow'rs;  
 S Lord,

Lord, take what is thine own,  
 And pardon what is ours:  
 Our praises and our pray'rs receive,  
 And to thy word a blessing give.

## II

Oh grant that each of us  
 Now met before thee here,  
 May meet together thus,  
 When thou and thine appear!  
 And follow thee to heav'n, our home —  
 Amen, *Lord Jesus*, quickly come! *Rev. xxii. 20.*

H Y M N 208. L. M.

**D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, *Lord* —  
 Help us to feed upon thy word,  
 That we from strength to strength may go,  
 And in thine image daily grow.

H Y M N 209.

8 Lines, *sevens and sixes.*

**G**UARDIAN of thy helpless sheep,  
*Jesu*, Almighty *Lord*,  
 Help our heedful hearts to keep  
 The treasure of thy word: *Matt. xiii. 44.*  
 Let not *Satan* steal what's sown — *Matt. xiii. 19.*  
 But in all may it take root; *Isa. xxxvii. 31.*  
 Soften ev'ry heart of stone, *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*  
 To bring forth precious fruit.

H Y M N 210. C. M.

## I

**C**OME, let us join our cheerful songs,  
 With angels round the throne!  
 Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
 But all their joys are one.

“ Worthy



II

"Worthy the *Lamb* that dy'd (they cry)  
 "To be exalted thus" — *Rev. v. 12.*  
 "Worthy the *Lamb*" — our hearts reply,  
 "For, he was slain for us."

III

*Jesus* is worthy to receive  
 Honour and pow'r divine!  
 And blessings more than we can give,  
 Be, *Lord*, for ever thine!

IV

Let all creation join in one,  
 To bless the sacred name:  
 Of him that sits upon the throne, *Rev. v. 13.*  
 And to adore the *Lamb*.

H Y M N 211. L. M.

I

WHO is the trembling sinner, who, *Isa. lxvi. 2.*  
 That owns eternal death his due,  
 Afraid his dreadful doom to feel,  
 And crying to be sav'd from hell? *Acts xvi. 30.*

II

Peace, troubled soul! dismiss thy fear — *Isa. 35. 4.*  
 Thy *Saviour* cries, "Be of good cheer:" *Matt. ix. 2.*  
 Only on *Jesus*'s blood rely,  
 Who dy'd, that thou might'st never die.

H Y M N 212. L. M.

GRACE, mercy, peace be with us, *Lord & Gal.*  
 Impress upon our souls thy word — [vi 16.  
 Our past transgressions now forgive, *1 Ki. viii. 50*  
 And let us to thy glory live!

H Y M N 213.

C. M.

I

**G**LORY to thee, O *Christ*, be giv'n,  
 For this thy gospel-word!  
 Thanks for the news reveal'd from heav'n —  
 Salvation from the *Lord*!

II

Glory to thy great name alone  
 That life and pow'r imparts!  
 Now, *Lord*, thy gracious message own,  
 And graft it on our hearts.

III

Let us all feel the tidings true —  
 Fill us with joy and peace! *Rom xv. 13*  
 Water the seed with heav'nly dew,  
 And give the wish'd increase.

H Y M N 214.

6 Lines, eights and sevens, fours and sevens.

I

**L**ORD, dismiss us with thy blessing —  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace! *Rom. xv. 13.*  
 Let us all, thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace:  
 Oh refresh us,  
 Trav'ling thro' this wilderness!

II

Thanks we give and adoration,  
 For thy gospel's joyful sound! *Pslxxxix 15.*  
 May the fruits of thy salvation  
 In our hearts and lives abound!  
 Ever faithful  
 To the truth may we be found!

III

So, whene'er the signal's giv'n  
 Us from earth to call away,

Born

Borne on angel's wings to heav'n —

Glad the summons to obey,

May we ever

Reign with *Christ*, in endless day ! *Rev. xxii. 5*

H Y M N 215.

6 Lines, all sevens.

I

**L**AMB of *God*, who bear'st away  
All the sins of all mankind,  
Bow the nations to thy sway :  
While we may acceptance find,  
Let us thankfully embrace  
The kind offers of thy grace.

*Jn. i. 29.*

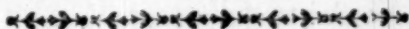
II

Thou thy Messengers hast sent  
Joyful tidings to proclaim —  
Willing we should all repent —  
Know salvation in thy name —  
Feel our sins by grace forgiv'n —  
Walk in holiness to heav'n.

*Rom. x. 15.*

*2 Pet. iii. 9.*

*Lu. i. 77.*



S E C T I O N IV.

Short Doxologies.

H Y M N 216.

4 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**L**ET heav'n and earth agree  
The *Father's* praise to sing,  
Who draws us to the *Son*, that he  
May us to glory bring.

*Jn. vi. 44.*

S 3

Honour,

## II

Honour, and endless love  
 Let *God* the *Son* receive,  
 Who saves us here, and prays above, *Heb. vii. 25,*  
 That we with him may live.

## III

Be everlasting praise  
 To *God* the *Spirit* giv'n,  
 Who now attests us Sons of grace, *Rom. viii. 16.*  
 And seals us heirs of heav'n. *Eph. i. 13.*

## IV

Drawn, and redeem'd, and seal'd,  
 We'll sing the *One* in *Three*, *Jn. v. 7.*  
 With *Father*, *Son*, and *Spirit* fill'd, *Eph. iii. 19.*  
 To all eternity.

H Y M N 217.

6 Lines, four sixes, and two eights.

## I

**L**IVE our great *God* on high  
 Eternally ador'd,  
 Who gave his *Son* to die — *Jn. iii. 16.*  
 Our dear redeeming *Lord*  
 He from his throne and bosom gave,  
 A lost and sinful world to save. *Matt. xviii. 11.*

## II

Worship, and thanks, and pow'r  
 Ascribe we to the *Lamb* ! *Rev. v. 12.*  
 His bleeding wounds adore,  
 And kiss his precious name — *Pf. ii. 12.*  
*Jesus*, the name to sinners giv'n,  
 Above all names in earth or heav'n. *Phil. ii. 9.*

## III

The blessed *Spirit* praise,  
 Who shews th' atoning blood — *Jn. xvi. 14.*  
 Applies

Applys the *Saviour's* grace,  
And seals the Sons of *God!*  
Spirit of grace, and glory too,  
He claims our praises as his due.

*Eph. iv. 30.*

H Y M N 218.

3 Lines, two fives and one eleven.

I  
**A**LL worship and praise  
To the *Ancient of days,* *Dan. vii. 22.*  
The *Father,* the *Son,* and the *Spirit of grace!*

II  
With our friends in the sky,  
Let us here glorify *[v. 7.]*  
The mystical *Three* that bear record on high. *1 Jn.*

H Y M N 219.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes.

**F**ATHER, *Son,* and *Holy Ghost,*  
Thy *Godhead* we adore—  
Join with the celestial Host,

Who praise thee evermore:  
Live by heav'n and earth ador'd,  
*Three in One,* and *One in Three!*

*1 Jn. v. 7.*

Holy, holy, holy *Lord;*  
All glory be to thee!

H Y M N 220.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes.

**F**ATHER, *God,* thy love we praise  
Which gave thy *Son* to die!

*Jn. iii. 16.*  
*Jesus,*



*Jesus*, full of truth and grace,

*Jn. i. 14.*

Alike we glorify!

*Spirit*, *Comforter* divine,

*Jn. xiv. 16.*

Praise by all to thee be giv'n,

Till we in full chorus join,

And earth be turn'd to heav'n!

H Y M N 221.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

**T**O God the Father, King Supreme,  
To *Christ*, who did the world redeem,

And to the *Holy Ghost*,

In essence *One*, in persons *Three*,

1 *Jn. v. 7.*

Glory and praise now render we,

With all the heav'nly host!

H Y M N 222.

6 Lines, all eights.

**T**O God who reigns enthron'd on high —

To his dear *Son*, who deign'd to die,

Our guilt and mis'ry to remove —

To that blest *Spirit*, who imparts

Pardon, and peace to contrite hearts,

Be endless glory, praise and love!

H Y M N 223.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

**Y**E sons of men, your voices raise,  
And sing th'eternal Father's praise,

And glorify the *Son* :

Give honour to the *Holy Ghost*,

And join with all th'angelic host,

To bless the great *Three-One*!

1 *Jn. v. 7.*

H Y M N

H Y M N 224.

C. M.

**T**O *Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,*  
Who sweetly all agree,  
To save a world of sinners lost,  
Eternal glory be!

H Y M N 225. L. M. Doubled.

**F**ATHER of angels, and of men — [vi. 20.  
*Saviour*, who hast thy people bought — 1 *Cor.*  
*Spirit*, by whom we're born again, *Jn.* iii. 3.  
And seal'd and sanctify'd, and taught — *Eph.* i. 13.  
Thy glory, holy *Three in One*, 1 *Jn.* v. 7.  
Thy ransom'd people's song shall be,  
Long as the wheels of time shall run —  
Yea, long as vast eternity.

H Y M N 226.

6 Lines, all eights.

**G**LORY, O Father, be to thee!  
And to the *Lamb* who once was slain! *Rev.* v. 6.  
Glory to all the sacred *Three*, 1 *Jn.* v. 7.  
Who all agreed to save lost man! *Matt.* xviii. 11.  
When time, the world, and death are o'er,  
We'll praise thy name for evermore!

H Y M N 228.

L. M.

**T**O the mysterious sacred *Three*, 1 *Jn.* v. 7.  
Honour, and praise, and glory be!  
Riches, and wisdom, love, and pow'r,  
Now, henceforth, and for evermore!

SECT.



## S E C T I O N V.

*Hymns of Praise for the blessings of Creation,  
Providence, and Redemption.*

H Y M N 227.

*Jewish Tune.*

I

**T**HE God of *Abrah'm* praise, *Exod. iii. 6.*  
 Who reigns enthron'd above,  
*Ancient of everlasting days,* *Dan. vii. 9.*  
 And God of love!  
*Jehovah! Great I Am!*  
 By earth and heav'n confess'd!  
 I bow, and bless the sacred name—  
 For ever bless'd!

II

The God of *Abrah'm* praise,  
 At whose supreme command,  
 From earth I rise, and seek the joys  
 At his right hand! *Pf. xvi. 11.*  
 I all on earth forsake—  
 It's wisdom, fame, and pow'r,  
 And him my only portion make— *Pf. xvi. 5.*  
 My shield and tow'r.

III

The God of *Abrah'm* praise,  
 Whose all-sufficient grace *2 Cor. xii. 9.*  
 Shall guide me, all my happy days,  
 In all his ways!

He

He calls a worm his friend —  
 He calls himself *my God*,  
 And he shall save me to the end,  
 Thro' *Jesu's* blood.

*Jn.* xv. 15.

*1 Pet.* i. 5.

IV

Tho' nature's strength decay,  
 And earth and hell withstand,  
 To *Canaan's* bounds I urge my way,  
 Held by his hand:  
 The wat'ry deep I pass  
 With *Jesus* in my view;  
 And thro' this howling wilderness  
 My course pursue.

V

He by himself hath sworn —  
 I on his oath depend,  
 I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,  
 To heav'n ascend:  
 I shall behold his face —  
 I shall his pow'r adore,  
 And sing the wonders of his grace,  
 For evermore.

*Isa.* xl. 31.

*1 Cor.* xiii. 12.

H Y M N 229.

*Jewish Tune.*

I

**J**ESUS, our *Saviour*, praise,  
 Who rules enthron'd above,  
*Ancient of everlasting days*,  
 And *God* of love!  
 In majesty supreme,  
 By earth and heav'n confess'd,  
 I bow, and bless the sacred name,  
 For ever bless'd!

*Rev.* v. 6.

*Dan.* vii. 9.

*Phil.* ii. 10.

Mighty

## II

Mighty he is to save — *Pf. lxxxix. 19.*  
*The Lord our Righteousness,* *Jer. xxiii. 6.*  
 Who rose victorious o'er the grave — *Col. ii. 15.*  
*The Prince of Peace !* *Isa ix. 6.*  
 On *Sion's* holy height, *Pf. ii. 6.*  
 His kingdom he maintains,  
 And glorious with his saints in light, *Col. i. 12.*  
 For ever reigns. *Isa xxiv. 23.*

## III

Thro' him to heaven brought,  
 'I hey all before him stand,  
 And tell the wonders he hath wrought,  
 Thro' all their land :  
 The listning spheres attend,  
 And swell the growing theme —  
 Resound in songs which never end,  
 His gracious name.

## IV

Of him exalted high, *Acts v. 31.*  
 The great Archangels sing,  
 And " Holy, Holy, Holy," cry, *Rev. iv. 8.*  
 " Almighty King !  
 " Who wast, and art, the same,  
 " And evermore shalt be —  
 " Jehovah ! Jesus ! Great I Am, *Jn. viii. 24.*  
 " We worship thee."

## V

While heav'n's triumphant host  
 His name thus glorify,  
 Of him shall we not make our boast,  
 And with them vie ?  
 Join we the heav'nly lays !  
 With *Seraphs* now combine !  
 Hail, Jesus, hail ! honour and praise  
 Be ever thine !

HYMN



H Y M N 230.

8 Lines, four sixes and four fives.

*Psalm* 148. 1, 2, 3, 12, 14.

I

YE boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your *Maker's* fame!  
His praise your songs employ,  
Above the starry frame!  
Your voices raise,  
Ye *Cherubim*,  
And *Seraphim*,  
To sing his praise!

II

Thou moon, that rul'st the night,  
And sun, that guid'st the day —  
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
To him your homage pay!  
His praise declare,  
Ye heav'ns above,  
And clouds that move,  
In liquid air!

III

Let earth her tribute give,  
And magnify his name,  
By whom all creatures live —  
His wond'rous pow'r proclaim!  
In this design,  
Let youths with maids,  
And hoary heads  
With children join.

IV

His chosen saints to grace,  
He sets them up on high;

T

And

And favours *Israel's* race,  
 Who still to him are nigh:  
 Oh, therefore, raise  
 Your grateful voice,  
 And still rejoice  
 The *Lord* to praise!

H Y M N 231.

*Denbigh.*

**F**ROM all that dwell below the skies  
 Let the *Creator's* praise arise!  
 Let the *Redeemer's* name be sung,  
 Thro' ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue!  
 Eternal are thy mercies, *Lord*,  
 And saving grace attends thy word;  
 Thy praise shall sound, from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise, and set no more!

H Y M N 232.

*Greenwich.*

**P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair, *Isa. ix. 2.*  
 We wretched sinners lay,  
 Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.  
 With pitying eyes, the *Lord of life*  
 Beheld our hopeless grief,  
 He saw — and (O' amazing love!)  
 He came to our relief:  
 Down from the shining courts above  
 With joyful haste he fled,  
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,  
 And cwelt among the dead.

Oh,

Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break,  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The *Saviour's* praises speak!  
 Angels assist our mighty joys!  
 Strike all your harps of gold!  
 But, when ye raise your highest notes,  
 His love can ne'er be told!

H Y M N 283.

*Litchfield.*

**T**O *God*, the only wise,  
 Our *Saviour*, and our *King*,  
 Let all the saints below the skies  
 Their humble praises bring!  
 'Tis his almighty love,  
 His counsel and his care,  
 Preserves us safe from sin, and death,  
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.  
 He shall present his saints  
 Unblemish'd, and complete,  
 Before the glory of his face,  
 With joys divinely great.  
 Then all the chosen seed  
 Shall meet around his throne—  
 Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
 And make his wonders known.  
 To our redeeming *God*  
 Wisdom and pow'r belong:  
 Eternal as his *Majesty*,  
 Eternal be our song!

*Jude 25.*

*Pf. xci. 3.*  
*Col. i. 22.*

*1 Pet. ii. 9.*

T 2

H Y M N

## H Y M N 234.

*Salvation.*

## I

**S**ALVATION! Oh the joyful sound! *Pf. lxxxix.*  
 What music in our ears! [15.  
 A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound! *Jer. viii. 22.*  
 A cordial for our fears!  
*Glory, honour, praise, and power,*  
*Be unto the Lamb for ever!*  
*Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!*  
*Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!*  
*Praise the Lord!*

## II

Salvation! Let the echo fly  
 The spacious earth around,  
 While all the armies of the sky  
 Conspire to raise the sound!

## III

Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb, *Jn. i. 29.*  
 To thee the praise belongs!  
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
 And dwell upon our tongues!

## H Y M N 235.

*Doxology.*

**P**RAISE God from whom all blessings flow!  
 Praise him, all creatures here below!  
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host!  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!  
*Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts,*  
*Heav'n and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!*  
*Hallelujah! Amen!*

## OR THUS.

*Sing praises! Hallelujah! Glad tidings! Hallelujah!*

H Y M N

H Y M N 236.

*Spring.*

I

**H**AIL ! hail, reviv'd, reviving Spring,  
Fair type of heav'n's eternal year !  
While nature's works thy praises sing,  
Lo ! gratitude salutes thee here !  
Swell, gently swell the solemn song !  
Now pour the bounding notes along !  
Teach Choirs below to Choirs above,  
To echo back the common lay ;  
And, as they praise unbounded love,  
To join in bounty's holiday.

To *God*, the universal *King*,  
Be sacred ev'ry grateful Choir !  
In endless hymns all praises sing  
That endless bounty can inspire !

II

All lost beneath stern winter's reign,  
Creation's genial pow'rs appear'd ;  
Spring call'd them into life again —  
See ! budding verdure shews they heard !  
Bless, bless, O man, the kind design  
Whose nobler counterpart is thine !  
Thy pow'rs a colder winter froze,  
Till thy Messiah's cheering ray,  
Prolific of fair truth, arose,  
And shed the blaze of mental day.

*Mal. iv. 2.*

*Lu. ii. 79.*

To *God*, &c.

H Y M N 237.

4 Lines, *fixes and eights.*

I

**A**WAKE, and sing the song  
Of *Moses* and the *Lamb* !

*Rev. xv. 3.*

Wake

T 3



Wake ev'ry heart, and ev'ry tongue  
To praise the *Saviour's* name !

## II

Sing of his dying love —  
Sing of his rising pow'r —  
Sing how he intercedes above,  
For those whose sins he bore.

*Heb. vii. 25.*  
*1 Pet. iii. 18.*

## III

Sing, till we feel our hearts  
Ascending with our tongues !  
Sing, till the love of sin departs,  
And grace inspires our songs !

## IV

Sing on your heav'nly way —  
Ye ransom'd sinners, sing !  
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry day,  
In *Christ*, your gracious *King* !

*Isa. xxxv. 10.*

## V

Soon shall ye hear him say  
“ Ye blessed children, come : ”  
Angels shall bear you, then, away,  
To your eternal home.

*Matt. xxv. 34.*

H Y M N 238.

*Denmark.*

*Psf. 100.*

**B**EFORE *Jehovah's* awful throne,  
Ye nations bow with sacred joy !  
Know that the *Lord* is *God* alone —  
He can create, and he destroy.  
His sov'reign pow'r, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;  
And when, like wand'ring sheep, we stray'd,  
He brought us to his fold again.  
We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs —  
High as the heav'ns our voices raise !

And

And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.  
Wide as the world is thy command —  
Vast, as eternity, thy love !  
Firm, as a rock, thy truth shall stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

H Y M N 239.

*Christ-Church.*

*Pf. cl.*

**P**RAISE the *Lord* who reigns above,  
And keeps his courts below !  
Praise our gracious *God* of love,  
And all his greatness shew !  
Praise him for his noble deeds !  
Praise him for his matchless pow'r !  
Him from whom all good proceeds  
Let earth and heav'n adore !

Publish, spread to all around,  
The great *Immanuel's* name !  
Let the trumpets martial sound  
Him *Lord of hosts* proclaim !  
Praise him, ev'ry tuneful string !  
All the reach of heav'nly art —  
All the pow'r of music bring —  
The music of the heart !

Him in whom they move, and live,  
Let ev'ry creature sing !  
Glory to their *Maker* give,  
And homage to their *King* !  
Hallow'd be his name beneath !  
As in heav'n on earth ador'd !  
Praise the *Lord* in ev'ry breath !  
Let all things praise the *Lord* !

**HYMN**

H Y M N 240.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

CLAP your hands, ye people all ! *Pf. xlvii. 1, 2.*  
 Praise the God on whom we call !  
 Lift your voice, and shout his praise !  
 Triumph in his saving grace ! *Tit. ii. 11.*

II

Glorious is the Lord most High !  
 'Terrible in majesty !  
 He his sov'reign sway maintains —  
 King o'er all the earth he reigns !

III

Zion, shout aloud ! for he,  
 As thy Saviour, dwells in thee !  
 Spread abroad the joyful sound !  
 Let the nations roll it round !

IV

Wonderful in saving pow'r,  
 Him let all our hearts adore !  
 Earth and heav'n repeat the cry,  
 Glory be to God most High ! *Lu. ii. 14.*

H Y M N 241. L. M. doubled.

I

THE spacious firmament on high, *Pf. xix. 1.*  
 With all the blue etherial sky,  
 By their bespangled shining frame,  
 Their great Original proclaim !  
 Th' unwear'd Sun, from day to day, *Pf. xix. 4.*  
 Does his Creator's pow'r display ;  
 And publishes, to ev'ry land,  
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon

## II

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,  
 The Moon takes up the wond'rous tale,  
 And, nightly, to the list'ning earth,  
 Repeats the story of her birth;  
 Whilst all the stars that round her burn,  
 And all the planets, in their turn,  
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,  
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

## III

What tho', in solemn silence, all  
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball —  
 What tho' no real voice nor sound, *Pf. xix. 3.*  
 Amid their radiant orbs, be found,  
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
 And utter forth a glorious voice,  
 For ever singing, as they shine,  
 The hand that made us is divine.

H Y M N 242. *L. M. doubled.*

## I

**P**RAISE to the *God* who arch'd the sky,  
 Is the high note that wakes my tongue!  
 Praise to the *God* who reigns on high,  
 Shall be the cadence of my song.  
 Celestial worlds, your *Maker's* name  
 Resound, thro' ev'ry shining coast!  
 Our *God* a greater praise will claim,  
 Where he unfolds his glories most.

## II

Angels, that his commission bear, *Pf. lxxviii. 17.*  
 And ye that wait around the throne,  
 Next in the tuneful work appear,  
 And send your lofty honours down.  
 Stupendous globe of flaming day,  
 Praise him, in your sublime career!

He

He struck, from night, thy peerless ray —  
Weigh'd thee thy path, and guides thee there.

## III

Moon, milder regent of the night,  
Our *God* expects his praise from you :  
Tho' faint your beams, yet they can write,  
In fainter strokes, his praises too.  
Ye starry lamps, to whom 'tis giv'n  
Night's sabler horrors to illumine,  
Praise him who hung you in the heav'n,  
With vivid fires to gild the gloom.

## IV

Light'nings, that round th' *Eternal* play —  
Thunders that from his arm are hurl'd,  
The grandeur of your *God* convey,  
Blazing or bursting on the world !  
Whirlwinds, that, with impetuous force,  
Fulfil *Jehovah's* dire command,  
Praise him in your unfetter'd course,  
And sound his terrors thro' the land.

## V

Mountains, with everlasting zeal,  
Proclaim your *Maker's* name abroad !  
While grove to grove, and hill to hill,  
His name, in humble echoes, laud.  
Ye birds, in painted plumage drest,  
Tune to your *God* your lab'ring throats !  
By reptiles be his praise express'd,  
Tho' rude and artless be their notes !

## VI

From clime to clime, from shore to shore,  
Be the *Almighty God* ador'd !  
He made the nations by his pow'r,  
And sways them by his sov'reign word.  
At once let nature's ample round  
To *God* the vast thanksgiving raise !

His



His high perfection knows no bound,  
No bound be, therefore, to his praise!

H Y M N 243. *C. M. doubled.*

I

**I**NDULGENT *Father*, how divine,  
How bright thy bounties are!  
Thro' nature's ample round they shine,  
Thy goodness to declare:  
But, in the nobler work of grace,  
What sweeter mercy smiles  
In my benign *Redeemer's* face,  
And ev'ry fear beguiles!

II

Indebted thus to thee, I'll pay  
My grateful sacrifice,  
When morning ushers in the day,  
Or ev'ning veils the skies!  
When glimm'ring life resigns its flame,  
Thy praise shall tune my breath—  
The dear memorials of thy name  
Shall gild the shades of death.

III

But, oh! how sweet my song shall rise  
When freed from sinful clay,  
And all thy glories meet my eyes,  
In one eternal day!  
Not *Seraphs*, who resound thy name,  
Thro' yon etherial plains,  
Shall glow with a diviner flame,  
Or raise sublimer strains!

H Y M N 244. *Hallelujah.*

I

**P**RAISE ye the *Lord*, y' immortal choir  
That fill the realms above!

Praise

Praise him who form'd you of his fire,  
And feeds you with his love!  
Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,  
The floor of his abode!  
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,  
Before your brighter *God*.

## II

Thou restless globe of golden light,  
Whose beams create our days,  
Join with the silver queen of night,  
To own your borrow'd rays!  
Ye winds, resound his name aloud,  
Thro' the etherial blue!  
For, when his chariot is a cloud,  
He makes his wheels of you.

## III

Thunder, and hail, and fires, and storms,  
The troops of his command,  
Appear, in all your dreadful forms,  
And speak his awful hand!  
Shout to the *Lord*, ye surging seas,  
In your eternal roar!  
Let wave to wave resound his praise,  
And shore reply to shore!

## IV

Let the shrill birds his honour raise,  
And climb the morning sky;  
While grov'ling beasts attempt his praise,  
In coarser harmony.  
Thus, while the meaner creatures sing,  
Ye mortals, catch the sound —  
Echo the glories of your *King*,  
Thro' all the nations round!

H Y M N 245.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

ANGELS, who the throne surround, *Rev.v.11.*  
 Let your notes of praise abound!  
 Tune your golden harps, and sing *Rev.xiv.2.*  
*Christ, our Prophet, Priest, and King.*

II

Let man's highly-favour'd race  
 Sing the wonders of his grace!  
 May they, with angelic flame,  
 Shout aloud *Immanuel's* name!

III

Heralds of the *King of kings*,  
 Preach the peace which *Jesus* brings! *Eph.ii.17.*  
 Oh, extol th' incarnate *God*!  
 Preach the merit of his blood!

IV

Ye who know the joyful sound, *Pslxxxix.15.*  
 Who in *Christ* have pardon found, *Eph.i.7.*  
 Bear the length'ning notes along—  
 Join the universal song!

V

*Jesus's* all-atoning death *Heb.ii.9.*  
 Celebrate in ev'ry breath!  
 Praise the saint's unspotted dress,  
*Christ's* imputed righteousness! *Rom.iv.11,24.*

VI

Blest in *Christ* with gifts divine, *Eph.i.3.*  
 O my soul, the concert join!  
 As a brand pluck'd out of hell, *Zech.iii.2.*  
 His redeeming goodness tell!

U

All

## VII

All who dwell in earth, and sky,  
*Jesus* praise, enthron'd on high!  
 Spread his fame from shore to shore!  
 Bless him—praise him evermore!

H Y M N 246. *Magdalen Ode.*

## I.

**G**RATEFUL notes and numbers bring,  
 While *Jehovah's* praise we sing:  
 Holy, holy, holy *Lord*,  
 Be thy glorious name ador'd!

## II

Men on earth, and saints above,  
 Sing the great *Redeemer's* love!  
*Lord*, thy mercies never fail—  
 Hail, celestial goodness, hail!

*Pf.c.5.*

## III

Tho' unworthy of thine ear,  
*Lord*, our hallelujahs hear;  
 Purer praise we hope to bring,  
 When with saints above we sing.

## IV

Lead us to that blissful state,  
 Where thou reign'st, supremely great;  
 Look with pity from thy throne—  
 And send thy *Holy Spirit* down.

*Lu.xi.13.*

## V

While on earth ordain'd to stay,  
 Guide our footsteps in thy way;  
 Till we come to reign with thee,  
 And all thy glorious greatness see.

*Pf. xvii.v.*

## VI

Then, with angels, we'll again  
 Wake a louder, louder strain:

There,

There, in joyful songs of praise,  
We'll our grateful voices raise.

VII

There no tongue shall silent be —  
There all shall join sweet harmony —  
There, thro' heav'n's all spacious round,  
Thy praise, O *God*, shall ever sound.

*Chorus.*

Lord, thy mercies never fail —  
Hail, celestial goodness, hail !

H Y M N      247.      *Cambridge.*

**F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines !  
How high thy wonders rise !  
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs —  
By thousand thro' the skies.  
Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r —  
Their motions speak thy skill ;  
And, on the wings of ev'ry hour,  
We read thy patience still.  
But, when we view thy great design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Where vengeance and compassion join,  
In their divinest forms ;  
Here the whole *Deity* is known,  
Nor dares a creature guess  
Which attribute most splendid shone,  
The justice, or the grace.  
Now the full glories of the *Lamb*  
Adorn the heav'nly plains ;  
Bright *Seraphs* learn *Immanuel's* name,  
And try their choicest strains.  
Oh, may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song !  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.



## H Y M N 248.

*Peculiar Measure.*

## I

**G**LORY to God on high!  
 Let heav'n and earth reply,  
 Praise ye his name!  
 Angels, his love adore,  
 Who all our sorrows bore!  
 And saints cry, evermore,  
 Worthy the *Lamb*!

*Lu. ii. 14.**Isa. liii. 4.**Rev. v. 12.*

## II

All they around the throne  
 Cheerfully join in one,  
 Praising his name!  
 Ye who have felt his blood  
 Sealing your peace with God,  
 Sound his dear name abroad!  
 Worthy the *Lamb*!

*2 Cor. i. 21.*

## III

Join, all ye ransom'd race,  
 Our Lord and God to bless!  
 Praise ye his name!  
 In him we will rejoice,  
 Making a cheerful noise,  
 And shout, with heart and voice,  
 Worthy the *Lamb*!

## IV

Tho' we must change our place,  
 Yet shall we never cease,  
 Praising his name!  
 To him we'll tribute bring —  
 Hail him our gracious King,  
 And evermore shall sing,  
 Worthy the *Lamb*!

H Y M N 249. C. M. Doubled.

I

THE glorious armies of the sky,  
To thee, O mighty King;  
Triumphant anthems consecrate,  
And hallelujahs sing!  
But still their most exalted flights  
Fall vastly short of thee;  
How distant, then, must human praise  
From thy perfections be!

II

Yet how, my God, can I refrain,  
When, to my ravish'd sense,  
All creatures, in their various ways,  
Display thine excellence:  
The active Lights that shine above,  
In their eternal dance,  
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise,  
With silent eloquence.

*Pf. xix. 3.*

III

The blushes of the morn confess  
That thou art much more fair,  
When, in the east, its beams revive,  
To gild the fields of air:  
The fragrant, the refreshing breath  
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,  
In balmy whispers, owns, from thee  
Their pleasing odours come.

IV

The singing birds, the warbling winds,  
And waters murmur'ing fall,  
To praise the first Almighty Cause,  
With different voices call.  
Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,  
And shall I silent be?  
No — rather let me cease to breathe,  
Than cease from praising thee.

H Y M N 250. C. M. Doubled.

## I

**B**EGIN the high celestial strain,  
 My ravish'd soul, and sing  
 A solemn hymn of grateful praise  
 To heav'n's Almighty King !  
 Ye circling mountains, as ye roll  
 Your silver waves along,  
 Whisper to all your verdant shores  
 The subject of my song.

## II

Retain it long, ye echoing rocks —  
 The sacred sound retain,  
 And, from your hollow winding caves,  
 Return it oft again.  
 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,  
 To distant climes away ;  
 And, round the wide extended world,  
 My lofty theme convey.

## III

Take the glad burden of his name,  
 Ye clouds, as ye arise,  
 Whether to deck the golden morn,  
 Or shade the ev'ning-skies.  
 Let harmless thunders roll along  
 The smooth ethereal plain,  
 And answer, from the crystal vault,  
 To ev'ry flying strain.

## IV

Long let it echo round the spheres,  
 And pierce the starry sky,  
 Till angels, with immortal skill,  
 Improve the harmony :  
 While I, with sacred raptures fir'd,  
 The blest *Creator* sing,  
 And warble consecrated lays  
 To heav'n's Almighty King !



P A R T III.

*Containing Hymns adapted to Penitents.*



S E C T I O N I.

*Hymns for Sinners, when first awakened to see  
their danger.*

H Y M N 251. C. M. Doubled.

I

WHAT have I done ! alas ! my God, *Jer. viii. 6*]  
Where hath the wand'rer been !

What fatal mazes have I trod,

Led by that Syren, *Sin* !

Far off from thee my soul hath stray'd, *Psf. cxix. 176.*

And after idols run :

*Eze. xiv. 3.*

The prodigal I've madly play'd !

Alas ! *What have I done ?*

II

From off my neck thy gentle yoke *Matt. xi. 30.*

I with contempt have torn —

*Jer. v. 5.*

Thro' all the bonds of duty broke,

And treated thee with scorn :

To humour my rebellious pride,

I call'd myself my own ,

*1 Cor. vi. 19.*

Thy rights I utterly deny'd —

Alas ! *What have I done ?*

III

With heart unshaken I have heard

Thy dreadful thunders roar ;

When

When grace in all its charms appear'd,  
 I only sinn'd the more.  
 Iv'e brav'd thy glowing vengeance, *Lord*,  
 And spurn'd thy bleeding Son — *Heb. x. 29.*  
 Have all thy righteous laws abhorr'd —  
 Alas! *What have I done?*

IV

A slave to *Satan* I have been, *Eph. iv. 8.*  
 And drudg'd to do his will;  
 P've freely sold myself to sin, *1 Kings xxi. 20.*  
 And wear my fetters still:  
 I ne'er on death or judgment thought,  
 But still kept sinning on,  
 And thus mine own destruction fought *Rom. iii. 16.*  
 Alas! *What have I done?*

H Y M N 252. C. M.

I

**B**Y thy victorious hand struck down,  
 Here prostrate, *Lord*, I lie;  
 And shake to see my *Maker* frown,  
 Whom once I did defy.

II

Those sins, which, once, with bitter spite,  
 I pointed at thy throne,  
 Driv'n back by thy resistless might,  
 Cut thro' my heart of stone. *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

III

'Tis wounded, *Lord* — I feel the pain —  
 The anguish makes me roar: *Psf. xxxviii. 8.*  
 My kindest friends attempt in vain  
 To heal the deadly fore *Fer. xxx. 12.*

IV

I breathe in groans and dismal sighs —  
 My drink is briny tears — *Psf. cii. 9.*  
 My



My language lamentable cries,  
Forc'd from me by my fears.

V

Life is a load too heavy grown, *Psf. xxxviii. 4.*  
And yet I fear to die :  
I hate to stay, nor dare be gone —  
Oh ! what a wretch am I !

VI

I feel a very hell within, *Psf. cxvi. 3.*  
Nor can myself endure :  
I'm sick, I'm sick to death of sin ! *Isa. i. 5.*  
Where shall I get a cure ? *Jer. xxxiii. 6.*

H Y M N 253.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

I

AH, what can I do ?  
Or where be secure ?  
If justice pursue,  
What heart can endure ?  
When God speaks in thunder, *Job xxvi. 14.*  
And makes himself known,  
The heart breaks asunder,  
Tho' hard as a stone. *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

II

With terror I read  
My sin's heavy score —  
The sum doth exceed  
The sands on the shore ; *Psf. cxxxix. 18.*  
Guilt makes me unable  
To stand, or to flee :  
So Cain murder'd Abel,  
And trembled like me.

Each

## III

Each sin, like his blood,  
 With terrible cry,  
 Calls loudly on *God*,  
 To strike from on high ;  
 Nor can my repentance,  
 Extorted by fear,  
 Reverse the just sentence —  
 'Tis just, tho' severe.

*Gen. iv. 10.*

## IV

And, must I, then, go,  
 For ever to dwell  
 In torments and woe,  
 With Devils in hell ?  
 Oh, where is the *Saviour*—  
 I scorn'd, in times past ?  
 His word, in my favour  
 Would save me, at last.

## V

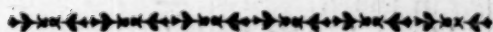
*Lord Jesus*, on thee  
 I venture to call —  
 Oh, look upon me,  
 The vilest of all !  
 For whom didst thou languish  
 And bleed on the tree ?  
 Oh, pity my anguish,  
 And say, " 'Twas for thee !"

*1 Pet. iii. 18.*

## VI

A case such as mine  
 Will honour thy pow'r —  
 All hell will repine —  
 All heav'n will adore !  
 If, in condemnation,  
 Strict justice takes place,  
 It shines in salvation,  
 More glorious, thro' grace.

*Rom. v. 15.*  
SECT.



S E C T I O N II.

*Hymns for a convinced Formalist, or self-righteous Pharisee.*

H Y M N 254. C. M.

I  
**L**ONG have I seem'd to serve thee, Lord,  
With unavailing pain —  
Fasted, and pray'd, and read thy word,  
And heard it preach'd in vain.

II  
Oft did I with thy people join,  
And bow before thy throne:  
A *form* of godliness was mine, 2 *Tim.* iii. 5.  
'The *pow'r* was quite unknown.

III  
I rested in the outward law, *Phil.* iii. 6.  
Nor knew its deep design; *Rom.* v. 20.  
The purity I never saw,  
Nor felt the love divine.

IV  
To please thee thus, at length, I see,  
Vainly I hop'd, and strove:  
For, what are outward works to thee,  
Unless they spring from *Love*?

V  
I see the perfect law requires  
Truth in the inward parts;  
And that a jealous *God* desires *Pf.* li. 6.  
Our undivided hearts. *Exod.* xx. 5.

VI  
But I of *means* have made my boast —  
Of *means* an idol made!

The

The *Spirit* in the *letter* lost —  
The *substance* in the *shade* !

*Rom. vii. 6.*

## VII

O wretched man ! what is my hope ? *Rom. vii. 24.*  
What can my weakness do ?  
*Jesu*, to thee my soul looks up —  
'Tis thou must make it new. *2 Cor. v. 17.*

## VIII

I trust in him who stands between  
Th' offended *God* and me : *1 Tim. ii. 5.*  
*Jesu*, thou great eternal *mean*,  
I look for all from thee.

H Y M N 255.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

## I

**M**Y gracious, loving *Lord*,  
To thee what shall I say ?  
Well may I tremble at thy word, *Isa. lxvi. 2.*  
And almost fear to pray :  
With all pollutions stain'd,  
Thy hallow'd courts I trod,  
Thy name and temple I profan'd,  
And dar'd to call thee *God* !

## II

Nigh with my lips I drew — *Isa. xxix. 13.*  
My lips were all unclean ; *Isa. vi. 5.*  
Thee with my heart I never knew —  
My heart was full of sin :  
My nature I obey'd —  
Pursu'd my own desires ;  
Thy house a den of thieves I made, *Matt. xxi. 13.*  
And offer'd up strange fires. *Lev. x. 1.*

## III

My sin and nakedness *Rev. iii. 17.*  
I study'd to disguise —

Spoke

Spoke to my soul a flatt'ring peace,  
 And trusted in vain lies : *Jn. vii. 4.*  
 In fig-leaves I appear'd, *Gen. iii. 7.*  
 Nor with my *form* would part;  
 But still retain'd a conscience fear'd — *Tim. iv. 2.*  
 A hard, deceitful heart. *Jer. xvii. 9.*

IV

A goodly, formal saint  
 I long appear'd in fight,  
 By *Self* and *Satan* taught to paint  
 My tomb, my outside white : *Matt. xxiii. 27.*  
 My filthiness within  
 Still undisturb'd remain'd —  
 The strong man, arm'd with guilt of sin, *Lu. xi. 21.*  
 Safe in his palace reign'd.

V

But, oh ! the jealous *God* *Exod. xx. 5.*  
 Has *Satan* overthrown !  
*Jesus* himself the stronger shew'd,  
 And claim'd me for his own :  
 My spirit he alarm'd,  
 And brought into distress —  
 He shook, and bound the strong man, arm'd  
 In his self-righteousness.

VI

Faded my virtuous shew —  
 My *form* without the *pow'r*;  
 The sin-convincing *Spirit* blew, *Jn. xvi. 8.*  
 And blasted ev'ry flow'r :  
 My mouth was stopp'd, and shame *Rom. iii. 19.*  
 Cover'd my guilty face —  
 I cry'd to the atoning *Lamb*,  
 And I was sav'd by grace. *Eph. ii. 5.*



230 *For awakened Sinners, hoping against Hope.*

H Y M N 256. L. M.

I

**N**O more, my *God*, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done :  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy *Son*.

II

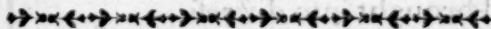
Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss; *Phil.iii.7.*  
My former *pride* I call my *shame*,  
And nail my glory to his cross. *Gal.vi.14.*

III

Yes, *Lord*, I must and will esteem  
All things but loss, for *Jesu's* sake :  
Oh may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake !

IV

The best obedience of my hands *Exod. xxviii. 38.*  
Dares not appear before thy throne ;  
But *faith* can answer thy demands,  
By pleading what my *Lord* has done. *Acts xiii. 39.*



### S E C T I O N III.

*Hymns for awakened Sinners hoping against  
Hope, and coming boldly to the Throne of Grace.*

*Hebrews iv. 16.*

H Y M N 257.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

I

**M**Y soul is beset  
With grief and dismay —

I owe

*For awakened Sinners, hying against Hope. 231*

I owe a vast debt,  
And nothing can pay ;  
I must go to prison,  
Unless that dear Lord  
Who dy'd, and is risen,  
His mercy afford.

*Matt. xviii. 30*

*Rom. viii. 34.*

II

The death that he dy'd —  
The blood that he spilt,  
To sinners apply'd,  
Discharge from all guilt :  
This great *Intercessor*  
Can give (if he please)  
The vilest transgressor  
Immediate release.

*Rom. vii. 9.*

*1 Jn. ii. 1.*

III

When nail'd to the tree,  
He answer'd the pray'r  
Of one, who, like me,  
Was nigh to despair :  
He did not upbraid him  
With all he had done,  
But instantly made him  
A Saint, and a Son.

*Lu. xxiii. 47.*

*Rom. viii. 16.*

IV

The Jailor, I read,  
A pardon receiv'd —  
And how was he freed ?  
He only believ'd :  
His case mine resembled —  
Like me he was foul —  
Like me, too, he trembled —  
But faith made him whole.

*Acts xvi. 34.*

V

Tho' *Saul*, in his youth,  
To madness enrag'd.

*Acts xxvi. 11.*

Against

232 *For awakened Sinners, hoping against Hope.*

Against the *Lord's* truth,  
And people engag'd,  
Yet *Jesus* the *Saviour*,  
Whom long he revil'd,  
Receiv'd him to favour,  
And made him a child.

*Acts* xxii. 16.

VI

A foe to all good,  
In wickedness skill'd,  
*Manasseh* with blood  
*Jerusalem* fill'd:  
In evil long harden'd,  
The *Lord* he defy'd:  
Yet he too, was pardon'd,  
When mercy he cry'd.

*2 Ki.* xxi. 16.

*2 Chro.* xxxiii. 13.

VII

Of sinners the chief,  
And viler than all,  
The *Sailor*, or *Thief*,  
*Manasseh*, or *Saul*;  
Since *they* were forgiven,  
Why should I despair,  
While *Christ* is in heaven,  
And still answers pray'r?

*1 Tim.* i. 15.

H Y M N 258.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**A**WAKE, my soul — shake off thy dust — *Isa.*  
To *Jesus* now at length look up; [lii. 2.  
No longer doubt — no more distrust —  
Against all hope, believe in hope: *Rom* iv. 18.  
Boldly stretch forth thine hand of faith, *Matt.* xii. 13.  
And seize the purchase of his death.

Am

II

Am I too bad for *Christ* to save ?  
Am I too foul for him to cleanse ?  
Will he not ransom me a slave ?  
Can he not pardon all my sins ?  
Shall not my soul be justify'd,  
When looking to his wounded side ?

III

Hath *God* forgotten all his grace, *Pf. lxxvii. 9.*  
And empty'd all his stores of love ?  
Will he for ever hide his face ?  
Will he for ever angry prove ? *Pf. ciii. 9.*  
Surely, his promise cannot fail —  
Mercy o'er judgment shall prevail. *Jas. ii. 13.*

IV

How many sinners, such as I,  
In glory now, his love proclaim ?  
Shall I alone despair and die,  
Without redemption in his name ?  
Surely, his blood did once atone  
For sinners lost, and I am one. *Matt. xviii. 11.*

V

*Jesu*, to thee, I lift mine eyes —  
My only trust is in thy blood :  
On thee alone my soul relies —  
Be thou my *Saviour* and my *God* :  
The guilt and pow'r of sin remove,  
And fill my soul with peace and love.

H Y M N 259.

L. M.

**F**OR thee, O *God*, I groan aloud —  
Thou see'st how low my soul is bow'd :  
How would my soul rejoice to see  
The hour that brings me home to thee !

X 3

Prostrate

234 *For awakened Sinners, hoping against Hope.*

II

Prostrate I fall beneath thy feet,  
Acknowledging my sin is great —  
Yet not too great to be forgiv'n,  
Since *Jesús* intercedes in heav'n.

*Heb. vii. 25.*

III

Still must I cry to thee, O *God*,  
Till I am wash'd in *Jesús's* blood :  
My lost estate I must bemoan,  
Till I am sav'd by *Christ* alone.

IV

Say, *Jesús*, dost thou love me ? say —  
Oh ! take my load of guilt away !  
Send down my pardon from on high —  
Then who shall praise thee more than I ?

V

Afford my troubled heart some ease,  
And kiss me with a kiss of peace :  
At length, constrain me to believe,  
And let me all thy grace receive.

*Lu. xv. 20.*

VI

Thy righteousness in me reveal —  
Upon my heart thine image seal :  
Thy sweetest comforts let me prove,  
And feel that *God* my *God* is love.

*Rom. i. 17.*

*2 Tim. ii. 19.*

*1 Jn. iv. 8.*

H Y M N 260.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**L**ORD, we confess our sins to thee —  
Our sins beyond expression great :

Fast bound in sin and misery,

*Pf. cvii. 10.*

Our spirits faint beneath the weight,

And struggle to throw off the load,

But, ah, we can't find peace with *God*. *Rom. v. 1.*

Oh,



II

Oh, how shall we the anguish bear  
Of inbred sin's invenom'd dart !  
Oh that the mighty *God* would tear  
The arrows rankling in our heart !  
Its poison drinks our spirits up — *Job vi. 4.*  
And quenches ev'ry spark of hope.

III

*Lord*, wilt thou not, at last, appear,  
And make thy pow'r and *Godhead* known ?  
Surely, thou wilt the mourners cheer, *Isa. lxi. 2.*  
And make each broken heart thy throne : *Isa. lvii. 15.*  
Now, then, our wounded souls bind up — *Eze. 34 16.*  
Against hope we believe in hope. *Rom. iv. 18.*

IV

Who sow in tears in joy shall reap — *Pf. cxxvi. 5.*  
The *Lord* shall comfort all that mourn : *Matt. v. 4.*  
They who go on their way, and weep,  
Rejoicing, doubtless, shall return,  
And bring their sheaves with vast increase,  
And have their fruit to holiness. *Rom. vi. 22.*

V

Therefore, we'll quietly attend, *Lam. iii. 26.*  
And wait the leisure of our *Lord* :  
Surely, we all shall, in the end, *Hab. ii. 3.*  
Experience his forgiving word —  
Shall his redeeming pow'r declare,  
And fruit unto perfection bear. *Lu. viii. 14.*

H Y M N 261. C. M.

I

**E**NSNAR'D too long my heart has been  
In folly's hurtful ways,  
Oh, may I now, at length, begin  
To hear what *Wisdom* says ! *Prov. i. 20, 22.*  
'Tis

236 *For awakened Sinners, hoping against Hope.*

II

'Tis *Jesus*, from his mercy-seat  
Invites me to his rest : *Matt. xi. 28.*  
He calls poor sinners to his feet,  
To make them truly blest.

III

Approach, my soul, to wisdom's gates,  
While it is call'd to-day ; *Heb. iii. 13.*  
No one who there with patience waits,  
Shall e'er be turn'd away. *Matt. vii. 7.*

IV

He will not let me seek in vain — *Isa. xlv. 19.*  
For, all who trust his word, *Pf. xxxi. 19.*  
Shall everlasting life obtain,  
And favour from the *Lord*.

V

*Lord*, I have hated thee too long,  
And dar'd thee to thy face ;  
I've done my soul amazing wrong,  
In slighting all thy grace.

VI

Now I would break my league with death,  
And live to thee alone : *[Isa. xxviii. 18.]*  
Oh let thy *Spirit's* seal, thro' faith,  
Secure me for thine own ! *Eph. iv. 30.*

H Y M N 262.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare —  
*Jesus* loves to answer pray'r :  
Those whom he commands to pray  
Ne'er are empty sent away. *Lu. i. 53.*

Thou

*For awakened Sinners, hoping against Hope. 237*

II

Thou art coming to a *King*,  
Therefore large petitions bring ;  
For, his grace and pow'r are such,  
None can ever ask too much.

III

With my burden I begin —  
*Lord*, remove this load of sin :  
Let thy blood for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.

*Matt. xi. 28.*

*Eph. i. 7.*

IV

*Lord*, I come to thee for rest —  
Take possession of my breast :  
There thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

V

While I am a pilgrim here,  
Let thy love my spirit cheer :  
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,  
Lead me to my journey's end.

*Heb. xi. 13.*

VI

Shew me what I have to do —  
Ev'ry hour my strength renew :  
Let me live a life of faith —  
Let me die thy people's death.

*Heb. x. 38.*

*Numb. xxiii. 10.*

H Y M N 263.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

PEACE, doubting heart! — Hath God begun,  
And brought me to the birth in vain? *Isa. lxxvi. 9.*  
Will *Jesus* leave his work undone, *Heb. xii. 2.*  
Or slight his sin-sick creature's pain?  
My want of faith so kindly shew,  
And not the precious gift bestow?

*Eph. ii. 8.*

Away

238 *For awakened Sinners, hoping against Hope.*

I I

Away my needless doubts and fears  
That I shall seek, and never find ! *Matt. vii. 8.*  
Shall lose my unavailing tears,  
O'erlook'd of *God*, and left behind,  
Till, in *Egyptian* bondage, I, *Exod. vi. 5.*  
Dying in sin, for ever die !

I I I

Who ever ask'd for help in vain ? *Isa. xlv. 19.*  
Or, weary, sunk beneath his load ? *Matt. xi. 28.*  
Or knock'd, but could not entrance gain ?  
Or, hopeless, dy'd in seeking *God* ?  
The praying soul shall favour meet — *Acts ix. 11.*  
None perish'd yet at *Jesu's* feet.

I V

His word and oath are on my side, *Heb. vi. 18.*  
And stand engag'd to make me blest ;  
I shall be freely justify'd — *Rom. iii. 34.*  
I shall obtain the promis'd rest —  
With eyes of faith my *Saviour* see, *Lu. ii. 30.*  
And feel that he hath dy'd for me. *Gal. ii. 20.*

H Y M N 264. *L. M. doubled.*

I

AWAY, my unbelieving fear ! *Isa. xxxv. 4.*  
Fear shall in me no more take place !  
My *Saviour* doth not yet appear —  
He hides the brightness of his face : *Psf. xxx. 7.*  
But shall I, therefore, let him go,  
And basely to the *Tempter* yield ?  
No — in the strength of *Jesus*, no !  
I never will give up my shield. *Eph. vi. 16.*

II

Altho' the vine its fruit deny —  
Altho' the olive yield no oil, *Hab. iii. 17.*  
The with'ring fig-tree droop and die —

The

The field illude the tiller's toil —  
The empty stall no herd afford,  
And perish all the bleating race,  
Yet will I triumph in the *Lord* —  
The *God* of my salvation praise.

III

Barren altho' my soul remain,  
And scarce one bud of grace appear —  
But little fruit of all my pain,  
And sin alone seem springing here —  
Altho' my gifts and comforts lost,  
My blooming hopes cut off I see,  
Yet will I in my *Saviour* trust,  
And glory that he dy'd for me.

*Gal vi. 14.*

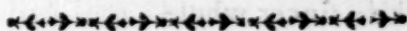
IV

In hope believing against hope,  
*Jesús* my *Lord* and *God* I claim;  
*Jesús*, my *Strength*, shall lift me up —  
Salvation is in *Jesús's* name:  
To me he soon shall bring it nigh —  
My soul shall then outstrip the wind,  
On wings of love mount up on high,  
And leave the world, and sin behind.

*Rom. iv. 18.*

*Matt. i. 21.*

*Isa. xlv. 13.*



S E C T I O N IV.

*Hymns for Mourners waiting for the Salvation  
of God.*

H Y M N 265.

6 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**B**ESIDE the gospel-pool,  
Appointed for the poor,

*Jn. v. 2—4.*

From



From year to year, my helpless soul  
 Has waited for a Cure.  
 How often have I seen  
 The healing waters move ;  
 And others, round me, stepping in,  
 'Their efficacy prove.

## II

But my complaints remain —  
 I feel the very same ;  
 As full of guilt, and fear, and pain,  
 As when at first I came.  
 Oh would the *Lord* appear  
 My malady to heal !  
 He knows how long I've languish'd here,  
 And what distress I feel.

## III

How often have I thought,  
 Why should I longer lie ?  
 Surely, the mercy I have sought,  
 Is not for such as I.  
 But, whither can I go ?  
 There is no other pool,  
 Where streams of sov'reign virtue flow,  
 To make a sinner whole.

Jn. vi. 68.

## IV

Here, then, from day to day,  
 I'll wait, and hope, and try :  
 Can *Jesus* hear a sinner pray,  
 Yet suffer him to die ?  
 No — he is full of grace —  
 He never will permit  
 A soul that fain would see his face,  
 To perish at his feet.

Jn. i. 14

H Y M N 266. L. M.

## I

AUTHOR, and End of our desires,  
From all but thee our minds avert,  
And let whate'er thy word requires  
Be treasur'd up within our heart.

## II

Spring of all good *thy* will we own,  
The fountain of all evil *ours* :  
O Lord, let *ours* no more be done —  
*Thine* may we do, with all our pow'rs. *Matt. xxvi. 42.*

## III

We came into the world to do  
The will of God that plac'd us here ; *Jn. vi. 38.*  
And all who their own lusts pursue,  
Can never in thy sight appear. *Rev. xxi. 27.*

## IV

What, then, shall of our souls become,  
Us'd their own pleasure to fulfil ?  
Eternal death must be the doom *Rom. viii. 6.*  
Of all that follow their own will.

## V

But oh ! to thee for help we cry —  
Save, or we sink into the pit : *Matt. viii. 25.*  
Ourselves assist us to deny, *Matt. xvi. 24.*  
And to thy blessed will submit. *1 Pet. iv. 2.*

## VI

We pray, for *Jesu's* sake alone,  
Thine all-sufficient grace impart : *2 Cor. xii. 9.*  
Save us, in honour of thy *Son*,  
And God-ward turn each selfish heart.

## VII

So shall we ev'ry moment feel  
(When thou the *Holy Ghost* hast giv'n) *Rom. v. 5.*  
To do *our* cursed will, is hell —  
To do *thy* blessed will is heav'n. *1 Jn. ii. 17.*

## Y

HYMN

H Y M N 267. C. M. Doubled.

## I

**O** Thou whose tender mercy hears  
 Contrition's humble sigh —  
 Whose hand, indulgent, wipes the tears *Pf. cxvi. 18.*  
 From sorrow's weeping eye —  
 See low before thy throne of grace  
 A wretched wand'rer mourn!  
 Hast thou not bid me seek thy face? *Pf. xxvii. 8.*  
 Hast thou not said, Return? *Hosea xiv. 1.*

## II

And shall my guilty fears prevail,  
 To drive me from thy feet?  
 Oh let not this dear refuge fail — *Heb. vi. 18.*  
 This only safe retreat!  
 Absent from thee, my *Guide*, my *Light*,  
 Without one cheering ray,  
 Thro' dangers, fears, and gloomy night,  
 How desolate my way!

## III

Oh shine on this benighted heart! *2Cor. iv. 6.*  
 With beams of mercy shine;  
 And let thy healing voice impart  
 A taste of joys divine! *Heb. vi. 4.*  
 Thy presence only can bestow *Pf. xlii. 5.*  
 Delights which never cloy:  
 Be this my solace here below,  
 And my eternal joy!

H Y M N 268. L. M.

## I

**H**AVE mercy, *Lord*! O *Lord*, forgive!  
 Let a repenting sinner live!  
 Are not thy mercies great and free? *Pf. li. 1.*  
 Oh, magnify them now in me!

My

II

My crimes are great, but don't surpass  
The pow'r and glory of thy grace : *Rom.v. 20.*  
Great *God*, thy nature hath no bound —  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

III

Oh, wash my soul from ev'ry stain, *Pf. li. 7.*  
And make my guilty conscience clean ! *Heb. ix. 14.*  
Heavy within the burden lies — *Matt. xi. 28.*  
Do not my contrite soul despise. *Pf. li. 17.*

IV

With shame I all my sins confess, *1 Jn. i. 9.*  
Against thy law, against thy grace :  
*Lord*, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemn'd, but thou art clear. *Pf. li. 4.*

V

Yet, save a trembling sinner, *Lord*,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there *2Pet.i.4.*  
Some sure support against despair.

H Y M N 269. L. M.

I

**L**ORD, I am vile — conceiv'd in sin, *Pf. li. 5.*  
And born unholy, and unclean —  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall *Rom.v. 12.*  
Corrupts his race, and taints us all.

II

Soon as we draw our infant-breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death :  
Thy law demands a perfect heart, *Deut. xviii. 13.*  
But we're defil'd in ev'ry part. *Isa. i. 5.*

III

Great *God*, create my heart anew, *Pf. li. 10.*  
And form my spirit pure, and true :

Oh make me wise betimes to see     *Deut. xxxii. 29.*  
My danger, and my remedy!

## IV

Behold! I fall before thy face —  
My only refuge is thy grace:     *Eph. ii. 5.*  
No outward forms can make me clean —  
The leprosy lies deep within.     *Pf. v. 9.*

## V

*Jesu*, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone:     *Rom. v. 11.*  
Thy blood can make me white as snow — *Pf. li. 7.*  
No other thing can cleanse me so.

## VI

Give me from guilt a quick release —  
Speak to my contrite spirit peace:     *Pf. lxxxv. 8.*  
Oh, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken heart rejoice!     *Pf. li. 17.*

H   Y   M   N     270.     C. M.

## I

**E**TERNAL Source of joys divine,  
To thee my soul aspires:  
Oh could I say "The Lord is mine,"     *Cant. ii. 16.*  
'Tis all my soul desires.

## II

Thy smile can give me real joy,     *Pf. xxxv.*  
Unmingled, and refin'd —  
Substantial bliss, without alloy,  
And lasting as the mind.

## III

Thy smile can gild the shades of woe,  
Bid stormy trouble cease —  
Spread the fair dawn of heav'n below,  
And sorrow turn to peace.     *Jn. xvi. 20.*



IV

My *Hope*, my *Trust*, my *Life*, my *Lord*,

Assure me of thy love:

*Rom. v. 5.*

Oh speak the kind transporting word,

And bid my fears remove!

*I Jn. iv. 18.*

V

Then shall my thankful pow'rs rejoice,

And triumph in my *God*,

*2 Cor. ii. 14.*

Till heav'nly rapture tunes my voice,

To spread thy praise abroad.

H Y M N 271.

L. M.

I

**T**HY presence, *Saviour*, may I feel!

Oh stamp me with thy *Spirit's* seal! *2 Cor. i. 22.*

Seal now my pardon with thy blood, *Eph. i. 13.*

And let me know I'm born of *God*! *Rom. viii. 16.*

II

One precious drop, dear *Jesus*, grant!

Oh, for one precious drop I pant!

Oh, give me faith t' apply thy blood, *Gal. ii. 20.*

That I may cry, "My *Lord*, my *God*!" *Jn. xx. 28.*

III

Sprinkle it on my conscience, *Lord*! *Heb. xii. 24.*

Oh, let me hear the pow'rful word *Jn. v. 25.*

That rais'd the dead—that cheers the soul,

And makes the sin-sick sinner whole! *Mark v. 34.*

IV

And when this mortal life is o'er,

And pain and sinning are no more,

Receive my soul to thy blest home—

Oh come, *Lord Jesus*! quickly come! *Rev. xxii. 20.*

H Y M N 272. L. M. doubled.

## I

**A**LMIGHTY Redeemer of all,  
 Who didst, as our *Substitute*, die, *Dan. ix. 26.*  
 Upon thee for mercy we call —  
 Alone on thy merits rely:  
 'Thou lover and friend of mankind,  
 With joy we have heard of thy fame,  
 Thy mercy expecting to find,  
 For ever and ever the same. *Heb. xiii. 8.*

## II

Thou didst, when incarnate, receive  
 All sinners with sorrow oppress; *Matt ix. 13.*  
 The penitent thou didst relieve,  
 And in thee the weary found rest: *Matt. xi. 28.*  
 With sins or infirmities pain'd, *Mark i. 34.*  
 Thy succour who humbly implor'd,  
 As many as sought it obtain'd,  
 As many as touch'd were restor'd. *Matt. ix. 20.*

## III

Invited, and urg'd to draw nigh, *Jam. iv. 8.*  
 We trust in a merciful God —  
 To thee, the *Physician* apply, *Matt. ix. 12.*  
 And wait for a drop of thy blood:  
 Thy blood all distempers can heal — *Isa. liii. 5.*  
 Its virtue, dear *Saviour*, impart;  
 Our pardon infallibly seal, *Eph. i. 13.*  
 And heaven implant in our heart. *2 Cor. i. 22.*

H Y M N 273.

4 Lines, sixes and eights.

## I

**O** Lord, how vile am I!  
 Unholy and unclean!  
 How can I dare to venture nigh,  
 With such a load of sin?

II

Is this polluted heart  
A dwelling fit for thee?  
Swarming, alas! in ev'ry part,  
What evils do I see!

III

If I attempt to pray,  
And lisp thy holy name,  
My thoughts are hurry'd soon away —  
I know not where I am.

IV

If in thy word I look,  
Such darkness fills my mind,  
I'm only reading a seal'd book, *Isa. xxix. 11.*  
But no relief can find.

V

Thy gospel oft I hear —  
But hear it still in vain:  
Without desire, or love, or fear,  
I like a stone remain.

VI

Scarce I myself can bear  
This wretched heart of mine —  
How hateful then must it appear  
To those pure eyes of thine!

VII

And must I, then, indeed,  
Sink in despair, and die?  
Fain would I hope that thou didst bleed  
For such a wretch as I.

VIII

That blood which thou hast spilt —  
That grace which is thine own —  
Can cleanse the vilest Sinner's guilt,  
And soften hearts of stone. *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

## IX

Low at thy feet I bow —  
 Oh pity, and forgive!  
 Look on a beggar—save me now —  
 Oh bid me rise, and live!

H Y M N 274.

*8 Lines, sevens and sixes.*

## I

I am nothing, or much worse —  
 My heart with sin runs o'er;  
 My just portion is a curse —  
 A curse for evermore.  
*Lord*, do not the threat perform —  
 Do not send me into hell:  
 Save a sinful helpless worm,  
 That I thy love may tell.

## II

Oh how little does thy word  
 Affect my stubborn heart!  
 Promises no joy afford,  
 And terrors cause no smart:  
 Harden'd under smiles and frowns,  
 Both the sceptre and the rod,  
 Hell can't drive, nor heav'nly crowns  
 Invite my soul to *God*.

## III

Come, all ye apostate race,  
 Your crimes with mine compare —  
 Oh! where shall I hide my face?  
 For mine the blackest are:  
 I the worst of all the throng —  
 I the vilest of the crew,  
 To the Devil's tribe belong,  
 And hell is all my due.

Blessed

IV

Blessed *Lord*, what shall I say ?  
 Wilt thou accept of me ?  
 Wilt thou take my sins away,  
 And let my soul go free ?  
 Then, how would I love thy name !  
 How rejoice in hymns of praise !  
 Talk of nothing but the *Lamb*,  
 And sing of thy free grace !

V

Prostrate at thy mercy-seat,  
*Lord Jesus*, lift me up :  
 My poor soul commiserate,  
 And let me feel some hope :  
 Give my heart a gentle touch —  
 Shed thy love abroad in me :  
 Take me, *Lord*, and make me such  
 As thou wouldst have me be.

*Rom. v. 5.*

H Y M N 275.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

GRACIOUS *Lord*, incline thine ear —  
 My complaint vouchsafe to hear —  
 Hear my never-ceasing cry,  
 Give me *Christ*, or else I die.

II

Wealth and honour I disdain —  
 Earthly comforts all are vain :  
 These can never satisfy,  
 Give me *Christ*, or else I die.

III

*Lord*, deny me what thou wilt,  
 Only ease me of my guilt :

Suppliant



250      *For Mourners waiting for the*

Suppliant at thy feet I lie,  
Give me *Christ*, or else I die.

IV

All unholy and unclean,  
I am nothing else but sin :  
On thy mercy I rely,  
Give me *Christ*, or else I die.

V

Thou dost freely save the lost — *Matt. xviii. 11.*  
Only in thy grace I trust :  
With my earnest suit comply —  
Give me *Christ*, or else I die.

VI

O my *Lord*, what shall I say ?  
Take, oh take my sins away !  
*Jesus's* blood to me apply — *Jn. i. 29.*  
Give me *Christ*, or else I die.

VII

Thou hast promis'd to forgive  
All who in thy *Son* believe ; *Acts x. 43.*  
*Lord*, I know thou canst not lie — *Tit. i. 2.*  
Give me *Christ*, or else I die.

H Y M N      276.

8 Lines, *fixes and eights.*

I

**J**ESU, my *Lord*, attend  
Thy fallen creature's cry ;  
Oh ! shew thyself the sinner's Friend *Matt. xi. 19.*  
My soul now justify.  
For thee, alas ! I mourn  
In helpless unbelief ;  
But thou my wretched heart canst turn,  
And heal my sin and grief.

Salvation

II

Salvation in thy name  
 To dying souls is giv'n; *Acts iv. 12.*  
 And, thro' thy merit, all may claim  
 A right to life and heav'n :  
 Thy blood and righteousness  
 I make my only plea —  
 Oh! fill me then with joy and peace, *Rom. xv. 13.*  
 And take my sins away! *Jn. i. 29.*

III

Now, *Lord*, impute, impart  
 To me thy righteousness,  
 And let me taste how good thou art,  
 How full of truth and grace : *Jn i. 14.*  
 That thou canst *here* forgive,  
 I long to testify ;  
 And justify'd by faith to live, *Rom. v. 1.*  
 And in that faith to die.

H Y M N 277.

6 Lines, fives and elevens.

I

COME, *Lord*, from above —  
 The mountain remove —  
 Overturn all that hinders the course of thy love.  
 My bosom inspire —  
 Now kindle the fire,  
 And wrap my whole soul in the flames of desire.

II

I languish and pine  
 For the comfort divine — *Cant. ii. 16.*  
 Oh! when shall I say " My *Beloved* is mine —  
 " I choose the good part — *Lu. x. 42.*  
 " My portion thou art — *Pj. cxix. 57.*  
 " My Lord, and my God, I find thee in my heart."  
 For

## III

For this my heart sighs —  
 Naught else can suffice —  
 How, *Lord*, shall I purchase this pearl of great price?  
 Tho' it were to be bought, [*Matt. xiii. 46.*  
 Yet I own I have naught, *Lu. vii. 42.*  
 Not an action, a word, or a truly good thought.

## IV

But I hear a voice say,  
 "Come, all freely may  
 "Receive it, who bring with them nothing to pay:  
 Who on *Jesus* relies *Isa. lii. 3.*  
 "Without money or price, *Isa. lv. 1.*  
 "The pearl of forgiveness and holiness buys.

## V

So, *Lord*, let it be!  
 Since thy blessing is free,  
 A beggar I come, to receive it from thee.  
 Thy pardon and peace  
 As a gift I embrace, *Rom. v. 18*  
 And ascribe my salvation to *Jesus's* grace. *Eph. ii. 5.*

H Y M N 278.

6 Lines, two sixes, and four sevens.

## I

OUT of the deep I cry, *Pf. cxxx. 1.*  
 Just at the point to die:  
 Hast'ning to infernal pain,  
*Jesus, Lord*, I cry to thee;  
 Help a feeble child of man —  
 Shew forth all thy pow'r in me.

## II

I will not let thee go, *Gen xxxii. 26.*  
 'Till I thy mercy know:

Let

Let me hear the joyful sound — *Pf. lxxxix. 15.*  
 Speak, and all my crimes forgive — *Malt. ix. 6.*  
 Speak, and let the lost be found — *Lu. xv. 24.*  
 Speak, and let the dying live. *Jn. v. 25.*

III

Thy blood is all my plea —  
 Thy righteousness my stay :  
 By thy pangs, and bloody sweat —  
 By thy depth of grief unknown,  
 Save me, gasping at thy feet —  
 Save, oh, save thy ransom'd-one! *Isa. xxxv. 10.*

IV

What hast thou done for me!  
 Oh, think on *Calvary*! *Lu. xxiii. 33.*  
 By thy mortal groans and sighs,  
 By thy precious death, I pray,  
 Hear my dying spirit's cries —  
 Take, oh take my sins away! *Jn. i. 29.*

H Y M N 279.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

O Thou whose *Spirit* hath made known  
 My want of living faith divine,  
 Hear thy poor mournful captive groan,  
 And in my nature's darkness shine, *2 Cor. iv. 6.*  
 Now, in my inmost soul, display  
 The glorious blaze of gospel day.

II

A stranger to thy people's joys, *Prov. xiv. 10.*  
 An alien from the life of grace, *Eph. ii. 12.*  
 I never heard thy pard'ning voice —  
 I never saw thy smiling face —  
 I feel not *Jesu's* blood apply'd,  
 Nor know that for my sins he dy'd.

Z

Or

## III

Or if I did begin to taste *Heb. vi. 4.*  
 The sweetness of redeeming love,  
 The momentary bliss is past —  
 The tender joy no more I prove :  
 My faith is lost — my pow'r is gone —  
 Left to myself, I still sin on.

## IV

But wilt thou not at last appear ?  
 Object of all my wishful hope,  
 The conscious unbeliever cheer,  
 And raise the fallen sinner up :  
 The life-revealing *Spirit* give,  
 And kindly help me to believe.

## V

In peace, dear *Saviour*, bid me go, *Lu. vii 59.*  
 And wipe away my flowing tears ;  
 Change into peace and joy my woe,  
 And dissipate my guilty fears :  
 Oh ! let me cry, by love divine,  
 " Now I am *God's*, and *God* is mine." *Cant. ii. 16.*

H Y M N      280.      L. M.

## I

**S**AVIOUR from sin, from fear, and shame,  
 For thee, with broken heart, I cry ;  
 My only trust is in thy name —  
 Forgive, or I for ever die.

## II

Thy name alone can be my balm,  
 My spirit's desp'rate sickness heal :  
 Thy voice alone the storm can calm,  
 And bid my troubled heart be still. *Mark iv. 39.*

## III

Out of the deep, I cry, " Undone — *Pf. cxxx. 1.*  
 " Undone to all eternity" — *Isa. vi. 5.*  
But



But to thy wounds for refuge run,  
Saying, "Have mercy, Lord, on me." *Matt. xv. 22.*

IV

Break, *Jesus*, break the fowler's snare — *Pf. xci. 3.*  
Oh pluck the firebrand out of hell! *Zech. iii. 2.*  
Snatch'd from the jaws of deep despair,  
The great deliv'rance let me tell.

V

Oh! let me know the joyful sound *Pf. lxxxix. 15.*  
Of peace with God, thro' sin forgiv'n, *Rom. v. 1.*  
And more than sin let grace abound, *Rom. v. 20.*  
And make me truly meet for heav'n. *Col. i. 12.*

H Y M N 281.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**O**H that I could repent!  
With all my idols part, *Hosea xiv. 8.*  
And, to thy gracious eye, present  
A broken, contrite heart! *Pf. li. 17.*  
A heart with grief oppress'd  
For having griev'd my God —  
A troubled heart that cannot rest  
'Till sprinkled with thy blood. *Heb. xii. 24.*

II

*Jesus*, on me bestow  
The penitent desire!  
With true sincerity of woe  
My aching breast inspire!  
With soft'ning pity look, *Lu. xxii. 61.*  
And melt my hardness down;  
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,  
And break this heart of stone! *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

8 *Lines, sevens and sixes, and one eight.*

## I

**L**ET the world their virtue boast —  
 Their works of righteousness,  
 I, a wretch undone and lost,  
 Am freely sav'd by grace : *Rom. iii. 34.*  
 Other title I disclaim —  
 This, only this, I make my plea —  
 I the chief of sinners am, *1 Tim. i. 15.*  
 But *Jesus* dy'd for me.

## II

Blest are they, supremely blest,  
 Who can in him rejoice —  
 Lean on his beloved breast, *Jn. xxi. 20.*  
 And hear the *Bridegroom's* voice : *Jn. iii. 29.*  
 Meanest follower of the *Lamb*, *Rev. xiv. 4.*  
 His steps I at a distance see —  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
 But *Jesus* dy'd for me.

## III

Surely, he will lift me up,  
 For I of him have need,  
 I cannot give up my hope,  
 Tho' I am cold and dead :  
 To bring fire on earth he came — *Lu. xii. 49.*  
 Oh that it now might kindled be !  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
 But *Jesus* dy'd for me.

## IV

*Jesu*, thou for me hast dy'd,  
 And thou in me wilt live ;  
 I shall feel thy blood apply'd —  
 Thou wilt my pardon give :

Let me know thy saving name,  
 And find redemption now in thee ! *Rom. iii. 24.*  
 I the chief of sinners am,  
 But *Jesus* dy'd for me.

H Y M N 283.

6 Lines, all sevens.

I

SAVIOUR, cast a pitying eye —  
 Bid my sins and sorrows end :  
 Whither should a sinner fly, *Jn. vi. 68.*  
 But to thee, the sinner's Friend ? *Matt. xi. 19.*  
 Rest in thee I gasp to find, *Matt. xi. 28.*  
 Wretched I, and poor, and blind.

II

Didst thou ever see a foul  
 More in need of help than mine ?  
 Wilt thou not, then, make me whole,  
 And pour in the balm divine ? *Jer. viii. 22.*  
 Thou didst come to save the lost — *Matt. xviii. 11.*  
 Then, save me — I want it most.

III

Haste, oh, haste to my relief !  
 For thine own compassion's sake,  
 Now remove my sin and grief —  
 Now the bonds of *Satan* break ! *Pf. cxvi. 16.*  
 Set my heart at liberty — *Rom. viii. 21.*  
 Shew forth all thy pow'r in me.

IV

Me, the vilest of the race,  
 Most unholy, most unclean —  
 Me, the farthest from thy face —  
 Sink of misery and sin —  
 Me with arms of love receive —  
 Chief of sinners, me forgive. *1 Tim. i. 15.*  
 Z 3 *Jesus,*

*Jesu*, on thy only name

For salvation I depend:

*Acts* iv. 12.

In thy gracious hands I am,

Save me, save me to the end!

*Jn.* xiii. 1.

Let thine utmost grace be giv'n —

*Heb.* vii. 25.

Raise me up from hell to heav'n.

H Y M N 284. C. M. Doubled.

## I

**L**ET the redeem'd give thanks and praise

To a forgiving *God*!

*Pf.* cvii. 2.

My feeble voice I cannot raise,

'Till wash'd in *Jesu's* blood —

*Jn.* xiii. 8.

'Till, at thy coming from above,

My mountain sins depart,

*Zech* iv. 7.

And fear gives place to filial love,

And peace o'erflows my heart.

*Rom.* xv. 13.

## II

Pris'ner of hope, I still attend

*Zech.* ix. 12.

Th'appearance of my *Lord*,

These endless doubts and fears to end,

And speak my soul restor'd —

Restor'd by reconciling grace —

2 *Cor.* v. 19.

With present pardon blest,

1 *Jn.* ii. 12.

And fitted, by true holiness,

For my eternal rest.

## III

Now, *Father*, to thy servant give

The love and joy unknown —

The peace which man can ne'er conceive, *Phil* iv. 7.

And claim me for thine own:

*My God*, in *Jesus* pacify'd,

*My Lord* thyself declare,

And draw me to his open side,

And plunge the sinner there.

HYMN

H Y M N 285.

L. M.

I

**J**ESU, the sinner's *Friend*, to thee, *Matt. xi. 19.*  
 Lost and undone, for aid I flee :  
 Weary of earth, myself, and sin, *Matt. xi. 28.*  
 Open thine arms, and take me in.

II

Pity, and heal my sin-sick soul —  
 'Tis thou alone canst make it whole : *Matt. ix. 12.*  
 Now let me in thine image shine, *2 Cor. iii. 18.*  
 For, curst I am, 'till thou art mine.

III

At last, I own it cannot be  
 That I should fit myself for thee :  
 Here, then, to thee I all resign,  
 Thine is the work, and only thine. r

IV

Thou art the woman's conq'ring Seed *Gen. iii. 15.*  
 Promis'd to break the *Serpent's* head —  
 Tread down thy foes — with pow'r controul  
 The beast and devil in my soul.

V

The mansion for thyself prepare —  
 Dispose my heart by entring there :  
 Now all my unbelief remove —  
 Fill me with faith, and joy, and love. *Rom. xv. 13.*

H Y M N 286.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**J**ESU, if still the same thou art, *Heb. xiii. 8.*  
 If all thy promises are sure, *2 Cor. i. 20.*  
 Set up thy kingdom in my heart, *Lu. xvii. 21.*  
 And



And make me rich, for I am poor :  
 'To me be all thy treasures giv'n — *Col. ii. 3.*  
 'The kingdom of an inward heav'n. *Rom. xiv. 17.*

## II

Thou hast pronounc'd the mourners blest, *Matt. v. 4.*  
 And lo ! for thee I ever mourn :  
 I cannot — no, I will not rest  
 'Till thou my only rest return —  
 'Till thou, the *Prince of Peace*, appear, *Isa. ix. 6.*  
 And I receive the *Comforter*. *Jn. xiv. 16.*

## III

Where is the blessedness, bestow'd  
 On all that hunger after thee ? *Matt. v. 6.*  
 I hunger now, I thirst for *God* !  
 See, the poor fainting sinner see,  
 And satisfy with endless peace,  
 And fill me with thy righteousness.

## IV

Bright *Morning-star*, disperse the gloom *Rev. xxii.*  
 Which hides thy rays of grace from me ! [16.  
 Say to my soul, " Thy light is come —  
 " Glory divine is ris'n on thee : *Isa. lx. 1.*  
 " Thy warfare's past — thy mourning's o'er —  
 " Look up, for thou shalt weep no more."

## V

*Lord*, I believe thy promise sure,  
 And trust thou wilt not long delay ;  
 Hungry, and sorrowful, and poor,  
 Upon thy word my soul I stay —  
 Into thine hands my all resign,  
 And wait 'till all thou art is mine. *1 Cor. iii. 22.*

HYMN

H Y M N 287.

C. M.

I

**J**ESU, if still thou art to-day  
As yesterday the same,  
Present to heal, in me display  
The virtue of thy name.

*Heb. xiii. 8.*

*Cant. i. 3.*

II

A loathsome leper, self-abhorr'd,  
I sink beneath my sin ;  
But if thou wilt, a gracious word  
Of thine can make me clean.

*Matt. viii. 2.*

III

Thou see'st me deaf to thy commands —

Open, O Lord, mine ear !

*Mark vii. 34.*

Bid me stretch out my wither'd hands

*Mark iii. 5.*

And lift them up in pray'r.

IV

To sing in Zion the Lord's song

*Jer. xxxi. 12.*

My voice I cannot raise ;

But oh ! when thou shalt loose my tongue,

The dumb shall sing thy praise.

*Isa. xxxv. 6.*

V

Blind with respect to sin and thee,

*Rev. iii. 17.*

I walk'd in nature's night ;

But if thou once anointest me,

*1 Jn. ii. 27.*

I shall receive my sight.

VI

Dead in my trespasses I lie —

*Eph. ii. 1.*

Thy quickning Spirit give :

*2 Cor. iii. 6.*

Call me thou Son of God, that I

May hear thy voice, and live.

*Jn. v. 28.*

HYMN

H Y M N 288.

C. M.

I

**J**ESU, Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,  
 The weary sinner's Friend, *Matt. xi. 19.*  
 Pronounce the reconciling word,  
 And bid my troubles end.

II

Bound down with twice ten thousand ties,  
 Yet let me hear thy call,  
 My soul in confidence shall rise—  
 Shall rise, and break thro' all.

III

Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,  
 And life, and liberty ; *Rom. viii. 21.*  
 Shed forth the virtue of thy name,  
 And Jesus prove to me. *Matt. i. 21.*

IV

Salvation in that name is found, *Acts iv. 12.*  
 Balm of my grief and care ; *Jer. viii. 22.*  
 A med'cine for my ev'ry wound—  
 All, all I want is there.

V

What tho' I cannot break my chain,  
 Or e'er throw off my load !  
 The things impossible with men  
 Are possible with God. *Matt. xix. 26.*

VI

'Thou canst o'ercome this heart of mine—  
 Thou wilt victorious prove ;  
 For everlasting strength is thine,  
 And everlasting love. *Isa. xxvi. 4.*  
*Jer. xxxi. 3.*

Thy

VII

Thy pow'rful *Spirit* shall subdue  
 Unconquerable sin ;  
 Cleanse this foul heart, and make it new,  
 And write thy law within. [*Eze. xxxvi. 25.*

H Y M N 289. C. M.

I

**T**HOU *Prince of Peace*, enthron'd above, *Isa. ix. 6*  
 Repentance to impart, *Acts v. 31.*  
 Now give me, thro' thy dying love,  
 A broken contrite heart. *Pf. li. 17.*

II

For thine own name and mercy's sake,  
 The gracious wonder shew ;  
 Cast all my sins behind thy back, *Isa. xxxviii. 17.*  
 And wash me white as snow. *Isa. i. 18.*

III

Compassion, kindness, tender love  
 Drop from thy gracious eye !  
 Towards me let thy bowels move, *Jer. xxxi. 20.*  
 Nor suffer me to die.

IV

Now my impetuous spirit guide,  
 And curb my headstrong will ;  
 Thou only canst drive back the tide, *Pf. lxxxix. 9.*  
 And bid the sea be still. *Mark iv. 39.*

V

Speak, and the deaf shall hear thy voice —  
 The blind his sight receive — *Isa. xxxv. 5.*  
 The dumb in songs of praise rejoice —  
 The heart of stone believe. *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

## VI

The *Æthiop* then shall change his skin — *Jer. xiii. 23.*

The dead shall feel thy pow'r —

The loathsome leper, cleans'd from sin, *Matt. xi. 5.*

Shall go, and sin no more. *Jn. viii. 11.*

H Y M N 290.

8 Lines, all sevens.

## I

**D**ROOPING soul, shake off thy fears!

Fearful soul, be strong, be bold! *Isa. xxxv. 4.*

Tarry 'till the *Lord* appears — *Lam. iii. 25.*

Never, never quit thy hold: *Heb. iii. 24.*

Murmur not at his delay —

Dare not set thy *God* a time;

Calmly for his coming stay —

Leave it, leave it all to him.

## II

*Lord*, my time is in thy hand;

Weak and helpless as I am,

Surely, thou canst make me stand — *Rom. xiv. 4.*

I believe in *Jesu's* name:

On his word my soul I cast —

He cannot himself deny; *2 Tim. ii. 13.*

Surely, he will speak at last, *Heb. ii. 3.*

And my various wants supply.

## III

Ev'ry one that seeks shall find — *Matt. vii. 8.*

Ev'ry one that asks shall have;

*Christ*, the *Saviour* of mankind,

Willing, able is to save: *Heb. vii. 25.*

I shall his salvation see —

I in faith on *Jesus* call,

I from sin shall be set free —

Perfectly set free from all.

*Jn. viii. 36.*

HYMN



H Y M N 291.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

O My God, what must I do? *AAs ii. 37.*  
 Thou alone the way canst shew —  
 Thou canst save me in this hour —  
 I have neither will nor pow'r.  
 God, if over all thou art, *Rom. ix. 5.*  
 Greater than my sinful heart, *1 Jn. iii. 20.*  
 All thy pow'r on me be shewn —  
 Take away the heart of stone. *Eze xxxvi. 26.*

II

Take away my darling sin — *Heb. xii. 1.*  
 Make me willing to be clean — *Pf. cx. 3.*  
 Make me willing to receive  
 All thy goodness waits to give.  
 Force me, *Lord*, with all to part —  
 Tear these idols from my heart: *Eze. xxxvi. 25.*  
 Let my only passion be  
 Love to all mankind, and thee.

III

*Jesu*, mighty to renew, *Heb. vii. 25.*  
 Work in me to will and do: *Phil. ii. 13.*  
 Turn my nature's rapid tide — *Pf. lxxxix. 9.*  
 Stem the torrent of my pride —  
 Stop the whirlwind of my will —  
 Speak, and bid the sea be still: *Mark iv. 39.*  
 Let my stubborn spirit bow —  
 New in me make all things now. *2 Cor. v. 17.*

IV

*God of Grace*, thy strength put on — *Pf. lxxx. 2.*  
 Bow the heavens, and come down! *Pf. cxliv. 5.*  
 All mine unbelief o'erthrow —  
 Lay th'aspiring mountain low. *Zech. iv. 7.*  
 A a Conquer

Conquer thy worst foe in me —  
 Get thyself the victory —  
 Save the vilest of the race,  
 Thro' thy free, unbounded grace.

*Eph. ii. 5.*

H Y M N 292. L. M. doubled.

## I

COME, holy, come heavenly Dove *Matt. iii. 16.*  
 To visit a sorrowful breast !

My burden of guilt to remove,  
 And bring me assurance of rest !

*Heb. vi. 11.*

Thou only hast pow'r to relieve  
 A sinner oppress'd with his load —

The sense of acceptance to give,  
 And sprinkle with Jesus's blood.

*Eph. i. 6.*

*Heb. xii. 24.*

## II

With me if of old thou hast strove,

And strangely withheld from my sin,

And try'd, by the lure of thy love,

My worthless affections to win ;

The work of thy mercy revive —

Thy uttermost power exert,

*Heb. vii. 25.*

And kindly continue to strive,

*Gen. vi. 3.*

And hold, till I yield thee my heart.

## III

Thy call if I ever have known,

And sigh'd from myself to get free,

And groan'd the unspeakable groan, *Rom. viii. 26.*

And long'd to be happy in thee ;

Fulfil the imperfect desire —

Thy peace to my conscience reveal — *Rom. xv. 13.*

The sense of thy favour inspire,

And give me my pardon to feel.

*Col. i. 14.*

## IV

If when I have put thee to grief,

*Eph. iv. 30.*

And madly to folly return'd,

*Pf. lxxxv. 8.*

Thy

Thy pity hath been my relief,  
 And lifted me up, when I mourn'd;  
 Most pitiful *Spirit of grace*, *Heb. x. 29.*  
 Relieve me again, and restore — *Pf. li. 12.*  
 My spirit in holiness raise,  
 To fall, and to suffer, no more.

## V

If now I lament after God,  
 And gasp for a taste of thy love — *Rom. v. 5.*  
 If *Jesus* hath bought thee with blood,  
 For me to receive from above; *Jn. xvi. 7.*  
 Come, heavenly *Comforter* come! *Jn. xiv. 16.*  
 True *Witness* of mercy divine, *Rom. viii. 16.*  
 And make me thy permanent home, *Eph. ii. 22.*  
 And seal me eternally thine. *Eph. iv. 30.*

H Y M N 293.

8 Lines, sevens, sixes and one eight.

## I

**G**OD of my salvation, hear, *Pf. xxv. 5.*  
 And help me to believe! *Mark ix. 24.*  
 Simply do I now draw near,  
 Thy blessing to receive:  
 Full of guilt, alas! I am,  
 But to thy wounds for refuge flee — *Heb. vi. 18.*  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb, *Matt. xi. 19.*  
 Thy blood was shed for me. *Matt. xxvi. 28.*

## II.

Standing now as newly slain, *Rev. v. 6.*  
 To thee I lift mine eye!  
 Balm of all my grief and pain, *Jer. viii. 22.*  
 Thy blood is always nigh.  
 Now, as yesterday, the same *Heb. xiii. 8.*  
 Thou art, and wilt for ever be —  
 Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,  
 Thy blood was shed for me.

## III

Nothing have I, *Lord*, to pay *Matt. xviii. 25.*

That can thy grace procure !

Empty send me not away, *Lu. i. 53.*

For I, thou know'st, am poor :

Tho' thou mightest justly damn

A lump of such deformity —

*Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,*

Thy blood was shed for me.

## IV

No good word, or work, or thought,

Ering I to gain thy grace ;

Pardon I accept unbought — *Isa. lv. 1.*

Thy proffer I embrace :

Trusting in thy saving name, *Matt. i. 21.*

A wretch undone, I come to thee — *Isa. vi. 5.*

*Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,*

Thy blood was shed for me.

## V

*Saviour*, from thy wounded side

Oh, may I ne'er depart !

Let me there my spirit hide,

Till I am pure in heart : *Matt. v. 8.*

Till my place above I claim,

May this alone be all my plea,

*Friend of sinners, spotless Lamb,*

Thy blood was shed for me.

H Y M N 294.

8 Lines, sevens fixes and one eight.

## I

**L**AMB of God, for sinners slain, *Jn. i. 29.*

To thee I humbly pray ;

Heal me of my grief and pain —

Oh take my sins away !

From this bondage, *Lord*, release — *Rom. viii. 21.*

No

No longer let me be oppress'd —

Dear *Redeemer*, seal my peace,

*Eph. i. 13.*

And take me to thy breast.

II

Hast thou not invited all

Who groan beneath their sin? *Matt. xi. 28.*

Weary, I obey thy call,

And come to be made clean: *Eze. xxxvi. 25.*

Give my burden'd conscience ease,

Oh grant me now the promis'd rest!

Dear *Redeemer*, seal my peace,

And take me to thy breast.

III

Wilt thou cast a sinner out

*Jn. vi. 37.*

Who suppliant comes to thee?

No, my *God* — I cannot doubt

Thy mercy is for me:

Let forgiveness, then, thro' grace,

Be deeply on my soul impress!

*Eph. i. 7.*

Dear *Redeemer*, seal my peace,

And take me to thy breast.

IV

Worldly good I do not want —

Be that to others giv'n;

Only for thy love I pant,

'T he earnest of my heav'n.

*2 Cor. i. 22.*

Shew me now thy smiling face —

*Cant. ii. 14.*

Adopt me, and I shall be blest —

*Gal. iv. 5.*

Dear *Redeemer*, seal my peace,

And take me to thy breast.

H Y M N 295.

L. M.

I

JESU, thy far-extended fame

My drooping soul exults to hear:

Thy name, thy all-restoring name

*Matt. i. 21.*

Is music in a sinner's ear.

A a 3

Sinners



## II

Sinners of old thou didst receive,  
 With comfortable words and kind — *Matt. ix. 2.*  
 Their sorrows cheer — their wants relieve —  
 Heal the diseas'd, and cure the blind. *Matt. xi. 5.*

## III

And art thou not the *Saviour* still,  
 In ev'ry age and place the same? *Heb. xiii. 8.*  
 Hast thou forgot thy gracious skill?  
 Or lost the virtue of thy name?

## IV

Faith in thy changeless name I have —  
 'The good, the kind *Physician* thou, *Matt. ix. 12.*  
 Art able now my soul to save — *Heb. vii. 25.*  
 Art willing to restore it now.

## V

Wouldst thou the body's health restore,  
 And not regard the sin-sick soul?  
 The sin-sick soul thou lov'st much more,  
 And, surely, thou wilt make it whole.

## VI

All my disease, my ev'ry sin  
 To thee, O *Jesus*, I confess:  
 In pardon now my cure begin,  
 And perfect it in holiness.

## VII

Some token, gracious *Lord*, for good *Pf. lxxxvi. 17.*  
 Now to thy humble suppliant shew!  
 Oh purge my conscience with thy blood *Pf. li. 7.*  
 And wash my nature white as snow! *Isa. i. 18.*

H Y M N 296.

6 Lines, fives and elevens.

## I

O *Jesus*, the rest *Matt. xi. 28.*  
 Of spirits distressed,  
 In

In whom all the children of men *may* be blest :  
 The blessing design'd  
 For the whole of mankind, *Heb. ii. 9.*  
 My crucify'd God, let me happily find ! *Heb. xii. 9.*

II

My brethren I see  
 By mercy set free, *[Psf. cxxx. 7.]*  
 Partakers of plenteous redemption in thee :  
 Thy tenders of grace  
 By faith they embrace, *Eph. ii. 5.*  
 And tell of thy goodness, and live to thy praise.

III

But still I remain  
 In bondage and pain, *Gal. iv. 3.*  
 Unable to bear, or to shake off my chain :  
 In the furnace I cry,  
 Come, *Lord*, from the sky,  
 Make haste to my help, or in *Egypt* I die !

IV

O *Jesus*, appear,  
 Thy mourner to cheer — *Matt. v. 4.*  
 My grief to assuage, and to banish my fear !  
 Thy pris'ner release — *Isa. lxi. 1.*  
 Oh say, " Go in peace," *Lu. vii. 50.*  
 Then my troubles and sins in a moment shall cease.

V

That moment be now —  
 The petition allow,  
 My present *Redeemer* and *Comforter* thou !  
 The freedom from sin — *Rom. vi. 18.*  
 Th'atonement bring in, *Rom. v. 11.*  
 And sprinkle my conscience, and bid me be clean.

H Y M N

H Y M N 297. *L. M. doubled.*

## I

**M**Y burden unable to bear,  
 With sin above measure oppress,  
 I pour out my sorrowful pray'r —  
 I groan for redemption and rest: *Matt. xi. 28.*  
 In hope of approaching relief,  
 I call on his wonderful name, *Matt. i. 21.*  
 Whose pity attends to my grief,  
 For ever and ever the same. *Heb. xiii. 8.*

## II

He came a lost world to redeem — *Matt. xviii. 11.*  
 He waits a lost world to forgive;  
 The sinner is welcome to him — *Jn. vi. 37.*  
 The dead by his dying may live:  
 In mercy alone he delights, *Micah vii. 18.*  
 Unspeakably loving and kind,  
 The weary and burden'd invites  
 Repose in his bosom to find.

## III

My only resource in despair,  
 To *Jesus*, I, therefore, will flee,  
 And cast a whole mountain of care  
 On him that hath suffer'd for me: *1 Pet. iii. 18.*  
 When he upon *Calvary* dy'd,  
 The weight of my guilt he endur'd — *Isa. liii. 4.*  
 And lo! in his death I confide —  
 And lo! by his wounds I am cur'd. *Isa. liii. 5.*

H Y M N 298. *L. M.*

## I

**O**H for a glance of heav'nly day, [26.  
 To take this stubborn stone away! *Eze. xxxvi.*  
 Oh that the beams of love divine  
 Would thaw this frozen heart of mine.

The

II

The rocks can rend — the earth can quake —  
The seas can roar — the mountains shake :  
Of feeling all things shew some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

III

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear *Lord*, an adamant would melt : *Zech. vii. 12.*  
But I can read each moving line,  
Yet nothing moves this heart of mine.

IV

Thy judgments, too, unmov'd I hear —  
Those judgments which ev'n Devils fear : *Jas. ii. 19.*  
Mercy and wrath in vain combine  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

V

But something yet can do the deed —  
*Lord*, pierce my heart, and make it bleed :  
Oh let thy *Spirit's* fire refine, *Mal. iii. 2.*  
And quite dissolve this heart of mine !

H Y M N 299.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**W**HAT shall I do my *God* to love —  
My dear redeeming *God* to praise,  
Whose bowels of compassion move  
To fallen *Adam's* fallen race !  
Whose mercy is divinely free,  
Extending ev'n to sinful me !

II

All souls are thine — and thou for all  
The ransom of thy life hast giv'n — *1 Tim. ii. 6.*  
To raise the sinner from his fall,  
And lift him up again to heav'n :

Thou

274 *For Mourners waiting for the*

Thou all the world hast dy'd to save, *Heb. ii. 9.*  
And all may thy salvation have. *Tit. ii. 11.*

III

I long to know, and to make known  
The height and depth of love divine — *Eph. iii. 18.*  
The kindness thou to me hast shewn,  
Whose ev'ry sin was counted thine: *2 Cor. v. 21.*  
My God for me resign'd his breath —  
He dy'd to save my soul from death. *Heb. ii. 14.*

IV

How shall I thank thee for the grace  
On me, and all mankind, bestow'd!  
Oh that my ev'ry breath were praise!  
Oh that my heart were fill'd with God! *Eph. iii. 19.*  
Now let it with thy love o'erflow, *Rom. v. 5.*  
And may my life thy glory shew!

H Y M N 300.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

JESU, sin-atonng Lamb, *Jn. i. 29.*  
*Jesu*, Lover of thy foe, *Col. i. 21.*  
Let me feel thy sov'reign name — *Matt. i. 21.*  
Let me all its virtue know.  
Hear my cry out of the deep — *Psf. cxxx. 1.*  
Haste, and help a friendless soul;  
Seek, and save a wand'ring sheep — *Matt. xviii. 12.*  
Make a sin-sick sinner whole.

II

Burden'd am I, and oppress'd,  
Till thou dost remove my load;  
Weary, till thou give me rest — *Matt. xi. 28.*  
Guilty, till I feel thy blood: *Rom. vii. 9.*  
See me, a mere sinner see,  
Miserable, poor, and blind, *Rev. iii. 17.*  
Till



Till I lose my all in thee —  
Till in thee my all I find.

*Col. iii. 11.*

III

*Jesus*, I on thee depend —  
Thy salvation let me have :  
Sure, thou art the sinner's *Friend* —  
Sinners thou didst come to save.  
Of thy grace I cannot doubt —  
Sinners to thy wounds who fly,  
'Thou, in no wise, wilt cast out —  
Lo! I come, the Sinner I.

*Matt. xi. 19.*

*Matt. ix. 13.*

*Jn. vi. 37.*

IV

Tho' my soul be black as hell,  
Thou shalt make it white as snow;  
Safe within thy wounds I'll dwell —  
From thy cross I'll never go :  
Other refuge have I none —  
None do I desire beside :  
Friend of sinners, I am one —  
Save me, who for me hast dy'd.

*Isa. i. 18.*

*Heb. vi. 18.*

H Y M N 301.

8 Lines, sevens, sixes and one eight.

I

WRETCHED, helpless, and distressed,  
Ah, whither shall I fly ?

Ever gasping after rest,  
I cannot find it nigh :

Naked, sick, and poor, and blind,  
Fast bound in sin and misery,  
*Friend of sinners*, let me find  
My help, my *all* in thee.

*Rev. iii. 17.*

*Pf. cvii. 10.*

*Matt. xi. 19.*

II

I am all unclean, unclean —  
'Thy purity I want ;

*Lev. xiii. 45.*

My

276 *For Mourners waiting for the*

My whole heart is sick of sin,  
 And my whole head is faint :  
 Full of putrefying sores, *Isa. i. 5, 6.*  
 Of bruises, and of wounds, my soul  
 Looks to *Jesus*, help implores,  
 And gasps to be made whole.

III

*Saviour*, full of truth and grace, *Jn. i. 14.*  
 In thee is all I want ;  
 Be the wand'rer's resting-place — *Jer. l. vi.*  
 A cordial to the faint :  
 Make me rich, for, I am poor — *Rev. iii. 18.*  
 In thee may I my *Eden* find : *Eze. xxxvi. 35.*  
 To the dying, health restore, *Jer. xxxiii. 6.*  
 And eye-sight to the blind.

IV

Clothe me with thy righteousness — *Isa. lxi. 10.*  
 Thy meek humility ;  
 Put on me thy glorious dress —  
 Let me resemble thee :  
 Let thine image be restor'd — *2 Cor. iii. 18.*  
 Thy name and nature let me prove :  
 With thy fulness fill me, *Lord*, *Eph. iii. 19.*  
 And perfect me in love. *1 Jn. iv. 18.*

H Y M N 302. L. M.

I

**W**HEN, gracious *Lord*, when shall it be  
 That I shall find my *all* in thee ?  
 The fulness of thy promise prove — *Eph. iii. 19.*  
 The seal of thy forgiving love ? *Eph. i. 13.*

II

Thee, only thee, I fain would find,  
 And cast the world and flesh behind :  
 Thou, only thou, to me be giv'n  
 Of all thou hast in earth, or heav'n !

Thy

III

Thy goodness let me never doubt—  
Thou wilt in no wise cast me out,  
An helpless soul that comes to thee,  
With only sin and misery.

*Jn. vi. 37.*

IV

Lord, I am sick—my sickness cure;  
I want—do thou enrich the poor:  
Under thy mighty hand I stoop—  
Oh, lift the abject sinner up!

*Isa. i. 5.*

*Rev. iii. 18.*

*1 Pet. v. 6.*

V

Lord, I am blind—be thou my sight; *Isa. xxix. 18.*  
Lord, I am weak—be thou my might:  
An helper of the helpless be, *Heb. xiii. 6.*  
And let me find my all in thee. *1 Cor. iii. 22.*

H Y M N 303.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

FATHER, if thou my Father art, *Jn. xx. 17.*  
Send forth the Spirit of thy Son; *Rom. v. 5.*  
Breathe him into my panting heart,  
And let me know as I am known: *1 Cor. xiii. 12.*  
Make me thy conscious child, that I  
May, Father, Abba, Father, cry. *Gal. iv. 6.*

II

I want the Spirit of pow'r within,  
Of love, and of a healthful mind — *2 Tim. i. 7.*  
Of pow'r, to conquer inbred sin —  
Of love to thee, and all mankind —  
Of health, that pain and death defies,  
Most vig'rous when the body dies.

III

When shall I hear the inward voice *Psf. lxxxv. 8.*  
Which only faithful souls can hear?

B b

Pardon,

278 *For Mourners waiting for the*

Pardon, and peace, and heav'nly joys, *Rom. xv. 13.*  
 Attend the promis'd *Comforter*: *Ja. xiv. 16.*  
 He comes—and righteousness divine,  
 And *Christ*, and all with *Christ* is mine. *1 Cor. iii. 22.*

IV

Oh that the *Comforter* would come,  
 Nor visit as a transient guest; *Jer. xiv. 8.*  
 But fix in me his constant home,  
 And take possession of my breast, *Rom. v. 5.*  
 And make my soul his lov'd abode —  
 The temple of indwelling *God*! *1 Cor. iii. 16.*

H Y M N 304. L. M. doubled.

I

**A**H, why am I left to complain  
 In gloomy despair of relief?  
 No end can I find to my pain —  
 No respite, or ease of my grief:  
 To sooth my incurable wound, *Jer. xv. 18.*  
 No friendly *Physician* I see;  
 No balm is in *Gilead* found — *Jer. viii. 22.*  
 No promise of mercy for me.

II

In vain, for redemption I look —  
 My hope, in a *Saviour* unknown,  
 Still passes away, like a brook, *Job vi. 15.*  
 Dry'd up in a moment, and gone:  
 But *God* cannot finally fail —  
 The fountain of life from above, *Pf. xxxvi. 9.*  
 Shall rise, in the depth of the vale,  
 And flow with a current of love.

H Y M N 305. L. M. doubled.

I

**O**H, how shall a sinner perform  
 The vows he hath made to the *Lord*?  
 A sinful,

A sinful and impotent worm,  
How can I be true to my word?  
I tremble at what I have done,  
But look for my help from above—  
'The pow'r that I never have known—  
The virtue of *Jefus's* love.

II

My solemn engagements are vain—  
My promises empty as air— *Hofea vi. 4.*  
My vows will be broken again,  
And leave me in wretched despair;  
Unless my omnipotent *God*  
The sense of his favour impart, *Lu. i. 77.*  
And shed, by his *Spirit*, abroad *Rom. v. 5.*  
The love of himself in my heart.

III

O Lover of sinners, extend  
To me thy affectionate grace;  
Appear, my affliction to end—  
Afford me a glimpse of thy face: *Pf. lxxx 3.*  
That light shall enkindle in me  
A flame of reciprocal love,  
And then I shall cleave unto thee,  
And from thee shall never remove.

IV

Oh, come to a mourner in pain! *Ifa. lxi. 2.*  
Thy peace to my conscience reveal, *Rom. xv. 13.*  
And then I shall love thee again,  
And sing of the goodness I feel.  
Constrain'd by the love of my *Lord*, *2 Cor. v. 14.*  
My soul shall in all things obey,  
And wait to be fully restor'd,  
And long to be summon'd away.



**W**HITHER, O *Lord*, but unto thee, *Jn. vi. 68.*  
 Should a poor, helpless sinner flee?  
 Thou hast the words of endless life,  
 Speak, then, and end this inward strife.

## I I

I find a constant war within —  
 My flesh is lusting after sin, *Gal. v. 17.*  
 Whilst my griev'd spirit longs to be  
 From all the pow'r of sin set free. *Rom. vi. 14.*

## I I I

To will is present—but when I *Rom. vii. 18.*  
 Would serve the *Lord*, then evil's nigh:  
 O wretched sinner that I am! *Rom. vii. 24.*  
 But, hark! what says the bleeding *Lamb*?

## I V

“Come, heavy-laden sinner, come — *Matt. xi. 28.*  
 “Come freely, without price or sum: *Isa. lv. 1.*  
 “For you, for you, my blood did flow,  
 “And it shall wash you white as snow.” *Isa. i. 18.*

## V

I come, *Lord Jesus*—make me clean, *1 Jn. i. 9.*  
 And purge me now from ev'ry stain: *Pf li 7.*  
 Blot out my sins—say to my soul, [vii. 50.  
 “Thy faith hath sav'd thee—be thou whole.” *Lu.*

*Peculiar Measure.*

## I

**W**HAT tongue, alas, can tell  
 The trouble and the grief —  
 The shame and fear I feel  
 In hopeless unbelief!  
 In ceaseless groans  
 My soul bemoans

Its perfect misery —  
Thou pard'ning God,  
Remove my load,  
Or at thy feet I die.

*Matt. xi. 28.*

II

Why should I longer live  
In unavailing pain?  
Thy will is not to grieve  
The helpless sons of men:  
Send from above  
Thy saving love,  
And set me up on high —  
Thou pard'ning God,  
Remove my load,  
Or at thy feet I die.

*Lam. iii. 33.*

III

What shall a sinner say  
Thy pity to incline?  
In *Jesu's* name, I pray,  
Heal this poor soul of mine:  
For *Jesu's* sake,  
Compassion take;  
And freely justify —  
Thou pard'ning God,  
Remove my load,  
Or at thy feet I die.

*Jn. xv. 16.*

*Rom. iii. 34.*

IV

Father of mercies, hear,  
And answer my sad moan;  
Thy downcast mourner cheer,  
And give me to thy Son:  
Till thou make whole  
My wounded soul,  
This shall be all my cry —  
Thou pard'ning God,  
Remove my load,  
Or at thy feet I die.

*Matt. v. 4.*

*Jn. vi. 37.*

H Y M N 308.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

**T**HOU lovely Lamb, who, on the tree, 1*Pet.* ii.  
 Didst shed thy precious blood for me [24.  
 My suff'rings to remove,  
 Low in the dust I lie, and mourn *Lam.* iii. 29.  
 That I can make thee no return,  
 For all thy waste of love.

II

'Tis all thy loving heart's desire  
 That I thy favour should require,  
 And with my Idols part : *Eze.* xiv. 3.  
 Thy Spirit strives to set me free —  
 Thy small still voice thus speaks to me 1*Ki.* xix. 12.  
 " My Son, give me thine heart " *Prov.* xxiii. 26.

III

What is it, then, that keeps me back ?  
 What is it, which, for thy dear sake,  
 I would not now forego ?  
 Do I at worldly objects aim ?  
 Do I in pleasure, wealth, or fame,  
 Seek happiness below ?

IV

I would not, Lord, my soul deceive —  
 Willing I seem my all to leave, *Lu.* xiv. 33.  
 That I might cleave to thee :  
 What is it, then, that holds me still ?  
 My own perverse and stubborn will,  
 Not his who dy'd for me.

V

Surely the fault in me alone  
 Must lie — some cursed thing, unknown,

Compos

Compels my *Lord* to stay :  
 I will not suffer him to save —  
 Some mystery of sin I have,      2 *Thef.* ii. 7.  
 That bars the *Saviour's* way.

VI

Search out the hidden traitor, *Lord*,      *Pf.* xlv. 21.  
 And, by thy energetic word,  
 Command him to depart :  
 Ev'ry usurper now dethrone —  
 Without a rival, reign alone  
 The monarch of my heart.

H Y M N      309.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

**O** *Saviour*, cast a pitying eye,  
 A sinner at thy feet I lie,  
 And will not hence depart,  
 Till thou regard my ceaseless moan —  
 Oh speak, and take away the stone — *Eze.* xxxvi. 26.  
 The unbelieving heart !

II

My heavy load of sin remove —      *Matt.* xi. 28.  
 I groan beneath my want of love —  
 Oh, hear my bitter cry !  
 Without thy love I cannot live —  
 Thy love, then, *Friend of sinners*, give — *Matt.* xi. 19.  
 Oh give it, or I die !

III

Dost thou not all my *suff'rings* know ?  
 Dost thou not see mine eyes o'erflow —  
 My lab'ring bosom move ?  
 Why do I all this burden bear ?  
 Need I to thee the cause declare ?  
 Thou know'st I cannot love.

This

## IV

This is my sin and misery,  
 That thou hast shewn thy love to me,  
 Seal'd by thy precious blood ;  
 And yet I make thee no return —  
 With gratitude should I not burn,  
 And love, and praise my God ?

## V

To thee I lift my mournful eye —  
 Why am I thus ? Oh, tell me why  
 I cannot love thee more ?  
 The hindrance must be all in me —  
 It cannot in my *Saviour* be —  
 Witness that streaming gore !

## VI

It cost thy life my heart to win —  
 To save my guilty soul from sin,  
 And make me love again :  
 Come, then, dear *Lord*, thy right assert —  
 Take to thyself my ransom'd heart —  
 Nor bleed, nor die, in vain.

## H Y M N 310.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

## I

**O** *Jesus*, grace is in thy name ! *Matt. i. 24.*  
 All sin, alas ! thou know'st I am,  
 But thou all pity art ;  
 Therefore, on me compassion take —  
 For thine own name and mercy's sake,  
 Thy grace to me impart.

## II

A poor, ungrateful wretch, to thee  
 For succour now I humbly flee ;

Thou



Thou only canst remove  
The hindrances out of the way,  
And soften my unyielding clay,  
And mould it into love.

III

Oh let thy *Spirit* shed abroad *Rom. v. 5.*  
The pard'ning, perfect love of *God*,  
In this cold heart of mine!  
Oh might he now descend, and rest,  
For ever, in my hallow'd breast —  
Thy consecrated shrine! *1 Cor. vi. 19.*

IV

What shall I do my suit to gain?  
O *Lamb of God*, for sinners slain, *Rev. v. 6.*  
I plead what thou hast done:  
Didst thou not shed thy blood for me? *Matt. xxvi. 28.*  
*Jesu*, remember *Calvary*, *Lu. xxiii. 33.*  
And break this heart of stone! *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*

V

My ceaseless *Advocate* with *God*, *1 Jn. ii. 1.*  
Take the dear purchase of thy blood,  
And now thy creature bless;  
*Surety*, who all my debt hast paid — *Heb. vii. 22.*  
For all my sins atonement made — *Rom. v. 11.*  
Be thou my *Righteousness*. *Jer. xxiii. 6.*

VI

Why didst thou leave thy throne above,  
But that the secret of thy love *Pf. xxv. 14.*  
Might to my soul be known?  
Hast thou not giv'n thyself for me,  
That I might only live to thee,  
And die to thee alone? *Rom. xiv. 8.*

VII

Be it according to thy will!  
In me thy mystic love reveal;  
And

And all in earth and heav'n  
 Shall own that I their love outvie :  
 None e'er can love so much as I —  
 None have so much forgiv'n.

*Lu. vii. 47.*

H Y M N 311.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

CANST thou deny thy love to me?

Say, thou incarnate *Deity*,

Thou *man of sorrows*, say ;

*Isa. liii. 3.*

Thy glory why didst thou enshrine

In such a clod of earth as mine,

And wrap thee in my clay ?

II

*Ancient of Days*, why didst thou come, *Dan. vii. 22.*

And stoop to a poor virgin's womb, *Lu. ii. 21.*

Contracted to a span ?

*Flesh of our flesh* why wast thou made, *Eph. v. 30.*

And humbly in a manger laid, *Lu. ii. 7.*

The mortal *Son of Man* ?

III

Why didst thou, in this vale of tears,

For more than thirty mournful years,

A life of suff'rings lead ?

Why did thine eyes with tears o'erflow ?

Why wouldst thou choose to want below

A place to lay thy head ? *Matt. viii. 20.*

IV

Love, only love thy heart inclin'd,

And brought thee, *Saviour* of mankind,

Down from thy throne above :

Love made my *God* a *man of grief*,

That sinners might obtain relief —

O mystery of love !

To

V

To fill my soul it empty'd thee —  
 It made thee poor, that I might be 2 Cor. viii. 9.  
 Enrich'd with ev'ry grace :  
 Love made thee to thy *Father* cry, *Matt. xxvii. 46.*  
 Who hid his face from thee, that I  
 Might always see his face.

VI

Quite from the manger to the cross,  
 Thy life one scene of suff'ring was,  
 And all sustain'd for me :  
 O strange excess of love divine !  
*Jesu*, was ever love like thine !  
 And shall not I love thee ?

VII

If thou couldst stoop for me to die,  
 Surely, it is thy will that I  
 Thy death's effect should prove :  
 Then, help me, for thy mercy's sake,  
 To weep, believe, and pay thee back  
 Thy dear expiring love.

VIII

Since thou hast lov'd and dy'd for me,  
 Cause me, dear *Saviour*, to love thee,  
 And gladly to resign  
 Whate'er I have — whate'er I am —  
 My life be all with thine the same,  
 And all thy death be mine.

*Rom. vi. 4.*

H Y M N 312.

L. M.

I

**B**E merciful, O *God*, to me !  
 Thy mercy is my only plea :  
 Look with compassion on my woes,  
 And let not judgment interpose.

*Pf. lvii. 1.*

Guilty

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II

Guilty before thy face I stand,  
And fear thy sin-avenging hand;  
Hell as my just desert I own,  
But *mercy* pleads before thy throne.

III

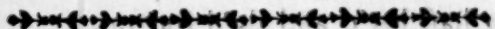
*Mercy*, thro' *Jesus* crucify'd,  
I ask, and can I be deny'd?  
*Mercy*, O *God*! I ask no more —  
Thrust not my soul from *mercy's* door. *Matt* vii.8.

IV

O *God*, in thee alone I trust,  
Who art as *merciful* as *just*: *Exod* xxxiv.6.  
Tho' *justice* may thy vengeance claim,  
Yet *mercy* is in *Jesu's* name.

V

Give, then, my troubled spirit rest — *Matt* xi.28.  
With pard'ning *mercy* make me blest:  
Behold I faint beneath thy frown —  
Send, send the cheering cordial down.



S E C T I O N V.

*Hymns for those who are in Doubt of their  
Acceptance with God.*

H Y M N 313.

C. M.

I

**G**OD promises a peace divine  
In contrite hearts shall flow; *Isa.* lvii. 15.  
Then, tell me, gracious *God*, is mine  
A contrite heart, or no?

I hear,

II

I hear, but seem to hear in vain —

Insensible as steel :

If aught it felt, 'tis only pain

To find I cannot feel.

III

I often find myself inclin'd

To love thee, if I could ;

Then, sometimes, feel another mind,

Averse to all that's good.

*Rom. vii. 21.*

IV

My best desires are faint, and few —

I fain would strive for more ;

But when I cry, " my strength renew," *Isa. xl. 31.*

Seem weaker than before.

V

Thy saints are comforted, I know,

And love thy house of pray'r ;

I, therefore, go where others go,

But find no comfort there.

VI

Oh, make this heart rejoice, or ache —

Decide this doubt for me !

And, if it be not broken, break —

Or heal it, if it be.

H Y M N 314.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

'TIS a point I long to know — *Jn. xxi. 16.*

Oft it causes anxious thought —

Do I love the Lord, or no ?

Am I his, or am I not ?



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II

If I love, why am I thus ?  
Why this dull and lifeless frame ?  
Hardly, sure, can they be worse,  
Who have never heard his name !

III

Could my heart so hard remain —  
Pray'r a task and burden prove —  
Ev'ry trifle give me pain —  
If I knew a *Saviour's* love ?

IV

When I turn my eyes within,  
All is dark, and vain, and wild —  
Fill'd with unbelief and sin,  
Can I think myself a child ?

V

If I pray, or hear, or read,  
Sin is mix'd with all I do :  
Ye that love the *Lord* indeed,  
Tell me, is it thus with you ?

VI

Yet I mourn my stubborn will,  
And would fain shake off my thrall —  
Should I grieve for what I feel,  
If I did not love at all ?

VII

Could I joy his Saints to meet —  
Choose the ways I once abhorr'd —  
Find, at times, the promise sweet —  
If I did not love the *Lord* ?

VIII

Oh, decide the doubtful case,  
Thou who art thy people's *Sun* —  
Shine upon thy work of grace —  
Finish what thou hast begun.

*Phil. i. 6.*  
Let

IX

Let me love thee more and more,  
If I love at all, I pray :  
And, if I ne'er lov'd before,  
Help me to begin to-day.

H Y M N 315.

*4 Lines, all sevens.*

I

**L**ORD, how short thy visits last !  
In a moment, they are past —  
Scarce I see the dawning light,  
Ere it leaves me in the night.

II

When a glimpse of hope appears,  
Soon 'tis lost in doubts and fears :  
Oh ! I fear tis all a cheat —  
Keep me, *Lord*, from self-deceit.

III

How I waver to and fro ! *Eph. iv. 14.*  
Rising high, then sinking low !  
Now to heav'nly joys aspire —  
Now to shades of death retire.

IV

How disquieted am I !  
In what deep distress I lie !  
Will my doubting ne'er be o'er ?  
Will the *Lord* return no more ? *Pf. lxxvii. 8.*

V

Oh that I, with open face, *2 Cor. iii. 18.*  
Might behold, as in a glass,  
*Jesus* bleeding on the tree, *1 Pet. ii. 24.*  
To atone for wretched me !

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VI

Lord, thy light, thy love display —  
Bid the shadows flee away : *Cant. ii. 17.*  
Everlasting peace restore —  
Come, and never leave me more.

VII

Sun of Righteousness, now shine — *Mal iv. 2.*  
Let me know and feel thee mine :  
Put thy Spirit in my heart — *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*  
Shew me what a God thou art.

H Y M N 316.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

THOU great, mysterious God, unknown,  
Whose love hath gently led me on  
Ev'n from my infant-days;  
Mine inmost soul expose to view,  
And tell me if I never knew  
Thy justifying grace.

II

If I have only known thy fear,  
And follow'd with an heart sincere,  
Thy drawings from above;  
Now, now the farther grace bestow,  
And let my sprinkled conscience know. *Heb. x. 22.*  
Thy sweet forgiving love.

III

Short of thy love I would not stop,  
A stranger to the gospel-hope,  
The sense of sins forgiv'n :  
I would not, Lord, my soul deceive —  
Without thy inward witness live, *1 Jn. v. 10.*  
The earnest of my heav'n. *Eph. i. 14.*  
*Father*

IV

Father, in me reveal thy Son, Gal. i. 16.  
And to my inmost soul make known  
How merciful thou art:  
The secret of thy grace reveal,  
And by thy hallowing Spirit dwell  
For ever in my heart. Eph. ii. 22.

H Y M N 317.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

I F, Lord, the Witness were in me,  
Would he not testify of thee, Jn. xv. 26.  
In Jesus reconcil'd?  
And should I not with faith draw nigh?  
And boldly, *Abba, Father*, cry, Rom. viii. 15,  
I know myself thy Child.

II

Ah! never suffer me to rest,  
Till of my part in *Christ* possess,  
I on thy mercy feed;  
Unworthy of the crumbs that fall, Matt. xv. 27.  
Yet rais'd by him who dy'd for all,  
To eat the Children's bread.

III

Oh may I cast my rags aside! Isa. lxiv. 6.  
My filthy rags of virtuous pride,  
And for acceptance groan! Eph. i. 6.  
My works of righteousness disclaim, Tit. iii. 5.  
With all I have, with all I am,  
And trust in grace alone! Eph. ii. 5.

IV

Whate'er obstructs thy pard'ning love,  
Or sin, or righteousness, remove,

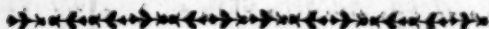
294 *For Believers, when first justified.*

And thy free grace display :  
My heart of unbelief convince, *Jn. xvi. 9.*  
And now absolve me from my sins,  
And take them all away.



P A R T IV.

*Containing Hymns for those, who, with their  
Hearts, have believed unto Righteousness.*  
*Romans x. 10.*



S E C T I O N I.

*Hymns for Believers, when first justified.*

H Y M N 318. L. M.

I

**J**ESU, how shall I praise thy name?  
Kindle in me a heav'nly flame,  
That I thy gracious work may own,  
And tell what thou for me hast done. *Pf. lxvi. 16.*

II

In sin and darkness long I lay,  
Nor wish'd to see the gospel-day —  
The motions of thy grace withstood,  
And hated ev'ry thing that's good.

Oh



III

Oh that there was no *God* (said I)  
To punish my iniquity!  
Oh that I might but sin secure!  
Oh that I had no hell t' endure!

IV

While thus an enemy to *God*,  
I lay polluted in my blood, *Eze. xvi. 6.*  
Just ready into hell to fall,  
Thy *Spirit* gave a louder call.

V

Then I perceiv'd a sense of sin,  
And strongly strove myself to clean:  
The law did but inflame the wound — *Rom. v. 20.*  
No rest nor comfort here I found.

VI

In ceremonial works I lay,  
Till *Christ* disclos'd a better way;  
And, in his blood and righteousness,  
I felt a sweet and solid peace. *Rom. xv. 13.*

VII

The terrors of the law are o'er —  
I walk in fear of hell no more: *1 Jn. iv. 18.*  
At *Jesu's* word, the tempests cease, *Mark iv. 39.*  
And joys unspeakable increase. *1 Pet. i. 8.*

VIII

A son and heir of *God* I am, *Rom. viii. 16, 17.*  
Justify'd freely by the *Lamb*: *Rom. iii. 34.*  
I know my sins are all forgiv'n — *Lu. i. 77.*  
I know that I shall go to heav'n. *1 Jn. iii. 2.*

H Y M N 319.

6 Lines, all eight's.

I

**H**OW can it be, that I should gain  
An int'rest in the *Saviour's* blood?

Dy'd

296 *For Believers, when first justified.*

Dy'd he for me who caus'd his pain !  
For me ! who him to death pursu'd !  
Amazing love ! how can it be,  
That thou, my God, shouldst die for me ?

II

'Tis myff'ry all — Th' *Immortal* dies ! 1 *Tim.* iii. 16.  
Who can explore his strange design ?  
In vain the first-born Seraph tries  
To found the depths of love divine : 1 *Pet.* i. 12.  
'Tis mercy all — let man adore —  
Let Seraphims inquire no more.

III

*Christ* left his *Father's* throne above,  
And, full of mercy and of grace,  
'To enemies he shew'd his love, *Rom.* v. 8.  
Bleeding for *Adam's* sinful race :  
'Tis mercy all, immense and free,  
For oh ! my God, it found out me !

IV

Long my imprison'd spirit lay  
Fast bound in sin, and nature's night ;  
Thine eye diffus'd a quick'ning ray —  
I woke—the dungeon flam'd with light— *Acts.* xii. 7.  
My chains fell off — at liberty  
I rose, went forth, and follow'd thee.

V

No condemnation now I dread — *Rom.* viii. 1.  
*Jesus*, and all in him is mine : — 1 *Cor.* iii. 22.  
Alive in him, my living *Head*, *Rom.* vi. 11.  
And cloth'd in righteousness divine,  
Bold I approach th' eternal throne,  
And claim the crown, thro' *Christ* my own.

HYMN

H Y M N 320.

6 Lines, four sixes, and two eights.

I

ARISE, my soul, arise —  
Shake off thy guilty fears ;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears !

Before the throne my *Surety* stands —

My name is written on his hands *Isa. xlix. 16.*

II

He ever lives above,

For me to intercede ;

*Heb. vii. 25.*

His all-redeeming love,

His precious blood to plead :

His blood aton'd for all our race,

And sprinkles now the throne of grace. *Heb. xii. 24.*

III

Five bleeding wounds he bears,

Receiv'd on *Calvary* ;

They pour effectual pray'rs —

They strongly speak for me :

“ Forgive him, oh forgive (they cry) *Lu. xxiii. 34.*

“ Nor let that ransom'd sinner die !”

IV

The *Father* hears him pray —

Well-pleas'd, beholds his *Son* ; *Isa. xlii. 21.*

Then takes my sins away,

For what the *Lamb* has done :

His *Spirit* answers to the blood,

And tells me, I am born of *God*. *Rom. viii. 16.*

V

My *God* is reconcil'd —

His pard'ning voice I hear ;

He

298 *For Believers, when first justified.*

He owns me for his child —  
 I can no longer fear :  
 With confidence I now draw nigh,  
 And *Father, Abba, Father*, cry. *Rom. viii. 15.*

H Y M N 321.

6 Lines, all eights.

I  
**O**H what am I, thou glorious *God*, [vii. 18.  
 And what my Father's house to thee, 2 *Sam.*  
 That thou such mercies hast bestow'd  
 On me, the vilest reptile me !  
 I take the blessings from above,  
 And wonder at thy boundless love.

II  
 When in my blood, thou didst pass by, *Eze. xvi. 6.*  
 And graciously my sins forgive;  
 Wept o'er my soul thy pitying eye —  
 Thy bowels yearn'd, and sounded, " Live :"  
 Dying, I heard the quick'ning sound,  
 And pardon in thy mercy found.

III  
 Honour, and might, and thanks, and praise,  
 I render my redeeming *God* —  
 Extol the riches of thy grace, *Eph. i. 7.*  
 And spread thy saving name abroad —  
*Jesus*, the name to sinners giv'n, *Phil. ii. 9.*  
 Which lifts poor dying worms to heav'n.

IV  
*Saviour*, I bless thy gracious pow'r,  
 And all within me shouts thy name,  
 Thy name let ev'ry soul adore —  
 Thy pow'r let ev'ry tongue proclaim :  
 Thy grace let ev'ry sinner know, —  
 And find, with me, their heav'n below.

HYMN

H Y M N 322.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**T**IS life eternal thee to know, *7. xvii. 3.*  
Thee, fairest of the sons of men — *Cant. v. 16.*  
Ah! why did I no sooner go  
To thee, the only ease in pain?  
Aham'd, I sigh, and inly mourn  
That I so late to thee did turn.

II

In darkness willingly I stray'd —  
I sought thee, yet from thee I rov'd:  
Far wide my wand'ring thoughts were spread —  
Thy creatures more than thee I lov'd; *Rom. i. 25.*  
And now, if more, at length, I see,  
'Tis thro' thy light, and comes from thee. *Jas. i. 17.*

III

Now guide me in the Christian race,  
Nor suffer me again to stray;  
Strengthen my feet with steady pace,  
Still to press forward in thy way:  
Listning to thy enliv'ning voice,  
May my freed heart in thee rejoice.

IV

Give to my eyes refreshing tears —  
Give to my heart chaste hallow'd fires —  
Give to my soul, with filial fears,  
The love that all heav'n's host inspires:  
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,  
In thy sole glory may unite.

V

Thee let me love, my joy, my crown —  
Thee let me love, my Lord, my God —

Thee



300 *For Believers, when first justified.*

Thee let me love, beneath thy frown,  
Or smile — thy sceptre, or thy rod :  
And, when my heart and flesh decay, *Pf. lxxiii. 26.*  
Thee let me love in endless day.

H Y M N 323. C. M.

I

JESU, thou art my righteousness,  
For, all my sins were thine ; *2 Cor. v. 21.*  
Thy death hath bought of God my peace,  
Thy life hath made him mine. *Rom. v. 10.*

II

Holy, and just in thee I am — *1 Cor. i. 30.*  
I feel my sins forgiv'n — *Col. ii. 13.*  
I taste salvation in thy name, *Matt. i. 21.*  
And antedate my heav'n. *Eph. i. 14.*

III

For ever here my rest shall be  
Close to thy bleeding side :  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour dy'd.

IV

My dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood, *Isa. lii. 15.*  
And cleanse, and keep me clean.

V

Wash me, and seal me thus thine own —  
Wash me in ev'ry part —  
Wash me, but not my feet alone, *Jn. xiii. 9*  
My hands, my head, my heart.

VI

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
Till faith to sight improve —  
Till hope shall in fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

HYMN

H Y M N 324. H

6 Lines, four sixes and two eights.

I

**W**HAT voice is this I hear? *Isa. xxx. 21.*  
A kind salute of grace,  
Which whispers in my ear  
The grateful word of peace!  
Hail, blessed Lord! 'tis thy sweet voice,  
Which bids me in thy blood rejoice.

II

Thou art my chief delight — *Cant. v. 16.*  
A lovely Friend, indeed!  
Most precious in my sight — *1 Pet. ii. 7.*  
My help in ev'ry need: *Pf. xlv. 1.*  
By thee I'm strengthen'd in the way,  
And thank thee for this gospel-day.

III

Unworthy as I am,  
And base in mine own eyes,  
On my account, the Lamb  
Ascends the upper skies —  
Assumes, at God's right hand, a seat,  
And lets me sit beneath his feet.

IV

My great High-priest is gone  
Into the holy place — *Heb. iv. 14.*  
The curtain is withdrawn,  
Which veil'd his lovely face:  
The passage now is clear and free — *Heb. x. 19.*  
The veil is rent for happy me!

H Y M N 325.

6 Lines, two sixes and four sevens.

*Luke* xv. 11—24.

I

**F**ATHER, behold thy son!  
In *Christ* I am thine own:  
Stranger long to thee and rest,  
See, the Prodigal is come!  
Take me to thine open breast—  
Bring the weary wand'rer home.

II

Far off by thee review'd,  
Thy pity me pursu'd:  
Me thy bowels yearn'd to see—  
Me thy mercy ran to find,  
Poor, and full of misery,  
Hungry, naked, faint, and blind.

III

Thou on my neck didst fall—  
Thy kiss forgave me all:  
Gracious words thou didst declare—  
Words that made the *Saviour* mine:  
“The best robe for him prepare—  
“His be righteousness divine.”

IV

Thee, then, my *God* and *King*,  
My *Father*, thee I sing!  
Hear, well-pleas'd, the joyous sound—  
Praise from earth and heav'n receive!  
Lost, I now in *Christ* am found—  
Dead, by faith in *Christ*, I live.

H Y M N 326.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes, and one eight.

I

**S**AVIOUR, is thine anger gone ?

And art thou pacify'd ?

After all that I have done,

Dost thou no longer chide ?

Infinite thy mercies are —

Beneath the weight I cannot move —

Oh tis more than I can bear,

The sense of pard'ning love !

II

Let it still my heart constrain,

And all my passions sway —

Help me, lest I turn again

Out of the narrow way :

*Matt. vii. 14.*

Force my passions to be still,

And captivate my ev'ry thought — *2 Cor. x. 5.*

Charm, and melt, and change my will,

And bring me down to naught.

III

To thy cross my spirit bind,

With gentlest cords of love,

That I may no proneness find

From my dear *Lord* to move :

That I never, never more

May with my gracious *Master* part,

To the posts of wisdom's door,

*Deut. xv. 17.*

Oh, nail my willing heart !

IV

See my utter helplessness,

And leave me not alone !

Oh, preserve in perfect peace,

And seal me for thine own !

*2 Tim. ii. 19.*

More and more thyself reveal —  
 Thy presence let me always find :  
 Comfort, and confirm, and heal  
 My feeble, sin-sick mind !

V

As the apple of thine eye,  
 Thy weakest servant keep,  
 Help me at thy feet to lie,  
 And there for ever weep :  
 Tears of joy mine eyes o'erflow  
 That I have any hope of heav'n —  
 Much of love I ought to shew,  
 For I have much forgiv'n.

*Pf. xvii. 8.**Lu. vii. 47.*

## S E C T I O N II.

*Hymns for pardoned Sinners, surrendering them-  
 selves up to God.*

H Y M N 327.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

**L**ORD, thou hast won the long-fought field —  
 My heart, by mighty grace compell'd,  
 Surrenders all to thee :  
 Against thy terrors long I strove —  
 But who can stand against thy love ?  
 Love conquers even me.

II

If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,  
 And lightnings flash, to blast my soul,

I AM



I still had stubborn been :  
But *Mercy* has my heart subdu'd —  
A bleeding *Saviour* I have view'd,  
And now I hate my sin.

III

All that a wretch could do I try'd —  
Thy patience scorn'd — thy pow'r defy'd —  
And trampled on thy laws :  
Scarcely thy martyrs at the stake,  
Could stand more steadfast for thy sake,  
Than I in *Satan's* cause.

IV

But since thou hast thy love reveal'd, *Rom. v. 5.*  
And shewn my soul a pardon seal'd, *Eph. iv. 30.*  
I can resist no more :  
Couldst thou for such a sinner bleed ?  
Canst thou for such a rebel plead ?  
I wonder and adore !

V

Now, *Lord*, I would be thine alone —  
Come, take possession of thine own —  
For thou hast set me free : *Jn. viii. 36.*  
Releas'd from *Satan's* hard command,  
See! all my pow'rs now waiting stand  
To be employ'd by thee.

VI

My will conform'd to thine would move —  
On thee, my hope, desire, and love,  
In fix'd attention join :  
My hands, my eyes, my ears, my tongue,  
Have *Satan's* servants been too long —  
But, now, they shall be thine.

H Y M N 328.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**A**H! what avails my strife,  
 My wand'ring to and fro?  
*Christ* has the words of endless life,  
*Jn. vi. 68.*  
 Ah! whither should I go?  
*Lord*, at thy feet I fall,  
 And groan to be set free:  
 I fain would now obey thy call,  
 And give up all for thee.

II

How can I still delay  
 My little all to give?  
 To tear my soul from earth away,  
 For *Jesus* to receive?  
 Nay, *Lord*, I yield, I yield!  
 I can hold out no more!  
 I sink, by dying love compell'd,  
 And own thee conqueror!

III

Tho' late, I all forsake—  
 Friends, honour, fame resign:  
 Gracious *Redeemer*, take, oh! take,  
 And seal me ever thine! *Eph. iv. 30.*  
 Come, and possess me whole,  
 Nor hence again remove!  
 Settle and fix my wav'ring soul,  
 With all thy weight of love!

IV

My one desire be this  
 Thy love alone to know—  
 To seek and taste no other bliss—  
 No other good below:

From

From thee, my portion now,  
Oh! may I ne'er depart!  
My treasure, hope, and joy be thou,  
And reign within my heart!

H Y M N 329.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**J**ESU, how precious is thy name, *1 Pet. ii. 7.*  
To saints above, and saints below!  
Oh! let me catch th' immortal flame,  
With which angelic bosoms glow!  
As angels love thee I would love,  
And imitate the bless'd above.

II

My *Prophet* thou, my heav'nly *Guide*,  
Thy wise instructions I will hear:  
The words that from thy lips proceed,  
Oh! how divinely sweet they are!  
Thee, my great *Prophet* I would love,  
And imitate the bless'd above.

III

My great *High-priest*, whose precious blood  
Did once atone upon the cross,  
And purchase for me peace with God — *Col. i. 20.*  
All things for thee I count but dross: *Phil. iii. 8.*  
In thee I trust — thee would I love,  
And imitate the bless'd above.

IV

My *King* supreme, to thee I bow,  
A willing subject at thy feet;  
All other Lords I disavow,  
And gladly to thy sway submit:  
My *Saviour King*, thee would I love,  
Till call'd to reign with thee above.

H Y M N

H Y M N 330.

C. M.

I

**T**OO long thy *Spirit* I have griev'd, *Eph. iv. 30.*  
 With shame, O *God*, I own;  
 Lord of myself, I madly liv'd  
 Unto myself alone. *2 Cor. v. 15.*

II

My sinful lusts I gratify'd,  
 And did thee much despise; *Heb. x. 29.*  
 To my own use those things apply'd,  
 Which were thy sacred right.

III

O *Lord*, blot out my ev'ry crime,  
 Most humbly I implore!  
 For now to thee I yield my time,  
 My strength, and all my store.

IV

For *Jesu's* sake, accept what's thine,  
 Now freely offer'd thee;  
 Self I renounce, my all resign,  
 Thine evermore to be.

V

Thy service shall my thoughts employ —  
 My lips shall bless thy name:  
 Thy laws be my delight and joy —  
 Thy glory be my aim.

VI

Command, I'll gladly now obey,  
 Nor once dispute thy will:  
 Strengthen'd by thee, I'll urge my way  
 To *Sion's* happy hill.

HYMN

H Y M N 331.

*6 Lines, all eights.*

I  
**M**ASTER, I own thy lawful claim,  
Thine, wholly thine, I long to be ;  
Thou seest, at last, I willing am,  
Where e'er thou goest, to follow thee — *Rev. xiv.4.*  
Myself in all things to deny,  
Thine, wholly thine, to live and die.

II  
Whate'er my sinful flesh requires,  
For thee I cheerfully forego —  
My covetous and vain desires —  
My hopes of happiness below —  
My sense's and my passion's food,  
And all my thirst for creature-good.

III  
Pleasure, and wealth, and praise, no more  
Shall lead my new-born soul astray ;  
My fond pursuits I now give o'er,  
Thee, only thee, resolv'd to obey —  
My own in all things to resign,  
And know no other will but thine.

H Y M N 332.

*8 Lines, sevens and sixes, and one eight.*

I  
**V**AIN, delusive world, adieu,  
With all of creature-good !  
Only *Jesus* I pursue,  
Who bought me with his blood :



All thy pleasures I forego —  
I trample on thy wealth and pride :

Only *Jesus* will I know —

My *Jesus* crucify'd.

1 Cor. ii. 2.

## II

Other knowledge I disdain —

'Tis all but vanity :

1 Cor. viii. 1.

*Christ, the Lamb of God*, was slain —

He tasted death for me :

Me to save from endless woe,

The sin-atoning victim dy'd :

Only *Jesus* will I know —

My *Jesus* crucify'd.

## III

Him to know is life and peace,

Jn. xvii. 3,

And pleasure without end :

This is all my happiness

On *Jesus* to depend —

Daily in his grace to grow,

And ever in his faith abide :

Only *Jesus* will I know —

My *Jesus* crucify'd.

## IV

What tho' earth and hell engage

To shake my soul with fear !

Calmly I defy the rage

Of persecution near :

Suff'ring faith shall brighter glow,

As gold when in the furnace try'd : Zech. xiii. 9.

Only *Jesus* will I know —

My *Jesus* crucify'd.

## V

Here will I set up my rest —

My fluctuating heart,

From the haven of his breast,

Shall never more depart :

While

*Surrendering themselves up to God.* 311

While I sojourn here below,  
Of nothing will I think beside ;  
Only *Jesus* will I know  
My *Jesus* crucify'd.

H Y M N 333. C. M.

I

**L**ET worldly minds the world pursue —  
It has no charms for me :  
Once I admir'd its trifles too,  
But grace has made me free.

II

Its pleasures now no longer please —  
No more content afford :  
Far from my heart be joys like these,  
Now I have known the *Lord*. *Jn. xvii. 3.*

III

As, by the light of op'ning day,  
The stars are all conceal'd,  
So earthly pleasures fade away,  
When *Jesus* is reveal'd. *Gal. i. 16.*

IV

Creatures no more divide my choice —  
I bid them all depart :  
His name, his love, his gracious voice  
Have fix'd my roving heart.

V

Now, *Lord*, I would be thine alone,  
And wholly live to thee ;  
But, may I hope, that thou wilt own  
A worthless worm like me ?

VI

Yes, tho' of sinners I'm the worst,  
I cannot doubt thy will ;  
For, if thou hadst not lov'd me first,  
I had refus'd thee still.

*Jn. iv. 19.*  
HYMN

## H Y M N 334.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

**L**ET me dwell on *Golgotha*, *Matt. xxvii. 33.*  
 Where *Christ* gave his life away!  
 Now by faith the *Lamb* I see, *Jn. i. 29.*  
 Weep, and bleed, and die for me.

II

His dear blood for sinners spilt,  
 Shows my sin in all its guilt:  
 Ah, my soul, he bore thy load,  
 Thou hast slain the *Lamb of God*!

III

Hear his dying words, "Forgive — *Lu. xxiii. 34.*  
 "Father, let poor sinners live!  
 "Sinner, wipe your tears away —  
 "I your ransom freely pay." *Matt. xx 28.*

IV

While I hear this grace reveal'd,  
 And obtain a pardon seal'd,  
 All my soft affections move,  
 Waken'd by the force of love.

V

Farewell, world! thy gold is dross,  
 Now I see the bleeding cross:  
*J. Jus* dy'd to set me free  
 From the law, and sin, and thee. *Rom. viii. 2.*

VI

He has dearly bought my soul — *1 Cor. vi. 20.*  
*Lord*, accept and claim the whole:  
 To thy will I all resign,  
 Now no more my own, but thine.

HYMN

H Y M N 335.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

I

WHEN with my mind devoutly prest  
Dear *Saviour*, my revolving breast  
Would past offences trace;  
Trembling, I make the black review,  
Yet pleas'd, behold, admiring too,  
The pow'r of changing grace.

II

This tongue, with blasphemies defil'd —  
These feet to erring paths beguil'd,  
In heav'nly league agree:  
Who would believe such lips could praise,  
Or that my dark and winding ways  
Would ever lead to thee?

III

These eyes, that once abus'd their sight,  
Now lift to heav'n their watry light,  
And weep a silent flood:  
These hands ascend in ceaseless pray'r —  
Ah! wash away the stains they wear,  
In pure redeeming blood!

IV

These ears, that, pleas'd, could entertain  
The midnight oath, the lustful strain,  
While round the festal board;  
Now dead to all th' enchanting noise,  
Avoid the throng, detest their joys,  
And long to hear thy word.

V

Thus art thou serv'd in ev'ry part —  
Ah! wouldst thou but transform my heart!

E e

That

That drossy thing refine !  
 Let grace my nature's strength controul,  
 And a new creature, body, soul, 2 Cor. v. 17.  
 Be all, be ever thine !

## H Y M N 336.

C. M.

## I

**T**HANKS to my *God*, my choice is made,  
 And, by his help, shall stand :  
 No more shall sense my soul mislead,  
 Nor brutish lust command.

## II

Grandeur and state I now despise,  
 In all their pomp array'd ;  
 Whilst to my glad believing eyes  
 A brighter scene's display'd.

## III

For heav'n my heart is fully fix'd,  
 Nor will its hopes forego ;  
 There boundless treasures, joys unmix'd,  
 And living pleasures flow.

## IV

There ev'ry want shall be supply'd,  
 And my whole soul be bless'd ;  
 And dwell for ever satisfy'd,  
 Of endless good possess'd.

## V

No length of time the stock shall waste,  
 Or this estate impair ;  
 Fruition will improve the taste  
 Of ev'ry pleasure there.

## VI

There would I make my long abode,  
 Where such a treasure is ;  
*Lord*, guide me thro' the narrow road  
 That leads to heav'nly bliss.

*Matt. vii. 14.*

H Y M N



H Y M N 337.

C. M.

I

VAIN world, thy cheating arts give o'er —  
Thine offers I despise:  
In vain thou spread'st thy tempting store  
Before enlighten'd eyes.

II

Bribe me no more, with shining dust,  
To cast myself away;  
Nor seek, by soft enchanting lust,  
To lead me still astray.

III

Oh! no — my soul I'll never sell  
For any earthly gain;  
Nor swim in pleasure down to hell —  
To endless fire and pain.

IV

I'll never part with *gold* for *dross* —  
With *solid good* for *show*;  
Outlive my *bliss*, and mourn the loss,  
In everlasting *woe*.

V

Why should I barter *heav'n* for *earth*?  
A *kingdom* for a *clod*?  
*Substantial joys*, for *frothy mirth*,  
That separates from *God*?

VI

Vain world, thy fruitless wiles forbear —  
I all thy charms defy;  
And rate my precious soul too dear,  
For all thy wealth to buy.

## I

LET worldlings gilded toys pursue,  
 With fond and fierce desires ;  
 My mind has brighter things in view—  
 To nobler good aspires.

## II

They may their stores of corn and wine,  
 Their wealth and honours prize :  
 But I can say, " The Lord is mine," *Cant. ii. 16.*  
 And therefore earth despise.

## III

Beneath his providential care  
 I shall securely go,  
 And from his hand receive my share  
 Of all that's good below.

## IV

Or, should I suffer for his sake,  
 He'll needful strength impart, *I/a. xli. 10.*  
 Peace to my troubled soul he'll speak, *Pf. lxxxv. 8.*  
 And raise my sinking heart.

## V

When passing thro' the vale of death,  
 With horrors overspread,  
 Fresh vigour on my soul he'll breathe,  
 And heav'nly comforts shed, *Pf. xxiii. 4.*

## VI

Then, when the bands of life untie,  
 Will full release be giv'n ;  
 Kind *Seraphs* will be standing by,  
 To bear my soul to heav'n. *2 Kings ii. 12.*

## VII

And tho' I leave my flesh behind,  
 To moulder in the dust,  
 'Twill sleep awhile, but wake refin'd, *Phil. iii. 21.*  
 When God shall raise the just. *Lu. xiv. 14.*

*Surrendering themselves up to God.* 317

H Y M N 339. C. M.

I

JESU, in thee, in thee alone,  
Wealth, honour, pleasure meet :  
Oh, then, to me thy name make known —  
A name divinely sweet ! *Matt. i. 21.*

II

Should both the *Indies*, at my call,  
Their glitt'ring stores resign,  
With joy I would renounce them all,  
Only to call thee mine. *Cant. ii. 16.*

III

Should earth's vain treasures all depart,  
Of this dear gift possess'd,  
I'd clasp it to my joyful heart,  
And be for ever blest'd ! *Pf. cxliv. 15.*

IV

Dear Sov'reign of my soul's desires,  
Thy precious love impart : *Rom. v. 5.*  
To thee my eager mind aspires —  
Oh, dwell within my heart ! *Eph. iii. 17.*

V

Begone (unworthy of my cares)  
Ye specious baits of sense !  
Inestimable worth appears —  
The pearl of price immense ! *Matt. xiii. 46.*

VI

Ye gaudy toys of earth, adieu !  
A nobler choice be mine !  
A real prize attracts my view — *Phil. iii. 14.*  
A treasure all divine !

H Y M N 340. L. M.

I

A Weary Pilgrim here below — *Heb. xi. 13.*  
A stranger wand'ring to and fro,  
E c 3 This

This world's a wilderness to me,  
Where naught is seen but vanity.

## II

No solid rest on earth I find —  
No comfort for my new-born mind :  
'Tis all a wild disorder'd scene  
Of sin, vexation, grief, and pain. *Eccle. i. 14.*

## III

Here, then, no longer will I stay —  
Resolv'd I am, without delay,  
To take my pilgrim's staff, and move  
To seek a better world above. *Heb. xi. 14.*

## IV

'To *Canaan's* happy land I'll go —  
Come joy, or grief — come ease, or woe :  
Tho' rough and long may be the way,  
The end will all my toil repay.

## V

This vale of tears I'll travel through,  
Keeping the heav'nly prize in view : *Phil. iii. 14.*  
'Tho' try'd with pain and poverty,  
Meek *Lamb of God*, I'll follow thee. *Rev. xiv. 4.*

H Y M N 341. L. M.

## I

A Poor way-faring man, I go *Isa. xxxv. 8.*  
In restless wand'rings to and fro :  
I to *Jerusalem* repair, *Rev. xxi. 2.*  
But oft I fear I'll ne'er get there.

## II

Fightings without, and fears within, *2Cor. vii. 5.*  
Tempt my desponding soul to sin,  
So that I find it hard to stand,  
And urge my way to *Canaan's* land.

Yet

III

Yet tho' my trials thus increase,  
I'm often kept in perfect peace: *Isa. xxvi. 3.*  
Pleasant I find the thorny road,  
When blest'd with visits from my God.

IV

But if, at times, he hides his face, *Job xxxiv. 29.*  
Or e'er with-holds his strength'ning grace,  
I move with weary steps, and slow,  
Complaining all the way I go.

V

Yet rather would I live in pain,  
Than to the world return again: *2 Tim. iv. 10.*  
Thro' earth I'll wander all my days,  
A Pilgrim poor, in *Jesu's* ways. *Heb. xi. 13.*

VI

March on, my soul—thy Captain's near! *Heb. ii. 10.*  
He goes before thee—do not fear:  
He says, "Rise up, and come away, *Cant. ii. 10.*  
"For, the whole world's not worth thy stay."

VII

And doth my *Jesus* call on me?  
Then will I bear my cross with thee: *Matt. xvi. 24.*  
Gladly I come, at thy dear call—  
The crown of life will pay for all. *Rev. ii. 10.*

H Y M N 342. *L. M. doubled.*

I

WHEN I survey the wond'rous cross  
On which the *Prince of Glory* dy'd,  
My richest gain I count but loss, *Phil. iii. 7.*  
And pour contempt on all my pride.  
Forbid it, *Lord*, that I should boast *Gal. vi. 14.*  
Save in the death of *Christ*, my God!  
All the vain things that charm'd me most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.

See



## II

See from h's head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down !  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?  
 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a present far too small :  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my soul, my life, my *all*. 1 Cor. vi. 20.

H Y M N 343.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

## I

**T**ELL me no more of earthly toys,  
 Of sinful mirth, and carnal joys,  
 The things I lov'd before :  
 Let me but view my Saviour's face, P/. xvii. 13.  
 And feel his animating grace,  
 And I desire no more.

## II

Tell me no more of praise and wealth,  
 Of equipage, and ease, and health,  
 For, these have all their snares :  
 Let me but know my sins forgiv'n — Lu. i. 77.  
 Believe my name enroll'd in heav'n, Lu. x. 20.  
 And I am free from cares.

## III

Tell me no more of princely tow'rs,  
 Delightful gardens, fragrant bow'rs,  
 For, these are trifling things :  
 The little room for me design'd,  
 Will suit as well my easy mind  
 As palaces of kings.

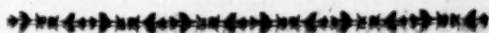
Tell

IV

Tell me no more of costly treats,  
Of diff'rent wines, and diff'rent meats,  
I long for no such feast :  
My little table only spread  
With wholesome water, herbs, and bread,  
Will better suit my taste.

V

Give me the *Bible* in my hand,  
A heart to feel and understand,  
And faith to trust my *God*,  
I'd sit alone, from day to day,  
And urge no company to stay,  
Nor wish to rove abroad.



S E C T I O N III.

*Containing Hymns for Believers, rejoicing in  
God as their Redeemer and everlasting Portion.*

H Y M N 344. L. M.

I

**B**Y faith in *Christ* I walk with *God*, *Gen. v. 24.*  
With heav'n, my journey's end, in view ;  
Supported by his staff and rod, *Pf. xxiii. 4.*  
My road is safe and pleasant too.

II

I travel thro' a desert wide,  
Where many round me blindly stray,  
But he vouchsafes to be my *Guide* —  
I follow, and keep on my way.

Tho'

322. *For Believers, rejoicing in God's*

III

'Tho' earth and hell my course withstand,  
And snares and dangers throng my path,  
Guarded by his Almighty hand,  
I triumph over all by faith.

IV

With him sweet converse I maintain.—  
Great as he is, I dare be free :  
I tell him all my grief and pain,  
And he reveals his love to me.

V

Some cordial from his word he brings,  
Whene'er my feeble spirit faints ;  
At once my soul revives, and sings,  
Yielding no more to sad complaints.

VI

Worldlings I pity, who can talk  
Of pleasures that will quickly end ; *Heb. xi. 25.*  
With thee, O Lord, I choose to walk,  
My Guide, my Father, and my Friend.

H Y M N 345. C. M.

I

FROM pole to pole let others roam,  
And search in vain for bliss,  
My soul is satisfy'd at home —  
'T he Lord my portion is. *Lam. iii. 24.*

II

*Jesus*, who, on his glorious throne,  
Rules heav'n, and earth, and sea,  
Is pleas'd to claim me for his own,  
And give himself for me.

III

His person fixes all my love —  
His blood removes my fear ;  
And while he pleads for me above, *Heb. vii. 25.*  
His arm preserves me here.

His

IV

His word of promise is my food —

His *Scripture* is my guide :

Thus daily is my strength renew'd, *Isa. xl. 31.*

And all my wants supply'd.

V

For him I count as gain each loss — *Phil. iii. 8.*

*Disgrace* for him renown :

Well may I glory in his cross *Gal. vi. 14.*

Which leads me to a crown.

VI

Let worldlings then indulge their 'boast,

How much they gain or spend :

Their joys must soon give up the ghost, *Heb. xi. 25.*

But mine shall know no end.

H Y M N 346.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

WHEN the offences I have done

Encompass me on ev'ry side,

Hell is my due I freely own,

But *Jesus Christ* for me hath dy'd :

Wash'd in the fountain of his blood, *Zech. xiii. 1.*

I dare appear before my God.

II

When various trials me assail,

Many in number as the sand,

Enforc'd by all the pow'rs of hell,

My God upholds me in his hand : *Isa. xli. 10.*

My inward weakness I perceive,

And close to my Redeemer cleave.

III

When *Satan*, like a lion, roars,

Greedy to seize, and rend the prey,

*1 Pet. v. 8.*

*Jesus*

324 *For Believers, rejoicing in God.*

*Jesus* on me his *Spirit* pours,  
And gives me strength to win the day :  
Bold I engage, o'ercome, and tread,  
Triumphant, on the *Serpent's* head. *Rom. xvi. 20.*

IV

Come tribulation, and distress,  
Poverty, loss, contempt, and pain,  
Reproach, affliction, and disgrace —  
All these for *Christ* I count but gain :  
For life, and death, and all agree  
To work for endless good to me. *Rom. viii. 28.*

V

Faith is an antidote divine,  
Converting evil into good ;  
It changes water into wine,  
And poison into wholesome food :  
Believe, and you shall then proclaim  
The wonders wrought in *Jesu's* name.

H Y M N 347.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

**G**LORY to our *God* and *King* !  
Ev'ry heart exulting sing —  
Now a shout of triumph raise,  
Fill the heav'ns with *Jesu's* praise.

II

Hallelujah to the *Lamb* !  
Hallelujah I proclaim :  
He for Sinners freely dy'd —  
He for me was crucify'd.

III

Now I feel my sins forgiv'n —  
Antedate the joys of heav'n :

*2 Cor. i. 22.*  
I can



I can say, " *My Lord, my God,*  
Thou hast wash'd me in thy blood. *Jn. xx. 28.*

IV

Now redeem'd from ev'ry sin —  
I am glorious all within : *Psf. xlv. 13.*  
Men and Devils I defy,  
My defence is *God most High.*

V

Now I banish guilty fear —  
I with joy to *God* draw near :  
Faith's assurance now I prove, *Heb. x. 22.*  
Grounded in the *Saviour's* love. *Col. i. 23.*

VI

Earth below, and heav'n above,  
Wonder at his boundless love !  
All admire his grace and pow'r —  
Bless the *Lord* for evermore !

H Y M N 348.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**N**OW I have found the ground, wherein  
Sure my soul's anchor may remain *Heb. vi. 19.*  
The wounds of *Jesus*, for my sin,  
Before the world's foundation, slain, *Rev. xiii. 8.*  
Whose Mercy shall unshaken stay,  
When heav'n and earth shall flee away. *Rev. xx. 11.*

II

*Jesus*, thine everlasting grace  
Our scanty thought surpasses far ;  
Thy heart still melts with tenderness —  
Thy arms of love still open are,  
Returning sinners to receive,  
That Mercy they may taste, and live.

F f

O Love,

## III

O Love, thou bottomless abyss,  
 My sins are swallow'd up in thee —  
 Cover'd is my unrighteousness, *Pf. xxxii. 1.*  
 Nor spot of guilt remains on me;  
 While *Jesu's* blood, thro' earth and skies,  
 Mercy, free, boundless mercy cries.

## IV

With faith I plunge me in this Sea —  
 Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;  
 Hither, when hell assails, I flee —  
 I look into my *Saviour's* breast —  
 Away, sad doubt, and anxious fear!  
 Mercy is all that's written there.

## V

'Tho' waves and storms go o'er my head —  
 Tho' strength, and health, and friends be gone —  
 Tho' joys be wither'd all and dead,  
 And ev'ry comfort be withdrawn —  
 On this my steadfast soul relies,  
*Jesu*, thy mercy never dies.

## VI

Fix'd on this ground will I remain,  
 Tho' my heart fail, and flesh decay, *Pf. lxxiii. 26.*  
 This anchor shall my soul sustain,  
 When earth's foundations melt away:  
 Mercy's full pow'r I then shall prove,  
 Lov'd with an everlasting love. *Jer. xxxi. 3.*

H Y M N 349. L. M.

## I

**J**ESU, thy blood and righteousness  
 My beauty are, my glorious dress,  
 'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,  
 With joy shall I lift up my head.

What

II

What to my charge can Justice lay? *Rom. viii. 33.*  
 Thou didst to God my ransom pay — *Matt. xx. 28.*  
 From guilt and sin absolv'd I am, *Rom. viii. 1.*  
 Thro' thee, thou spotless bleeding Lamb. *1 Pet. i. 19.*

III

The deadly writing now I see  
 Fix'd with thy body to the tree; *Col. ii. 14.*  
 Torn with the nails that pierc'd thy hands  
 Th' old covenant no longer stands.

IV

Tho' sign'd and written with my blood,  
 As hell's foundations sure it stood,  
 Thine hath wash'd out the crimson stains,  
 And white as snow my soul remains. *Isa. i. 18.*

V

Nothing whereof to boast I have —  
 All, all thy mercy freely gave, *Rom. iii. 34.*  
 Jesu, be endless praise to thee,  
 Who thus hast bought and ransom'd me!

H Y M N 350.

6 Lines, all eight.

I

JESU, I hide me in thy name,  
 From Satan, sin, and grief, and shame —  
 Comfort it brings, and pow'r, and peace,  
 And all the fruits of righteousness:  
 To me with thy dear name are giv'n,  
 Pardon, and happiness, and heav'n. *1 Cor. vi. 11.*

II

Jesu, my all in all thou art — *Col. iii. 11.*  
 The medicine of my broken heart —  
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain,  
 In war my peace, in loss my gain —

328      *For Believers, rejoicing in God.*

My *smile* beneath oppression's frown,  
And in *reproach*, my *boast* and *crown*.

I I I

In *want*, my plentiful *supply* —  
In *bonds* my perfect *liberty* —  
In *weakness* my almighty *pow'r* —  
My *light* in *Satan's* darkest *hour* :  
In *grief* my joy *unspeakable* —  
My *life* in *death*, my *heav'n* in *hell*.

1 Pet. i. 8.

H Y M N      351.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

**H**APPY am I, when I feel  
    *Jesus* nigh unto my heart !  
When he doth himself reveal,  
And his precious love impart,  
Bless'd fellowship I prove,  
Peace, and joy, and comfort sweet —  
Then weep and sing, and love —  
Then I worship at his feet.

*Jn* xiv. 21.

*Rom.* v. 5.

1 *Jn.* i. 3.

I I

Then, with happy *John*, I view  
All his body mark'd with scars;  
And, with *Mary*, can bedew  
Both his feet with melting tears :  
Oh, what shame o'erspreads my mind !  
Oh, what blushes fill my face,  
When, upon his breast reclin'd,  
Both his arms my soul embrace !

*Lu.* vii 38.

I I I

There for ever would I stay,  
Free from all the noisy crowd —  
Live with thee, by night, by day,  
Live in fellowship with *God* !

Feast

Feast me with thy dying love,  
 Whilst I run the Christian race; *Heb. xii. 1.*  
 Then my soul to heav'n remove,  
 There again to laud thy grace.

H Y M N 352.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

SWEETER sounds than music knows  
 Charm me, in *Immanuel's* name:  
 All her hopes my spirit owes  
 To his birth, and cross, and shame.

II

When he came, the Angels sung  
 "Glory be to God on high!" *Lu. ii. 14.*  
 Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue *Isa. xxxii. 4.*  
 Who should louder sing than I?

III

Did the Lord a man become,  
 That he might the law fulfil? *Matt. v. 17.*  
 Bleed and suffer in my room? *2 Cor. v. 21.*  
 And canst thou, my tongue, be still?

IV

No—I must my praises bring,  
 Tho' they worthless are and weak;  
 For, should I refuse to sing,  
 Sure, the very stones would speak. *Lu. xix. 40.*

V

O my Saviour, Shield, and Sun, *Pf. lxxxiv. 11.*  
 Shepherd, Brother, Husband, Friend,  
 What thou for my soul hast done, *Pf. lxvi. 16.*  
 Calls for praises without end.



## H Y M N 353.

*Peculiar Measure.*

## I

O Thou God of my salvation,  
 My Redeemer from all sin,  
 Mov'd by thy divine compassion,  
 Who hast dy'd my soul to win,  
 I would praise thee —  
 Where shall I thy praise begin?

*Pf. xxv. 5.*  
*Tit. ii. 14.*

## II

Tho' unseen, I love my Saviour,  
 Who hath brought salvation near,  
 And reveal'd his pard'ning favour,  
 So that when he shall appear,  
 Soul and body  
 Shall his glorious image bear.

*1 Pet. i. 8.*  
*Isa. li. 5.*  
*Col. ii. 13.*  
*1 Jn. iii. 2.*

## III

While the choirs of heav'n are crying  
 Glory to the great *I Am*,  
 I with them shall still be vying—  
 Giving glory to the *Lamb*:  
 Oh, how precious  
 Is the sound of *Jesu's* name!

## IV

Angels know not, while they ponder, *1 Pet. i. 12.*  
 Dying love's mysterious cause;  
 But I see, with joy and wonder,  
 Whence the gracious spring arose:  
 And the blessing  
 Down to all — to me it flows.

*Heb. x. 9.*

## V

Now my heart is all on fire!  
 Strongly glows the flame of love —

Higher

Higher mounts my soul, and higher —

Struggles for its swift remove !

*Phil.i. 23.*

Then I'll praise thee,

In a nobler strain above.

H Y M N 354.

C. M.

I

**M**Y God, the Spring of all my joys —

The life of my delights —

The glory of my brightest days,

And comfort of my nights ;

II

In darkest shades if thou appear,

My dawning is begun :

Thou art my soul's bright *Morning-Star*, *Rev.ii.28.*

And thou my rising *Sun*.

*Mal. iv. 2.*

III

The op'ning heav'ns around me shine,

With beams of sacred bliss,

If *Jesus* shews his mercy mine,

And whispers I am his.

*Cant. ii. 16.*

IV

My soul would leave this heavy clay,

At that transporting word —

Run up, with joy, the shining way,

To see, and praise my *Lord*.

V

Fearless of hell, and ghastly death

I'd break thro' ev'ry foe ;

*Pf. xxiii. 4.*

The wings of love, and arms of faith

Would bear me conqu'ror through.

HYMN

## H Y M N 355.

*Chesunt.**Cent. ii. 8.—12.*

I

THE voice of my beloved sounds,  
 While o'er the mountain-tops he bounds!  
 He flies exulting o'er the hills,  
 And all my soul with transport fills!  
 Gently doth he chide my stay,  
 Rise, my love, and come away.

II

The scatter'd clouds are fled at last —  
 The rain is gone — the winter's past —  
 The lovely vernal flow'rs appear —  
 The feather'd choirs invire my ear!  
 Now with sweetly-pensive moan,  
 Cooes the Turtle-dove alone.

## H Y M N 356.

*3 Lines, two fives, and one eleven.*

I

O All-loving Lamb, *Jn. i. 29.*  
 A Sinner I am, *[ix. 13.]*  
 And come, as a Sinner, thy mercy to claim. *Matt.*

II

With joy I embrace  
 The pardon and grace *[Heb. ii. 9.]*  
 Thy passion hath purchas'd for all the lost race.

III

For finners, like me,  
 Thy mercy is free:  
 Oh, who would not love such a Saviour as thee!

IV

Tho' long I withstood,  
 And fled from my God,  
 Yet mercy pursu'd with the cry of thy blood.

It

V

It challeng'd my stray,  
And forc'd me to stay,  
And wash'd all my sins in a moment away. *Rev. i. 5.*

VI

I felt it apply'd,  
And joyfully cry'd,  
“*Me, me* thou hast lov'd, and for *me* thou hast dy'd.”

H Y M N 357. L. M.

I

**I**N *Christ*, my treasure's all contain'd, *Col. ii. 3.*  
By him my feeble soul's sustain'd — *Pf. lv. 22.*  
From him I ev'ry thing receive — *Jn. xvi. 24.*  
Thro' him my soul doth daily live, *Gal. ii. 20.*

II

With him I daily love to walk — *Gen. v. 24.*  
Of him my soul delights to talk — *Pf. lxxvii. 12.*  
On him I cast my ev'ry care — *1 Pet. v. 7.*  
Like him, one day, I shall appear. *1 Jn. iii. 2.*

III

Bless him, my soul, from day to day — *Pf. ciii. 1.*  
Trust him to bring thee on thy way, *Pf. xxxvii. 5.*  
Give him thy poor, weak, sinful heart, *Prov. xxiii. 26.*  
With him, oh never, never part! *Josb. xxiv. 16.*

IV

Take him for strength, and righteousness —  
Make him thy refuge in distress — *Isa. xxv. 4.*  
Love him above all earthly joy, *Matt. xxii. 37.*  
And him in ev'ry thing employ. *Jn. xv. 5.*

V

Praise him in cheerful, grateful songs, *Pf. lxix. 30.*  
To him your highest praise belongs — *Pf. cxiii. 3.*  
To him who doth your heav'n prepare, *Jn. xiv. 2.*  
And him you'll praise for ever there. *Pf. cxlv. 2.*

HYMN

## I

**I** *Know that my Redeemer lives —* Job xix. 25.  
 What comfort this sweet sentence gives !  
 He lives ! he lives, who once was dead ! Rev. i. 18.  
 He ever lives, my glorious Head. Eph. i. 22.

## II

He lives, to bless me with his love — Rom. v. 5.  
 He lives, to plead for me above — Heb. vii. 25.  
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed — Jn. vi. 35.  
 He lives, to help in time of need. Heb. iv. 16.

## III

He lives, to silence all my fears — Rev. i. 17.  
 He lives, to wipe away my tears — Rev. vii. 17.  
 He lives, to calm my troubled heart — Matt. xi. 28.  
 He lives, all blessings to impart. Eph. iv. 8.

## IV

He lives, to crush the powers of hell, Rom. xvi. 20.  
 He lives, that in me he may dwell — Jn. xiv. 23.  
 He lives, to guard my helpless soul — Jude 24.  
 He lives, to heal, and make me whole. Acts x. 38.

## V

He lives, to raise me from the grave — Jn. vi. 40.  
 He lives, eternally to save — Heb. vii. 25.  
 He lives, my mansion to prepare — Jn. xiv. 2.  
 He lives, to bring me safely there. Jn. xiv. 3.

## VI

He lives, my Jesus still the same — Heb. xiii. 8.  
 He lives ! all praise be to his name !  
 Oh the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
*I know that my Redeemer lives !*



H Y M N 359.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

**M**OUNT, my soul, to things above!  
Speed thy flight from earthly love!  
Streams of bitterness and woe  
In this thorny desert flow.  
Here thy lot is to complain —  
Weep o'er sin, and weep again;  
Here thy faith, like silver try'd,  
Must the fiery test abide.

*Zech. xiii. 9.*

II

Yet exult in *Christ*, my soul!  
He can all thy griefs controul —  
He a sov'reign balm will find,  
Healing to the wounded mind.  
Only trust the *Prince of Peace* —  
All thy sorrows soon shall cease:  
Look to heav'n, thy native home —  
Patient, wait till *Christ* shall come.

*2Cor. ii. 14.*

*Jer. viii. 22.*

*Isa. ix. 6.*

*Rev. xxi. 4.*

*Jas. v. 8.*

H Y M N 360.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

**B**LESSED Saviour, lovely Lamb,  
Thine, and only thine I am:  
Take my body, spirit, soul —  
Only thou possesse the whole.

*1 Thes. v. 23.*

II

Thou my one thing needful be!  
Let me ever cleave to thee:  
Let me choose the better part —  
Let me give thee all my heart —

*Lu. x. 42.*

*Prov. xxiii. 26.*

*Fairer*

III

*Fairer than the sons of men,*  
Do not let me turn again — *Pf. xlv. 2.*  
Leave the fountain-head of bliss — *Pf. lxxv. 8.*  
Stoop to creature-happiness. *Jer. ii. 13.*

IV

Whom have I on earth below? *Pf. lxxiii. 25.*  
Thee, and only thee I know:  
Whom have I in heav'n but thee?  
Thou art *All in all* to me. *Col. iii. 11.*

V

All my treasure is above — *Lu. xii. 33.*  
All my riches is thy love:  
Other comforts I despise —  
Love is all my Paradise.

H Y M N . 361.

*6 Lines, all sevens.*

I

**O**H, how happy am I here!  
How, beyond expression, blest!  
When I feel my *Saviour* near —  
When I lean upon his breast, *Jn. xxi. 20.*  
Peace, and joy, and heav'n I prove — *Rom. xv. 13.*  
Heav'n on earth in his dear love.

II

Nothing else but love I know —  
Worldly joys and sorrows end;  
Man may *rage*, my feeble foe — *Heb. xiii. 6.*  
Thou, O *Jesus*, art my Friend:  
Man may *smile* — I trust in thee —  
Thou art *all in all* to me. *Col. iii. 11.*

III

Thou, my faithful Friend and true, *Prov. xviii. 24.*  
Reacheſt out thy gracious hand;

What

What can men or devils do,  
While by faith in thee I stand?  
I'm immoveably secure —  
Love hath made my footsteps sure.

*1 Pet. iii. 13.*

*Psf. xv. 5.*

IV

*Satan* stirs a tempest up —  
Calm I wait till all be past:  
See the anchor of my hope  
On the *Rock of Ages* cast!  
Never can that anchor fail,  
While it keeps within the vail.

*Heb. vi. 19.*

*Isa. xxvi. 4.*

V

Shouldst thou o'er the desert lead —  
Will me farther griefs to know,  
After thee, with steady tread,  
Leaning on thy arm, I'd go —  
Drink the fountain from above —  
Eat the manna of thy love.

*Cant. viii. 5.*

*Rev. xxi. 6.*

*Rev. ii. 17.*

VI

Oh, how wonderful thy ways!  
All in love begin and end:  
Whom thy *mercy* means to *raise*,  
First thy *justice* bids *descend* —  
*Sink* into themselves, and rise  
Far above the starry skies.

*Psf. lxxvii. 19.*

*Psf. cxix. 75.*

*Matt. xxiii. 12.*

VII

There thou wilt my mansion give,  
Soon as from the flesh I fly;  
Happy in thy love I live —  
Happy in thy love I'll die:  
Lo! the prospect opens fair!  
I shall soon be harbour'd there!

*Jn. xiv. 2.*

VIII

*Light of life*, to thee I haste,  
Glad to quit this dark abode;

*Jn. i. 5.*

338 *For Believers, rejoicing in God.*

On thy truth and mercy cast,  
 Longing to be lost in *God* — *Phil. i. 23.*  
 Longing, at thy call, to say,  
 “ Lo ! I come, I come away !

IX

“ Ministerial spirits, come ! *Heb. i. 14.*  
 “ Spread your golden wings for me ;  
 “ Waft me to my heav’nly home —  
 “ Land me in eternity :  
 “ Bear me to my glorious rest — *Heb. iv. 9.*  
 “ Take me to my *Saviour’s* breast.”

H Y M N 362.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

I

**M**ELT, happy soul, in *Jesu’s* blood !  
 Sink down into the wounds of *God*;  
 And there for ever dwell !  
 I now have found my rest again —  
 The spring of life, the balm of pain, *Jn. iv. 14.*  
 In *Jesu’s* wounds I feel.

II

Thirsty so long, and weak, and faint,  
 I here enjoy whate’er I want ;  
 The sweet, refreshing tide  
 Brings life and peace to dying souls ;  
 And still the gushing comfort rolls,  
 From *Jesu’s* wounded side.

III

Swift as the panting hart I fly — *Psf. xlii. 1.*  
 I find the fountain always nigh, *Jn. iv. 14.*  
 And heav’nly sweetness prove ;  
 It sends forth streams of righteousness,  
 Pardon, and pow’r, and joy, and peace, *Rom. xv. 13.*  
 And everlasting love.

The

IV

The world can no refreshment give — *Jn. iv. 13.*  
 Shall I its deadly draughts receive,  
 Which spring from *Satan's* lake?  
 Nay — I will drink of that pure flood  
 Which issues from the throne of *God*,  
 And living water take. *Rev. vii. 17.*

V

Soon as I taste the liquid life,  
 Sorrow expires — and pain, and strife,  
 And suffering are no more:  
 My inmost soul refresh'd I feel, *Isa. lviii. 11.*  
 And, fill'd with joy unspeakable, *1 Pet. i. 8.*  
 The bleeding *Lamb* adore. *Jn. i. 29.*

H Y M N 363. L. M.

I

**J**ESU, thou everlasting *King*,  
 Accept the tribute which we bring —  
 Accept thy well-deserv'd renown,  
 And wear our praises as thy crown.

II

Let ev'ry act of worship be  
 Like our espousals unto thee — *Jer. ii. 2.*  
 Like the blest hour, when, from above,  
 We first receiv'd thy pledge of love. *2 Cor. i. 22.*

III

The gladness of that happy day,  
 Oh may it ever, ever stay!  
 Nor let our faith forsake its hold, *Heb. iii. 6.* [12.  
 Our hope decline, nor love grow cold! *Matt. xxiv.*

IV

May ev'ry minute, as it flies,  
 Increase thy praise, till we shall rise,  
 With heav'nly choirs, to laud thy name,  
 And shout the glories of the *Lamb*.



I

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,  
 My rising soul surveys,  
 Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost  
 In wonder, love, and praise?  
 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,  
 And all my wants redress'd,  
 While in the silent womb I lay,  
 And hung upon the breast.

II

To all my weak complaints and cries  
 Thy pity lent an ear,  
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd  
 To form themselves in pray'r.  
 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul  
 Thy tender care bestow'd,  
 Before my infant-heart conceiv'd  
 From whom those comforts flow'd.

III

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth  
 With heedless steps I ran,  
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,  
 And led me up to man:  
 Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,  
 It gently clear'd my way,  
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,  
 More to be fear'd than they.

IV

Thro' ev'ry period of my life  
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,  
 And, after death, in distant worlds,  
 The pleasing theme renew:  
 Thro' all eternity, to thee  
 A grateful song I'll raise;  
 Less than eternity's too short  
 To utter all thy praise.

H Y M N 355. C. M.

I

OUR life is hid with *Christ* in *God*, *Col. iii. 3.*  
And *Christ* shall soon appear,  
His glorious love to shed abroad *Rom. v. 5.*  
On all his members here.

II

The heav'nly treasure now we have *2 Cor. iv. 7.*  
In tenements of clay,  
But he shall to the utmost save, *Heb. vii. 25.*  
And keep it to that day. *2 Tim. i. 12.*

III

Our souls are in his mighty hand,  
And he shall keep them still;  
And you and I shall, surely, stand  
With him on *Zion's* hill. *Pf. ii. 6.*

IV

Him, eye to eye, we there shall see — *1 Cor. xiii. 12.*  
Our face like his shall shine: *Dan. xii. 3.*  
Oh, what a glorious company,  
When saints and angels join!

V

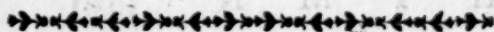
Oh, what a joyful meeting there!  
In robes of white array'd, *Rev. vii. 9.*  
Palms in our hands we all shall wear,  
And crowns upon our head.

VI

Then, let us lawfully contend, *2 Tim. ii. 5.*  
And fight our passage through — *1 Tim. vi. 12.*  
Bear in our faithful minds the end, *Matt. x. 22.*  
And keep the prize in view. *Phil. iii. 14.*

VII

Still let us hasten to the day *2 Pet. iii. 12.*  
When all shall be brought home:  
Come, dear *Redeemer*, come away!  
O *Saviour*, quickly come! *Rev. xxii. 20.*



## S E C T I O N IV.

*Hymns for those who can trust God under all Difficulties and Trials, whether Temporal or Spiritual.*

H Y M N 366.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

## I

**T**HO' troubles assail,  
And dangers affright,  
Tho' friends should all fail,  
And foes all unite,  
Yet one thing secures us,  
Whatever betide,  
The scripture assures us,  
*The Lord will provide.*

*Gen. xxii. 14.*

## II

The birds without barn  
Or store-house are fed,  
From them let us learn  
To trust for our bread;  
His saints what is fitting  
Shall ne'er be deny'd,  
So long as 'tis written,  
*The Lord will provide.*

*Lu. xii. 24.*

## III

We may, like the Ships,  
By tempests be tost,

Or

On perilous deeps,  
But shall not be lost :  
Tho' *Satan* enrages  
The wind and the tide,  
The promise engages,  
*The Lord will provide.*

IV

His call we obey,  
Like *Abra'm* of old ;  
Not knowing our way,  
But faith makes us bold :  
For tho' we are strangers,  
We have a good *Guide*,  
And trust, in all dangers,  
*The Lord will provide.*

*Heb. i. 8.*

*Heb. xi. 13.*

V

When *Satan* appears  
To stop up our path,  
And fill us with fears,  
We triumph by faith :  
He cannot take from us  
(Tho' oft he has try'd)  
This heart-cheering promise,  
*The Lord will provide.*

VI

He tells us " we're weak —  
Our hope is in vain —  
The good that we seek  
We ne'er shall obtain —"  
But when such suggestions  
Our spirits have ply'd,  
This answers all questions,  
*The Lord will provide.*

VII

No strength of our own,  
Or goodness we claim,

Yet

Yet since we have known  
 The *Saviour's* great name,  
 In this our strong tower  
 For safety we hide — *Prov. xviii. 10.*  
 The *Lord* is our power —  
*The Lord will provide.*

## VIII

When life sinks apace,  
 And Death is in view,  
 This word of his grace  
 Shall comfort us through :  
 No fearing or doubting,  
 With *Christ* on our side,  
 We hope to die shouting,  
*The Lord will provide.*

H Y M N 367. C. M.

## I

AMAZING grace ! (how sweet the sound)  
 That sav'd a wretch like me !  
 I once was lost, but now am found — *Lu. xv. 24.*  
 Was blind, but now I see. *Jn. ix. 25.*

## II

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears reliev'd ;  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
 The hour I first believ'd !

## III

Thro' many dangers, toils and snares,  
 I have already come :  
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace shall lead me home.

## IV

The *Lord* has promis'd heav'n to me —  
 His word my hope secures ;

He



He will my *Shield* and *Buckler* be,      *Pf. xci. 4.*  
As long as life endures.

V

Yes—when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
And mortal life shall cease;      *Pf. lxxiii. 26.*  
I shall possess, within the veil,  
A life of joy and peace.

VI

The Earth shall soon dissolve, like snow—*2 Pet. iii. 11.*  
The Sun forbear to shine;      *Joel iii. 15.*  
But *God*, who call'd me here below,  
Will be for ever mine.

H Y M N      368.      C. M.

I

**C**OURAGE, my soul! Behold the prize  
The *Saviour's* love provides!  
Eternal life beyond the skies  
For all whom here he guides.

II

The wicked cease from troubling there—  
The weary are at rest —      *Job iii. 17.*  
Sorrow, and sin, and pain, and care  
No more approach the blest.      *Rev. xxi. 4.*

III

A wicked world, and wicked heart,  
With *Satan* now are join'd:  
Each acts a too successful part,  
In harrassing my mind.

IV

In conflict with this threefold troop,  
How weary, *Lord*, am I!  
Did not thy promise bear me up,  
My soul must faint and die.

But

## V

But, fighting in my *Saviour's* strength,  
 (Tho' mighty are my foes)  
 I shall a Conq'rour be at length,  
 O'er all that can oppose.

Rom. viii. 37.

## VI

Then why, my soul, complain or fear?  
 The crown of glory see!  
 The more I toil and suffer here,  
 The sweeter rest will be.

H Y M N 369.

C. M.

## I

**G**OD moves in a mysterious way,  
 His wonders to perform;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.

Ps. lxxvii. 19.

## II

Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his wise designs,  
 And works his sov'reign will.

Isa. xl. 28.

## III

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take —  
 The clouds ye so much dread,  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.

## IV

Judge not the *Lord* by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace:  
 Behind a frowning Providence,  
 He hides a smiling face.

## V

His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding ev'ry hour —

The

The bud may have a bitter taste,  
But sweet will be the flow'r.

VI

Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
And scan his work in vain:  
God is his own Interpreter,  
And he will make it plain.

*Jn. xiii. 7.*

H Y M N 370.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

**T**IS my happiness below  
Not to live without the cross;  
But the *Saviour's* pow'r to know,  
Sanctifying ev'ry loss:  
Trials must and will befall —  
But, with humble faith to see  
Love inscrib'd upon them all,  
This is happiness to me.

II

God, in *Israel*, sows the seeds  
Of affliction, pain, and toil —  
These spring up, and choke the weeds  
Which would else o'erspread the soil:  
Trials make the promise sweet —  
Trials give new life to pray'r —  
Trials bring me to his feet —  
Lay me low, and keep me there.

III

Did I meet no trials here —  
No correction by the way —  
Might I not, with reason, fear  
I should prove a *cast-away*?  
*Bastards* may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;

*1 Cor. ix. 27.*  
*Heb. xii. 8.*

But

But the true-born *child of God*  
Must not, would not, if he might.

H Y M N 371.

8 Lines, *five and sixes.*

I

**B**EGONE, unbelief!  
My *Saviour* is near;  
To ease all my grief,  
He soon will appear:  
By pray'r let me wrestle,  
And he will perform —  
With *Christ* in the vessel,  
I smile at the storm.

II

Tho' dark be my way,  
Yet he'll be my guide —  
'Tis mine to obey —  
'Tis his to provide:  
Tho' cisterns be broken,  
And creatures all fail,  
Yet what he has spoken,  
Shall surely prevail.

*Jer. ii. 13.*

*Numb. xxiii. 19.*

III

His love in time past  
Forbids me to think  
He'll leave me, at last,  
In trouble to sink:  
Each sweet *Ebenezer*  
I have in review,  
Confirms his good pleasure  
To help me quite thro'.

*1 Sam. vii. 12.*

IV

Why should I complain  
Of want, nakedness?

*Temptation*

Temptation, or pain ?  
Persecution, distress ? *Rom. viii. 35.*  
The heirs of salvation,  
I know from *God's* word,  
Thro' much tribulation  
Must follow their *Lord*. *Acts xiv. 22.*

V

How bitter that cup,  
No heart can conceive,  
Which he drank quite up  
That sinners might live !  
His way was much rougher,  
And darker than mine —  
Did *Christ* then thus suffer,  
And shall I repine ?

VI

Since all that I meet  
Shall work for my good, *Rom. viii. 28.*  
The bitter is sweet,  
The med'cine is food ;  
Tho' painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then, oh, how pleasant  
The conqueror's song ! *Rom. viii. 35.*

H Y M N 372.

3 Lines, sevens and sixes.

I

SINCE to *Jesus* for relief  
My soul now flies by pray'r,  
Why should I give way to grief,  
Or heart-consuming care ?  
Are not all things in his hand ?  
Has he not his promise past ? *Pf. l. 15.*  
Will he then regardless stand,  
And let me die at last ?

H h

While



## II

While I know his Providence  
 Disposes each event,  
 Shall I judge by feeble sense,  
 And yield to discontent?  
 If he *worms* and *sparrows* feeds — *Matt. x. 30.*  
 Cloathes the *lillies* of the field — *Lu. xii. 27.*  
 To his *own dear Children's* needs  
 Supplies he'll surely yield.

## III

When his name was quite unknown, *Acts xvii. 23.*  
 And sin my life employ'd,  
 Then he watch'd me as his own,  
 Or I had been destroy'd:  
 Now his mercy-seat I know —  
 Now by grace am reconcil'd —  
 Would he spare me while a *foe*,  
 To leave me, when a *child*? *Rom. v. 10.*

## IV

If he shed his precious blood,  
 To bring me to his fold,  
 Can I think that meaner good  
 He ever will withhold? *Rom. viii. 32.*  
*Satan*, vain is thy device! *2 Cor. ii. 11.*  
 Here my hope rests well assur'd —  
 In that great redemption-price,  
 I see the whole secur'd.

H Y M N 373.

3 Lines, all eights.

## I

WHY should I fear the darkest hour,  
 Or tremble at the *Tempter's* pow'r?  
*Jesus* vouchsafes to be my *Tow'r.* *Prov. xviii 10.*  
 Tho'

II

Tho' hot the fight, why quit the field ?  
Why should I either flee or yield,  
Since *Jesus* is my mighty *Shield*? *Pf. xxxiii. 20.*

III

When creature-comforts fade and die,  
Worldlings may weep, but why should I ?  
*Jesus* to comfort me is nigh. *Hab. iii. 17.*

IV

Tho' all the flocks and herds were dead,  
My soul a famine need not dread ;  
For, *Jesus* is my *Living Bread*, *Jn. vi. 35.*

V

I know not what may soon betide,  
Or how my wants shall be supply'd ;  
But *Jesus* knows, and will provide. *Gen. xxii. 14.*

VI

Tho' sin oft fills me with distress,  
The throne of grace I dare address ;  
For, *Jesus* is my *righteousness*. *Jer. xxiii. 6.*

VII

Tho' faint my pray'rs, and cold my love,  
My confidence shall not remove,  
While *Jesus* intercedes above. *Heb. vii. 25.*

VIII

Against me earth and hell combine,  
But on my side is pow'r divine — *Rom. viii. 31.*  
*Jesus* is *All*, and he is *mine*. *Cor. iii. 22.*

H Y M N 374.

6 Lines, eights and sevens.

*He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee. Heb. xiii. 5.*

I

**Y**ES  $\leq$  since *God* himself has said it,  
On the promise I rely —

H h 2

His

His good word demands my credit —  
 What can unbelief reply ?  
 He is strong, and *can* fulfil —  
 He is truth, and therefore *will*.

## II

Sure the *Lord* thus far has brought me,  
 By his watchful tender care —  
 Sure 'tis he himself has taught me,  
 How to seek his face by pray'r :  
 After so much mercy past,  
 Will he give me up at last ?

## III

True I've been a foolish creature,  
 And have sinn'd against his grace ;  
 But forgiveness is his nature ; *Pf. cxxx. 7.*  
 Tho' he justly hides his face, *Pf. xxx. 7.*  
 Still I'll hope — for, surely, he  
 Will not always angry be.

## IV

In my *Saviour's* intercession,  
 Broken-hearted, I confide :  
*Lord*, accept my free confession,  
 " I have sinn'd, but thou hast dy'd" —  
 This is all I have to plead —  
*Saviour*, for me intercede. *Heb. vii. 25.*

## H Y M N 375.

4 Lines, one eight, two threes, and one six.

## I

SEE, my soul, thy *Saviour* dying,  
 On the tree, *1 Pet. ii. 24.*  
 To save thee,  
 On his cross relying.

How

II

How does he in torture languish !

There he hangs,  
Full of pangs,  
To relieve thy anguish.

III

See thy *Lord*, so lately bleeding,

Now set down *Eph. i. 20.*  
On his throne,  
Ever interceding. *Heb. vii. 25.*

IV

There, by ceaseless supplication,

He gains grace,  
Life and peace,  
For his chosen nation. *1 Pet. ii. 9.*

V

When thou art in thirst or hunger,

*Christ* is food — *Jn. vi. 55.*  
Drink his blood —  
Drink and thirst no longer.

VI

When thou art in want or danger,

Don't repine — *Heb. xiii. 5.*  
*Christ* is thine — *1 Cor. iii. 22.*  
He lay in a manger. *Lu. ii. 16.*

VII

Art thou try'd with fierce temptation ?

Scorn to fear — *1 Cor. x. 13.*  
*Christ* is near —  
He is thy *Salvation*.

H Y M N 376. C. M.

I

AND art thou with us, gracious *Lord*,  
To dissipate our fear ?

H h 3

Dost

Dost thou proclaim thyself our God —  
Our God for ever near?

*Isa. l. 8.*

II

Doth thy right hand, which form'd the earth,  
And now upholds the skies,  
Stretch, from on high, its friendly aid,  
When dangers round us rise? *Deut. xxxiii. 27.*

III

Dost thou a father's pity feel  
For all thy humble saints? *Pf. ciii. 13.*  
And in such tender accents speak,  
To sooth their sad complaints?

IV

On this support our souls shall lean,  
And banish ev'ry care:  
The gloomy vale of death must smile,  
If God be with us there. *Pf. xxiii. 4.*

V

While we his gracious succour prove,  
'Midst all our various ways,  
The darkest shades thro' which we pass  
Shall echo with his praise.

H Y M N 377. C. M.

I

WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I bid farewell to ev'ry fear,  
And wipe my weeping eyes.

II

Should earth again my soul engage,  
And hellish darts be hurl'd, *Eph. vi. 16.*  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,  
And face a frowning world.

Let



III

Let storms of persecution blow,  
And let temptations come,  
So I may to my Saviour go,  
And reach my heav'nly home.

*Jas. i. 12.*

IV

There I shall bathe my weary soul,  
In seas of endless rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

*Heb. iv. 9.*

H Y M N 378.

*Designed for St. Stephen's Day.*

*10 Lines, sevens and fours.*

I

**H** EAD of the Church triumphant, *Eph. v. 23.*  
We joyfully adore thee!

Till thou appear, *Heb. ix. 28.*

Thy members here,  
Shall sing like those in glory.

We lift our hearts and voices,

With blest anticipation ;

And cry aloud,

And give to God,

The praise of our salvation.

II

Tho' in affliction's furnace, *Isa. xlviii. 10.*

We still thy love admire ;

For, it is thus *Isa. xxvii. 9.*

Thou purgest us, *Mal. iii. 3.*

By thy refining fire. *Zech. xiii. 9.*

We clap our hands exulting

*Lu*

In thine almighty favour —

The love divine,

Which made us thine,

Shall keep us thine for ever.

2 Thes. iii. 3.

III

Thou dost conduct thy people

Thro' torrents of temptation;

Isa. xliii. 2.

Nor will we fear,

While thou art near,

The fire of tribulation

2 Cor. i. 4.

The world, with sin and Satan,

In vain our march opposes;

Rom. viii. 37.

By thee we shall

Break thro' them all,

And sing the song of Moses.

Rev. xv. 3.

IV

By faith we see the glory

1 Pet. i. 8.

To which thou shalt restore us —

The world despise,

For that high prize,

Phil. iii. 14.

Which thou hast set before us,

And if thou count us worthy,

Rev. iii. 4.

We all, like dying Stephen,

Acts vii. 55.

Shall see thee stand,

At God's right hand,

To take us up to heaven.

. H Y M N 379.

L. M.

I

WHILE some round folly's circle roll,

And feed on joys which hurt the soul,

Be ours that silent calm repast

A peaceful conscience to the last!

Pf. xlvii. 37.

II

With this companion in the shade,

Our souls no more shall be dismay'd;

We

We shall defy the midnight gloom,  
And the pale monarch of the tomb. *Pf. xxiii. 4.*

III

Tho' heav'n afflict, we'll not complain;  
The noblest comforts still remain —  
Comforts that shall o'er death prevail,  
And journey with us thro' the vale.

IV

Amidst the various scenes of ills,  
Each stroke some kind design fulfils;  
And shall we murmur at our *God*,  
When secret love directs the rod? *Pf. cxix. 75.*

V

His hand shall smoothe our rugged way, *Lu. iii. 5.*  
And lead us to the realms of day —  
To milder skies and brighter plains,  
Where everlasting pleasure reigns. *Pf. xvi. 11.*

H Y M N 380.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

I

**O** Lord, no more let sin maintain  
Its sway, and in my members reign,  
Or captivate my heart:  
Upheld by thy victorious grace,  
Still let me walk in all thy ways,  
And from them ne'er depart.

II

I rest in thine almighty pow'r —  
The name of *Jesus* is a tow'r,  
That hides my life above:  
Thou *canst*, thou *wilt* my keeper be —  
My confidence is all in thee,  
Thou faithful *God* of love.

While

## III

While still to thee for help I call,  
Thou *canst* not suffer me to fall —

Thou *wilt* not let me sin :

Yes — thou wilt give me pow'r to pray,

Till all my sins are purg'd away,

And all thy mind brought in.

## IV

Wherefore, in never-ceasing pray'r,

My soul to thy continual care

I faithfully commend ;

Assur'd that thou, thro' life, shalt save,

And shew thyself, beyond the grave,

My everlasting *Friend*.

H Y M N 381. *L. M. doubled.*

## I

**A**WAY with our sorrow and fear !

We soon shall recover our home —

The city of saints shall appear — *Heb. xii. 22.*

~~The day of eternity come~~

From earth we shall quickly remove,

And mount to our native abode —

The house of our *Father* above —

The palace of angels and *God*.

## II

Our mourning shall be at an end,

When, rais'd by the life-giving word,

We see the new city descend, *Rev. xxi. 2, 4.*

Adorn'd as a bride for her Lord :

Our *Saviour* shall welcome us in —

No sorrow shall breathe in the air —

No gloom of affliction or sin —

No shadow of evil be there.

**HYMN**

H Y M N 382.

5 Lines, sevens and fours.

I

SAFE in the fiery furnace — *Dan. iii. 6.*  
 Joyful in tribulation,  
 My soul adores,  
 With all its pow'rs,  
 The God of my salvation!

II

Walking thro' fire and water, *Isa. xliii. 2.*  
 I find his presence cheering;  
 By faith I see  
 The Deity,  
 And shout at his appearing.

III

The fire of persecution —  
 Temptation's floods surround me:  
 The flames forget  
 Their pow'r to heat — *Dan. iii. 27.*  
 The waters cannot drown me. *Cant. viii. 7.*

IV

Midst rav'ning, roaring lions, *Pf. xxii. 13.*  
 The Saviour's arms embrace me;  
 And, from their den,  
 He up again  
 Shall, for his glory, raise me.

V

Kept by the strength of Jesus,  
 Almighty to deliver,  
 I find his name  
 Is still the same — *Heb. xiii. 8.*  
 A tow'r that stands for ever. *Prov. xv. 10.*

The



## VI

The wrath of men and devils  
 With feeble malice rages :  
 They cannot shock  
 Me, on the *Rock*  
 Of everlasting ages.

*Lu. vi. 48.*

## VII

I see outstretch'd to save me  
 The arm of my Redeemer :  
 That arm shall quell  
 The pow'rs of hell,  
 And silence each blasphemers.

H Y M N 383.

*8 Lines, seven's sixes and one eight.*

## I

**C**AST on the fidelity  
 Of my redeeming *Lord*,  
 I shall his salvation see,  
 According to his word :  
 Credence to his word I give —  
 My *Saviour* in distresses past,  
 Will not now his servant leave,  
 But bring me through, at last.

*Heb. xiii. 5.*

## II

Better than my boding fears  
 To me thou oft hast prov'd —  
 Oft observ'd my silent tears,  
 While all thy bowels mov'd : *Jer. xxxi. 20.*  
 Mercy to my rescue flew,  
 When death ingrasp'd his fainting prey —  
 Pain before thy pow'r withdrew,  
 And sorrow fled away.

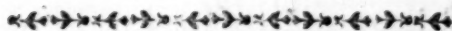
Now

III

Now as yesterday the same, *Heb. xiii. 8.*  
In all my troubles nigh,  
*Jesu*, on thy word and name  
I steadfastly rely :  
Sure as now the grief I feel,  
The promis'd joy I soon shall have — *Pf. xxx. 5.*  
Sav'd again, to sinners tell  
Thy pow'r and will to save.

IV

To thy blessed will resign'd,  
And stay'd on that alone, *Isa. xxvi. 3.*  
I thy perfect strength shall find —  
Thy faithful mercies own —  
Compass'd round with songs of praise, *Pf. xxxii. 7.*  
My all to my *Redeemer* give —  
Spread thy miracles of grace,  
And for thy glory live.



S E C T I O N V.

*Hymns for Believers, longing to be dissolved and  
be with Christ.*

H Y M N 384.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

O H what a barren wilderness !  
How dark, how desolate a place  
Is this vain world below !  
What clouds and storms of sorrow rise !

I i

What

352 *For Believers, longing to be dissolved.*

What aching hearts ! what weeping eyes !  
What scenes of solid woe !

II

When, O my soul wilt thou remove  
'To yonder world of joy and love,  
And all thy grief be o'er ?  
Behold thy *Jefus* face to face, *1 Cor. xiii. 12.*  
And glory in redeeming grace,  
And sin and sigh no more ? *Ifa. xxxv. 10.*

III

Now I have tasted love divine,  
I cannot rest 'till all is mine,  
That's treasur'd up above :  
My soul is all athirst for *God* — *Rev. xxii. 17.*  
When shall I leave this fleshly load,  
And be dissolv'd in love ?

IV

How little do I know of *God*,  
While I in flesh have my abode !  
*Lord*, take this veil away —  
Then shall I know as I am known, *1 Cor. xiii. 12.*  
And see thee shining on thy throne, *1 Jn. iii. 2.*  
In everlasting day.

V

Thy love, beyond expression great,  
Fills me with joy divinely sweet : *1 Pet. i. 8.*  
*Jefu*, what shall I say ?  
Thy boundless love is all my song —  
I pant and cry, " O *Lord*, how long,  
" How long wilt thou delay ?" *Pf. xl. 17.*

VI

To thy embrace I pant to go — *Phil. i. 23.*  
Why are thy Chariot-wheels so slow ? *Judg. v. 28.*  
Haste *Lord*, and set me free :  
*Saviour*, is not thy coming near ?  
When, when, oh when wilt thou appear,  
And take me up to thee ?

H Y M N

H Y M N 385. *L. M. doubled.*

I

**S**TILL out of the deepest abyfs  
Of trouble I mournfully cry,  
And pine to be fill'd with thy peace —  
To see my *Redeemer*, and die : *Phil. i. 23.*  
I cannot, I cannot forbear  
These passionate longings for home — *2 Cor. v. 2.*  
Oh ! when will my spirit be there ?  
Oh ! when will the messenger come ?

II

Thy nature I long to put on — *Gal. iii. 27.*  
Thine image on earth to regain ;  
And, then, in the grave to lay down  
My burden of body and pain :  
O *Jesus*, in pity draw near,  
And lull me to sleep on thy breast —  
Appear, to my rescue appear,  
And now let me enter thy rest. *Heb. iv. 11*

III

To take a poor fugitive in,  
The arms of thy mercy display,  
And give me to rest from all sin,  
Then bear me triumphant away —  
Away from a world of distress —  
Away to the mansions above, *Jn. xiv. 2.*  
Where, blest with a sight of thy face,  
I'll praise thee, in raptures of love.

H Y M N 386. *C. M. doubled.*

I

**H**OW happy ev'ry child of grace,  
Who knows his sins forgiv'n ! *Lu. i. 77.*  
This earth (he cries) is not my place, *Heb. xiii. 14.*  
I seek my place in heav'n —

364 *For Believers, longing to be dissolved.*

A country far from mortal sight, *Heb. xi. 16.*  
 Yet oh! by faith, I see  
 The land of rest, and pure delight —  
 The heav'n prepar'd for me. *Heb. xi. 13.*

II

A stranger in the world below, *1 Pet. ii. 11.*  
 I calmly sojourn here,  
 Nor can its happiness or woe  
 Excite my hope or fear :  
 Its evils in a moment end —  
 Its joys as soon are past ;  
 But, oh ! the bliss to which I tend  
 Eternally shall last !

III

To that *Jerusalem* above,  
 With singing, I repair ; *Isa. li. 11.*  
 Tho' in the flesh, my hope, and love,  
 My heart and soul are there. *Phil. iii. 20.*  
 There my exalted *Saviour* stands —  
 My merciful *High-priest*,  
 And still extends his wounded hands,  
 To take me to his breast.

IV

What is there here to court my stay —  
 To hold me back from home,  
 While angels beckon me away,  
 And *Jesus* bids me come ?  
 Oh, would he all his grace bestow,  
 And this frail vessel break,  
 And let my ransom'd spirit go,  
 To find the *God* I seek !

H Y M N



H Y M N 387.

*Chefunt.*

I

O Precious *Lamb*, for sinners slain, *Rev. v. 6.*  
Redemption we have found in thee,  
Help us to raise each grateful strain —  
To lift the voice of melody:  
*Jesus God*, thou art our *Lord* —  
Thee we praise, with one accord!

II

But when shall we this flesh resign,  
And from this vale of tears remove?  
We long to be for ever thine, *Phil. i. 23.*  
And to be swallow'd up in love —  
Disembod' d, loud to sing,  
“ *Jesus* is our conq'ring *King*”!

III

With holy Saints and Cherubims,  
When at thy footstool shall we fall,  
And laud thy name in joyful hymns,  
Resounding, “ *God* is all in all! ” *1 Cor. xv. 28.*  
“ Hallelujah to the *Lamb* !  
“ *Glory* to the great *I Am* !”

H Y M N 388.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

I

WORN out with long fatigue, and pain,  
Tho' now my feeble flesh complain,  
Or faint beneath its load, *Pf. lxxiii. 26.*  
My spirit shall superior rise,  
Regaining swift her native skies,  
And sooner reach her *God*.

II

Too long this corruptible clay  
Has clouded the ethereal ray,  
And press'd my spirit down ;  
A gainer now by ev'ry loss,  
I find, in weariness, a cross,  
That lifts me to a crown.

*Wis. ix. 15.*

III

Of pain I now advantage make,  
And meekly bear it, for his sake  
Who suffer'd death for me :  
To suffer death for him I wait,  
And pain shall open wide the gate  
Of immortality.

IV

O blessed hope of lasting peace !  
Still let me patiently decrease,  
And sensibly decay —  
Welcome whate'er my *Lord* ordain,  
Disease, or weariness, or pain,  
To hasten me away.

V

I come, with eager joy, I come  
To enter my eternal home,  
And see *God* face to face :  
There all my stores of grief shall fail, *Isa. xxxv. 10.*  
And I no more my sins bewail,  
In that thrice blessed place.

*1 Cor. xiii. 12.*

VI

In that *Jerusalem* above,  
All is pure harmony, and love,  
And joy without a sting :  
The tears are banish'd from our eyes, *Rev. vii. 17.*  
And not a single sigh can rise,  
Where saints for ever sing.

*Rev. xxi. 2.*

Oh

VII

Oh might I, from this dungeon freed,  
In peace lay down my weary head —  
My mournful soul resign!  
This moment meet th' appointed day,  
And faint, and sink, and die away  
Into the arms divine!

H Y M N 389.

8 Lines, eights and sevens.

I

**W**EARY world of sin, and anguish,  
How I long from thee to fly! *Pf. lv. 6.*  
Fainting for relief I languish,  
Dying thro' desire to die:  
O my *Life*, my only *Treasure*,  
Let me cast it all behind —  
Now fill up my mournful measure — *Col. i. 24.*  
Now my heav'nly *Canaan* find.

II

Never shipwreck'd mar'ner wanted  
More to reach the distant shore;  
Never wand'ring exile panted  
For his native country more:  
Hear my earnest supplication,  
Thou who only canst release,  
Shew me now thy full salvation —  
Let me now depart in peace. *Lu. ii. 29.*

III

Hear me, *Lord*, my suit redouble,  
Till the promise I obtain —  
Cease from all my grief and trouble —  
Everlasting comfort gain.  
Can it be to thee displeasing  
That I fain thy face would see,

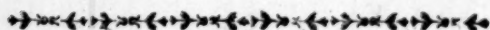
Eager

368 *For Believers, going on unto Perfection.*

Eager for the mighty blessing —  
All on fire to die for thee ?

IV

Present with me in temptation, 1 Cor. x. 13.  
Thou my troubled soul hast known ;  
All my sorrow and vexation,  
All my fear to thee I own :  
*Lord*, I would not live to grieve thee —  
Would not from thy bosom stray ;  
Place me where I cannot leave thee —  
Now transport my soul away.



S E C T I O N VI.

*Hymns for Believers, who are hungry and  
thirsting after Righteousness, and going on unto  
Perfection.*

H Y M N 390. L. M.

I

**H**APPY the man, and he alone, [xxxiii. 12.  
Who truly calls the *Lord* his own ! *Pf.*  
Who knows, who feels his sins forgiv'n, *Col. ii. 13.*  
And sees his title good for heav'n. 1 Pet. i. 3.

II

May I that happy person be,  
And have eternal life in thee — Jn. xvii. 3.  
Obtain salvation thro' the *Lamb*,  
And glory only in his name ! Acts iv. 12.

III

Dear *Lord*, impute no sin to me, Pf. xxxii. 2.  
But pardon mine iniquity :

Anoint

*For Believers, going on unto Perfection.* 369

Anoint mine head with holy oil, *Pf. xxiii. 5.*  
And cleanse my heart from secret guile.

IV

My foolish lusts and passions slay —  
My darling idols take away : *Eze. xxxvi. 25.*  
Extinguish all unchaste desires —  
Inflame my heart with heav'nly fires.

V

Now send thy gracious *Spirit* down,  
To sanctify and seal thine own : *Eph. iv. 30.*  
*Lord*, take my soul into thy hand,  
And make me bow to thy command.

VI

My heart, alas ! is still unclean !  
Oh wash me free from ev'ry stain !  
Let fresh supplies of grace be giv'n,  
Till I am pure, and meet for heav'n.

H Y M N 391. L. M.

**O** *Lord*, produce a change within, *Matt. xii. 33.*  
Else outward worship all is vain ;  
My nature make averse to sin,  
And let my soul be born again. *Jn. iii. 3.*

II

Thou know'st I cannot rise to thee,  
Vile, filthy creature as I am ;  
Oh ! then do thou stoop down to me,  
And love me freely, slaughter'd *Lamb. Hosea xiv. 4.*

III

More of thy presence still impart —  
More of thine image let me bear —  
Erect thy throne within my heart,  
And reign without a rival there.

Give



370 *For Believers, going on unto Perfection.*

IV

Give me to read my pardon seal'd, *Eph. i. 13.*  
And from thy grace to draw my strength, *2 Cor. xii. 9.*  
Thy boundless love be now reveal'd, *[iii. 18.]*  
In all its height, depth, breadth, and length. *Eph.*

V

The pow'r of inbred sin subdue —  
My soul and body sanctify ; *1 Thes. v. 23.*  
And, day by day, my heart renew,  
Till the old *Adam* wholly die ! *Col. iii. 9.*

VI

Grant these requests — I ask no more,  
But to thy care the rest resign ;  
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,  
All shall be well, if thou art mine.

H Y M N 392.

*4 Lines, all sevens.*

I

**J**ESU, conqu'ring *King of Saints*, *Rev. xv. 3.*  
Known to thee are all my wants :  
Self-convicted, self-abhorr'd,  
I approach thee, dearest Lord.

II

Still I feel a fleshly part —  
Much corruption in my heart :  
Oh ! I'm very vile indeed !  
Of thy blood I sure have need.

III

Break, oh break this heart of stone — *Eze. xxxvi.*  
Form it for thy use alone : *[26.]*  
Bid each idol to depart — *Eze. xxxvi. 25.*  
Build thy temple in my heart. *1 Cor. iii. 16.*

Nothing

IV

Nothing I presume to plead,  
But thy blood so freely shed :  
All my hopes and joys arise  
From thy bloody sacrifice.

*Eph. v. 2.*

V

This confirms me, when I'm weak,  
Comforts me, when I am sick —  
Banishes each sad complaint —  
Gives me courage, when I'm faint.

H Y M N 393. L. M.

I

**J**ESU, from whom all blessings flow,  
Great builder of thy Church below,  
If now thy *Spirit* moves my breast,  
Hear and fulfil thine own request.

II

The few that truly call thee *Lord*,  
And wait thy sanctifying word ;  
That wish to live to thee alone,  
Oh stamp, and seal them for thine own. *2Tim.ii.19.*

III

Oh let them all thy mind express,  
Stand forth thy chosen witnesses — *Act. x. 41.*  
Thy pow'r unto salvation shew, *Rom. i. 16.*  
And perfect holiness below ! *2 Cor. vii. 1.*

IV

In them let all mankind behold  
How Christians liv'd in days of old,  
Mighty their envious foes to move,  
A proverb of reproach — and love. *Pf. lxi. 11.*

V

From ev'ry sinful wrinkle free, *Eph. v. 27.*  
Redeem'd from all iniquity, *Tit. ii. 14.*  
The fellowship of saints make known, *Phil. i. 5.*  
And oh ! my *God*, let me be one !

HYMN

372 *For Believers, going on unto Perfection.*

H Y M N 394.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**L**EADER of faithful souls, and guide,  
Of all that-travel to the sky,  
Come, and with us, ev'n us abide, *Jn. xv. 4.*  
Who would on thee alone rely —  
On thee alone our spirits stay,  
While held in life's uneven way.

II

Strangers and pilgrims here below, *Heb. xi. 13.*  
This earth, we know, is not our place;  
Then may we, thro' this vale of woe,  
Press forward to behold thy face — *Phil. iii. 14.*  
Duteous in all thy statutes move,  
Until we gain our home above.

III

Patient th' appointed race to run, *Heb. xii. 1.*  
Things earthly let us cast behind — [7.  
From strength to strength still travel on, *Pslxxxiv.*  
The new *Jerusalem* to find — *Rev. xxi. 2.*  
*Jerusalem*, the saints abode,  
Whose maker is the living *God*. *Heb. xi. 10.*

H Y M N 395. C. M.

I

**J**ESU, omnipotent to save,  
What can my hopes withstand,  
While thee my *Advocate* I have, *I Jn. ii. 1.*  
Enthron'd at *God's* right-hand? *Col. iii. 1.*

II

Nature is subject to thy word —  
All pow'r to thee is giv'n, *Matt. ix. 6.*  
The uncontroul'd, Almighty *Lord*  
Of hell, and earth, and heav'n.

And

III

And shall my sins thy will oppose ?

*Master*, thy right maintain :

Oh let not thine usurping foes

In me thy servant reign !

IV

Come, take possession of thine own —

Thine empire now assert :

Come, gracious *Lord*, set up thy throne,

And reign within my heart. *Lu. xvii. 21.*

V

Thine enemies destroy in mine —

Pronounce their speedy doom :

In vengeance speak — in brightness shine —

The man of sin consume. *Rom. vi. 6.*

VI

So shall I bless thy pleasing sway,

And to thy laws submit —

With loving heart shall I obey,

And at thy footstool sit.

H Y M N 396. L. M.

I

COME, mighty *Saviour*, from above —

I et fleshly nature yield to grace !

Empty my heart of earthly love,

And for thyself prepare the place.

II

To thee my earnest soul aspires —

To thee I offer all my vows :

Keep me from false and vain desires,

My *God*, my *Saviour*, and my *Spouse*.

III

Oh, let thy sacred presence fill,

And set my longing spirit free,

K k

Which

374 *For Believers, going on unto Perfection.*

Which pants to have no other will,  
But still to move and live in thee !

IV

While in this wilderness below,  
The way to heav'n would I pursue,  
And bid this world of noise and show,  
With all its glitt'ring snares, adieu.

V

That lowly path I fain would seek,  
In which my *Saviour's* footsteps shine,  
And of his suff'rings only speak,  
Endur'd for this poor soul of mine.

VI

Henceforth may no profane delight  
Divide my consecrated soul !  
Possess it thou, who hast the right,  
As Lord and Master of the whole.

VII

Nothing on earth would I desire,  
But thy pure love within my breast :  
This, only this would I require,  
And freely give up all the rest.

H Y M N 397.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

JESU, my strength, my hope, 1 Tim. i. 1.  
On thee I cast my care — 1 Pet. v. 7.  
With humble confidence look up,  
And know thou hear'st my pray'r: 1 Jn. v. 15.  
Give me on thee to wait,  
Till I can all things do, Phil. iv. 13.  
On thee, almighty to create —  
Almighty to renew.

I want



II

I want a sober mind,  
A self-renouncing will,  
That tramples down, and casts behind  
The baits of pleasing ill —  
A soul inur'd to pain,  
To hardship, grief, and loss,  
Bold to take up, firm to sustain—  
The consecrated cross.

III

I want a godly fear —  
A quick-discerning eye,  
That looks to thee, when sin is near,  
And sees the *Tempter* fly — *Jas. iv. 7.*  
A spirit still prepar'd,  
And arm'd with jealous care,  
For ever standing on its guard,  
And watching unto pray'r — *1 Pet. iv. 7.*

IV

I want a true regard,  
A single steady aim,  
(Unmov'd by threatening or reward)  
To thee, and thy great name:  
May I with thee abide,  
Nor from my hope remove,  
'Till thou my patient spirit guide  
Into thy perfect love. *1 Jn. iv. 18.*

H Y M N 398. L. M.

I

**L**ORD, fill me with an humble fear —  
My utter helplessness reveal;  
*Satan* and sin are always near,  
Thee may I always nearer feel.

II

Oh that to thee my constant mind  
Might, with an even flame, aspire !

376 *For Believers, going on unto Perfection.*

Pride in its earliest motions find,  
And mark the risings of desire !

III

Oh that my tender soul might fly  
The first abhorr'd approach of ill !  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
The slightest touch of sin to feel !

IV

'Till thou anew my soul create, *Eph. ii. 10.*  
Still may I strive, and watch, and pray, *Matt. xxvi.*  
Humbly and confidently wait, *[41.]*  
And long to see the perfect day. *Prov. iv. 18.*

V

Correct whate'er thou see'st amiss —  
Still lead me on from grace to grace,  
And make me as my Saviour is,  
Till I am meet to see thy face.

H Y M N 399.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

WHEN in my house, O Lord, I sit, *Deut. vi. 7.*  
Thy book be my companion still —  
My joy thy sayings to repeat  
Talk o'er the records of thy will —  
And search the oracles divine, *1 Pet. iv. 11.*  
Till ev'ry heart-felt word be mine.

II

Unto thy law my heart incline, *Pf. cxix. 36.*  
And draw it always after thee ! *Cant. i. 4.*  
O blessed Lord, thy servant join, *Lu. xxiv. 13.*  
And walk, and talk, thyself with me :  
Oh may my heart thy presence prove,  
And burn with pure and ardent love ! *Lu. xxiv. 32.*

Whenever

III

Whenever I lie down to rest, *Deut. vi. 7.*  
Oh may thy reconciling word  
Sweetly compose my weary breast —  
While on the bosom of my Lord,  
I sink in blissful dreams away,  
And visions of eternal day.

IV

Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,  
Thee may I publish all day long,  
And let thy precious word of grace  
Flow freely from my heart, and tongue:  
Fill me with faith, and hope, and love,  
And join me to thy Church above. *Heb. xii. 23.*

H. Y. M. N. 400. C. M.

I

**B**LESS, gracious Lord, my going out,  
And bless my coming in! *Deut. xxviii. 6.*  
Compass my weakness round about,  
And keep me safe from sin.

II

Still hide me in thy secret place — *Psf. xci. 1.*  
Thy tabernacle spread; *Psf. xxvii. 5.*  
Shelter me with preserving grace, *Psf. lxi. 3.*  
And guard my naked head.

III

To thee for refuge may I run, *Psf. ix. 9.*  
From sin's alluring snare;  
Ready its first approach to shun,  
And watching unto pray'r. *1 Pet. iv. 7.*

IV

Oh that I never, never more  
May from thy ways depart!  
Here let me give my wandrings o'er,  
By giving thee my heart!

378 *For Believers, going on unto Perfection.*

V

Oh fix it upon things above, *Col. iii. 2.*  
And then from earth release !  
I ask not life, but let me love,  
And lay me down in peace. *Lu. ii. 29.*

H Y M N 401. C. M.

I

OH for an heart to praise my God —  
An heart from sin set free !  
An heart that always feels thy blood,  
So freely spilt for me !

II

An heart resign'd, submissive, meek,  
My great Redeemer's throne —  
Where only *Christ* is heard to speak —  
Where *Jesus* reigns alone !

III

Oh for a lowly, contrite heart,  
Believing, true, and clean !  
Which neither life nor death can part  
From him that dwells within. *Rom. viii. 39.*

IV

My heart, thou know'st can never rest  
Till, thou create my peace —  
Till of mine *Eden* reposest,  
From ev'ry sin I cease. *Heb. iv. 10.*

V

Thy nature, therefore, *Lord*, impart —  
Come quickly from above ;  
And with thy fulness fill my heart, *Eph. iii. 19.*  
With light, and life, and love.

HYMN

H Y M N 402. C. M.

I

**M**Y dying Saviour, and my God,  
Fountain for guilt and sin,  
Sprinkle my conscience with thy blood, *Heb. x. 22.*  
And cleanse and keep me clean.

II

Wash me, and make me thus thine own —  
Wash me, and mine thou art — *fn. xiii. 8.*  
Wash me, but not my feet alone,  
My hands, my head, my ~~heart~~.

III

For ever here my rest shall be,  
Close to thy bleeding side:  
This all my hope, and all my plea,  
For me the Saviour dy'd.

IV

Th' atonement of thy blood apply,  
'Till faith to sight improve —  
'Till hope shall in fruition die,  
And all my soul be love.

H Y M N 403. C. M.

I

**J**ESU, my life, thyself apply — *Col. iii. 4.*  
'Thine holy Spirit breathe:  
My vile affections crucify — *Gal. v. 24.*  
Conform me to thy death. *Phil. iii. 10.*

II

Conq'rour of hell, and earth, and sin,  
Still with thy rebel strive:  
Enter my soul, and work within,  
And kill, and make alive. *Deut. xxxii. 39.*

More



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III

More of thy life and more I have,  
*As the old Adam dies :* *Rom. vi. 6.*  
 Bury me, *Saviour*, in thy grave,  
 That I with thee may rise. *Rom. vi. 4.*

IV

Reign in me, *Lord* — thy foes controul *Isa. xxxii. 1.*  
 Who would not own thy sway :  
 Diffuse thine image thro' my soul —  
 Shine to the perfect day. *Prov. iv. 18.*

V

Scatter the last remains of sin,  
 And seal me thine abode ; *Eph. iv. 30.*  
 Oh, make me glorious all within — *Pf. xlv. 13.*  
 A temple built by *God* &c. *1 Cor. iii. 16.*

H Y M N 404.

*6 Lines, all eight.*

I

**C**OME, *Holy Ghost*, all-quick'ning fire, *Matt.*  
 Come, and my hallow'd heart inspire, [iii. 11.  
 Sprinkled with the atoning blood : *Heb. xii. 24.*  
 Now to my soul thyself reveal. — *Gal. i. 16.*  
 Thy mighty working let me feel, *Eph. i. 19.*  
 And know that I am born of *God*. *1 Jn. iii. 24.*

II

Thy witness with my spirit bear, *Rom. viii. 16.*  
 That *God*, my *God*, inhabits there,  
 And will for ever with me dwell : *Jn. xiv. 23.*  
 Oh come, and all my sins subdue —  
 Oh come, and form my soul anew, *Eph. iv. 24.*  
 Empty'd of pride, and lust, and hell !

III

Humble, and teachable, and mild,  
 Oh may I, as a little child, *Mark x. 15.*  
 My

*For Believers, going on unto Perfection.* 381

My lowly *Master's* steps pursue !  
Be anger to my soul unknown !  
Hate, envy, jealousy, begone !  
In love create thou all things new. *Col. iii. 10.*

IV

Let earth no more my heart divide —  
With *Christ* may I be crucify'd ! *Gal. ii. 20.*  
To thee with all my pow'rs aspire !  
Dead to the world and all its toys,  
Its idle pomp, and fading joys,  
Be thou alone my one desire.

V

My will be swallow'd up in thee !  
Light in thy light still may I see, *Pf. xxxvi. 9.*  
Beholding thee with open face ! *2 Cor. iii. 18.*  
Call'd the full pow'r of faith to prove,  
Let all my hallow'd heart be love,  
And all my blameless life be praise.

H Y M N 405.

*6 Lines, two fixes and four sevens.*

I

**J**ESU, thou art our *King*, *Isa. xxxii. 1.*  
To me thy succour bring !  
*Christ*, the Mighty-one art thou —  
Help for all on thee is laid : *Pf. lxxxix. 19.*  
Now the heav'ns in mercy bow — *Pf. cxliv. 5.*  
Come, and bring thy promis'd aid.

II

High on thy *Father's* throne,  
Oh, look with pity down !  
Help, oh help ! attend my call —  
Captive lead captivity ! *Eph. iv. 8.*  
*King of Glory, Lord of all,*  
*Christ*, be Lord, be King to me !

I pant

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III

I pant to feel thy sway,  
And only thee t'obey :  
Thee my spirit gasps to meet —  
This my one, my ceaseless pray'r,  
Make, oh make my heart thy seat !  
Oh, set up thy kingdom there ! *Lu. xvii. 20.*

IV

Triumph, and reign in me,  
And spread thy victory ! *Pf. xcvi. 1.*  
Sin, and earth, and hell controul —  
Pride, and wrath, and ev'ry foe, —  
All subdued — thro' all my soul  
Conq'ring and to conquer go ! *Rev. vi. 2.*

H Y M N 406.

6 Lines, all eight.

I

O Jesus, source of calm repose,  
Thy like nor man nor angel knows —  
Fairest among ten thousand fair ! *Cant. v. 10.*  
Ev'n those by death's sad fetters bound, *Matt. iv. 16.*  
By thickest darkness compass'd round,  
Find light and life, if thou appear. *Isa. ix. 2.*

II

The world, sin, death oppose in vain —  
Thou, by thy dying, death hast slain, *Heb. ii. 14.*  
My great *Deliv'rer*, and my *God* !  
In vain does the old *Dragon* rage — *Rev. xx. 2.*  
In vain all hell its pow'rs engage —  
None can withstand thy conq'ring blood, *Rev. xii. 11.*

III

God over all, in me fulfil *Rom. ix. 5.*  
All the good pleasure of thy will — *2 Thes. i. 11.*

For

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For to thy sceptre do I bow :  
With duteous rev'rence at thy feet,  
Like humble *Mary*, lo, I sit — *Lu. x. 39.*  
Speak, *Lord*, thy servant heareth now. *1 Sam. iii. 9.*

IV

Renew thine image, *Lord*, in me — *Col. iii. 10.*  
Lowly, and gentle may I be !  
No charms but these to thee are dear :  
No anger may I henceforth find —  
No pride in my unruffled mind —  
But faith, and heav'n-born peace be there !

V

A patient, a victorious mind,  
That life, and all things casts behind,  
Springs forth obedient to thy call :  
A heart that no desire can move,  
But still t'adore, believe, and love,  
Give me, my *Lord*, my *life*, my *all*.

H Y M N 407. L. M.

I

**I** Thirst, thou wounded *Lamb of God*, *Jn. i. 29.*  
To wash me in thy cleansing blood — *Jn. i. 9.*  
To dwell within thy wounds — then, pain  
Is sweet, and life or death is gain. *Phil. i. 21.*

II

Take my poor heart, and let it be  
For ever clos'd to all but thee !  
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear *2 Cor. i. 22.*  
That pledge of love for ever there.

III

How blest are they who still abide  
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side !  
Who life and strength from thence derive,  
And by thee move, and in thee live ! *Acts xvii. 28.*  
What

IV

What are our works but sin and death,  
'Till thou thy quick'ning *Spirit* breathe !  
Thou giv'st the pow'r thy grace to move —  
O wondrous grace ! O boundless love !

V

How can it be, thou heav'nly *King*,  
That thou shouldst us to glory bring ?  
Make slaves the partners of thy throne,  
Deck'd with a never-fading crown ?

VI

May our hearts melt, our eyes o'erflow !  
Determin'd may we be to know,  
An' th' of nothing else beside  
Our *Jesus*, and him crucify'd !

H Y M N 408.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

COME, *Holy Ghost*, my heart inspire ! *Job* 32.8.  
Come, and in me delight to rest ! *Jn.* xiv.16.  
Come, and baptize me now with fire, *Matt.* iii.11.  
And consecrate my willing breast —  
A temple for thyself prepare, *1 Cor.* iii. 16.  
And fix thy sacred presence there.

II

My *peace*, my *life*, my *comfort* thou,  
My *treasure*, and my *all* thou art ! *Col.* iii. 11.  
True *Witness* of my sonship, now *Rom.* viii. 16.  
Engrave a pardon on my heart :  
Let all my sins be now forgiv'n, *Eph.* i. 13.  
And mark me for an heir of heav'n. *Rom.* viii. 17.

III

Apply th' indubitable seal *Eph.* iv.30  
That ascertains the kingdom mine —

The



The pow'rful stamp I long to feel —

The signature of love divine !

Oh shed it in my heart abroad !

Fulness of love, of heav'n, of God.

*Rom. v. 5.*

*Eph. iii. 19.*

H Y M N 409.

L. M.

I

**H**OLY, and true, and righteous *Lord*,

I wait to prove thy perfect will : *Rom. xii. 2.*

Be mindful of thy gracious word,

And stamp me with thy *Spirit's* seal. *Eph. i. 13.*

II

Thy sanctifying *Spirit* pour

To quench my thirst, and make me clean : *Jn. vii. 39.*

Now let the gracious heav'nly show'r *Isa. xlv. 3.*

Descend, and make me pure within. *Matt. v. 8.*

III

Open my faith's interior eye —

*Eph. i. 18.*

Display thy glory from above :

Let all I am now sink and die,

And fill my soul with peace and love. *Rom. xv. 13.*

IV

Now overpow'r me by thy grace —

I would be by myself abhorr'd —

All might, all majesty, all praise

Ascribe to *Jesus Christ*, my *Lord*.

V

Now let me gain perfection's height —

Now let me into nothing fall —

Be poor and vile in my own sight,

And feel that *Christ* is *all in all*. *Col. iii. 11.*

H Y M N 410.

L. M.

I

**J**ESU, to thee my heart I bow —

Far from my soul strange flames remove :

L I

Fairest

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Fairest among ten thousand thou, *Cant. v. 10.*  
Be thou my *Lord*, my *Life*, my *Love*.

II

Thou fill'st all heav'n with pure desire —  
Oh satisfy my panting breast!  
With warmest love my heart inspire,  
And let me all thy sweetness taste!

III

I see thy garments roll'd in blood, *Isa. ix. 5.*  
Thy streaming head—thy hands—thy side!  
Hail, hail, thou suff'ring, conqu'ring God!  
Now I shall live, since thou hast dy'd.

IV

Ye earthly loves, be far away!  
*Saviour*, be thou my Love alone:  
No more may mine usurp the sway,  
But in me *thy* great will be done!

V

May I for thee, thou spotless *Lamb*, *1 Pet. i. 19.*  
All things on earth count dung and dross! *Phil. iii. 8.*  
My sole desire, my constant aim,  
My only glory be thy cross! *Gal. vi. 14.*

H Y M N 411.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

**H**OLY, holy, holy, *Lord*, *Rev. iv. 8.*  
I, with shame, my sins confess, *Dan. ix. 7.*  
But, encourag'd by thy word,  
Come to thee for saving grace: *Tit. ii. 11, 14.*  
Oh, redeem me from all sin!  
Purify my filthy soul!  
Make me glorious all within — *Pf. xlv 13.*  
Subject me to thy controul. *Eph v 24.*

Nature

II

Nature fain would bear the sway —  
Lead me in captivity —  
Would not let me thee obey,  
Tho' I groan to be set free :  
*Lord of lords*, thy pow'r exert —  
Triumph o'er thy stubborn foe —  
Reign victorious in my heart —  
Ev'ry rival overthrow.

*Rom. viii. 21.*

III

*Satan's* works destroy in me —  
Let him own thy sov'reign hand :  
Ransom'd from my slavery,  
May I bow to thy command !  
On me may I take thy yoke —  
All I have to *Jesus* give —  
Ne'er henceforth the gift revoke,  
But to thee devoted live !

*1 Jn. iii. 8.*

*Jn. viii. 36.*  
*Matt. xi. 29.*

IV

Meek and lowly let me be,  
Quiet, peaceable, and mild !  
Clothe me with humility —  
Make me like a little child :  
Now let *nature* yield to *grace*,  
And *my* will be lost in *thine* —  
*Flesh* to *spirit* now give place,  
And my soul be all divine.

*1 Pet. v. 5.*  
*Lu. xviii. 17.*

H Y M N 412.

C. M.

I

**O**H, give me, *Saviour*, give me still  
My poverty to know !

Increase my faith—each day, in grace, *Lu. xvii. 5.*  
And knowledge, may I grow ! *2 Pet. iii. 18.*

II

Open yet more the mystery  
Of thy atoning cross :

*1 Tim. iii. 16.*

L 12

And

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And let me, for this precious pearl, *Matt. xiii. 46.*  
Count all things else but dross. *Phil. iii. 8.*

III

When nothing in myself I feel,  
But misery and woe,  
Oh, how transcendent is that grace.  
Which thou dost then bestow !

IV

'Tis grace, free grace that feeds my soul,  
And keeps me inly poor :  
And, oh that nothing else but grace  
May reign for evermore ! *Rom. v. 21.*

H Y M N 413.

*Peculiar Measure.*

I

**G**UIDE me, O thou great *Jehovah*,  
Pilgrim, thro' this barren land ; *Heb. xi. 13.*  
I am weak, but thou art mighty —  
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand :  
*Bread of heaven,* *Jn. vi. 41.*  
Feed me, till I want no more.

II

Open now the crystal fountain  
Whence the living waters flow ; *Rev. xxi. 6.*  
Let the fiery cloudy pillar *Exod. xiii. 21.*  
Lead me all my journey through :  
*Strong Deliv'rer,*  
Be thou still my *Strength*, and *Shield*.

III

When I tread the verge of *Jordan*, *Josh. iii. 8.*  
Bid my doubts and fears subside ;  
Death of death, and hell's destruction, *Hos. xiii. 14.*  
Land me safe on *Canaan's* side : *Josh. iii. 17.*  
Songs of praises,  
I will ever give to thee.

HYMN

H Y M N 414.

6 Lines, alleights.

I

**R**EGARDLESS now of things below,  
*Jesu*, to thee my heart aspires,  
Determin'd thee alone to know, 1 Cor. ii. 2.  
Author and End of my desires:  
Fill me with righteousness divine,  
And let my hallow'd soul be thine.

II

Ah, shew me, *Lord*, my depth of sin!  
Ah, *Lord*, thy depth of mercy shew!  
Dear *Saviour*, end this war within — Gal. v. 17.  
No rest my spirit e'er shall know,  
Till thou thy quick'ning influence give,  
And I to thee devoted live.

III

Before the *Father's* throne thou art,  
The *Lamb* from earth's foundation slain: Rev. v. 6.  
Oh cleanse this soul, this guilty heart!  
Thy blood can wash out ev'ry stain: 1 Jn. i. 9.  
No cross, no suff'ring I decline,  
Provided all my heart be thine.

H Y M N 415. C. M.

I

**M**OST holy, holy, holy *Lord*,  
I would be as thou art;  
Oh, speak the all-commanding word,  
And make me pure in heart. Matt. v. 8.

II

A soul, polluted leper, I  
Cry out, "Unclean — unclean!" Lev. xiii. 45.  
But did not *Jesus* bleed and die,  
To wash out ev'ry stain?

. L 13

Is



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III

Is not his blood a fountain, where *Zech. xiii. 1.*  
 My filthy, spotted soul  
 May bathe itself, and be made fair,  
 And altogether whole? *Mark v. 34.*

IV

I come, then, to this open flood,  
 To plunge myself therein;  
 Believing that his precious blood  
 Can cleanse me from all sin. *1 Jn. i. 9.*

V

What tho' my sins as scarlet are —  
 Of deepest crimson-die! *Isa. i. 18.*  
 With whitest wool they shall compare —  
 With snow unfully'd vie.

VI

Thy promise, *Lord*, can never fail — *2 Cor. i. 20.*  
 It shall accomplish'd be;  
 O'er nature, then, let grace prevail,  
 Till I am all like thee! *2 Cor. iii. 18.*

H Y M N 416. L. M.

I

**A** WAKEN'D by thy threat'nings, *Lord*,  
 I long have seen my lost estate;  
 And still I hang upon thy word,  
 And still for full redemption wait. *Pf. cxxx. 7.*

II

*Jesu*, thy promises are sure — *2 Cor. i. 20.*  
 The purchas'd *Comforter* impart;  
 Apply thy blood to make me pure, *Jn. xiv. 16.*  
 And keep me pure in life and heart. *1 Jn. i. 9.*  
*Matt. v. 8.*

III

I languish for thy saving grace, *Tit. ii. 11.*  
 And, burden'd, groan to be renew'd; *2 Cor. v. 4.*  
 Weary

*For Believers, going on unto Perfection.* 391

Weary of sin, I seek thy face — *Matt. xi. 28.*  
My heart and flesh cry out for God. *Pf. lxxxiv. 2.*

IV

'Tis all my soul's desire to know  
Thy great salvation — to proclaim, *Heb. ii. 3.*  
By perfect holiness below, *2 Cor. vii. 1.*  
The glories of thy sacred name.

V

Redeem'd from all iniquity, *Tit. ii. 14.*  
Thy grace victorious let me own —  
Worship and pow'r ascribe to thee,  
And live and die to thee alone. *Rom. xiv. 8.*

H Y M N 417.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

**P**RECIOUS *Lamb*, I come to thee — *Jn. i. 29.*  
Thou hast oft invited me :  
Thou alone canst make me blest —  
Give the weary sinner rest ! *Matt. xi. 28.*

II

Surely, 'tis my great concern,  
Still of thee, my *God*, to learn :  
Of myself, I nothing know, *1 Cor. iv. 4.*  
Teach the way that I must go. *Pf. cxxxix. 24.*

III

Lowly thou, and meek in heart — *Matt. xi. 29.*  
All humility thou art !  
Full of wrath and pride I am —  
How unlike the gentle *Lamb* !

IV

But thou canst my soul transform — *Rom. xii. 2.*  
Humble an aspiring worm —  
My unbroken spirit break —  
Make the angry leopard meek. *Isa. xi. 6.*  
Thou

V

Thou art greater than my heart — *1 Jn. iii. 20.*  
 Thou canst make me as thou art —  
 Change my nature, proud and wild, *2 Pet. i. 4.*  
 To the spirit of a child. *Mark x. 15.*

VI

Turn me, then, and turn me now ! *Jer. xxxi. 18.*  
 To thy yoke my spirit bow : *Matt. xi. 29.*  
 Grant me now the pearl to find *Matt. xiii. 46.*  
 Of a meek and quiet mind. *1 Pet. iii. 4.*

VII

Calm the sea within my breast — *Matt. viii. 26.*  
 Let its troubled surges rest :  
 Let me from my own works cease — *Heb. iv. 10.*  
 Perfect me in holiness. *2 Cor. vii. 1.*

VIII

Soon, or later, then remove —  
 Take me to my rest above : *Heb. iv. 9.*  
 All's alike to me, so I  
 In my *Lord* may live and die. *Rom. xiv. 8.*

H Y M N 418.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

**J**ESU, cast a pitying eye !  
 Humbled at thy feet I lie —  
 Fain within thy arms would rest —  
 Fain would lean upon thy breast — *Jn. xiii. 23.*  
 Thrust my hand into thy side — *Jn. xx. 25.*  
 Always in the cleft abide — *Exod. xxxiii. 22.*  
 Never from thy wounds depart —  
 Never leave thy bleeding heart.

II

Surely, I have pardon found —  
 Grace doth more than sin abound ; *Rom. v. 20.*  
*God,*

God, I know is pacify'd — *Isa. xii. 1.*  
Thou, for me, for me hast dy'd : *Gal. ii. 20.*  
But I cannot rest herein —  
All my nature still is sin :  
Truly happy I can't be,  
Till my soul is all like thee.

III

See my burden'd sin-sick soul !  
Give me faith, and make me whole ! *Mark v. 34.*  
Finish thy great work of grace ! *2 Thes. i. 11.*  
Cut it short in righteousness ! *Rom. ix. 28.*  
Cleanse me from my ev'ry sin ! *1 Jn. i. 7.*  
Make me glorious all within ! *Psf. xlv. 3.*  
All the carnal mind remove — *Rom. viii. 7.*  
Cast it out by perfect love ! *1 Jn. iv. 18.*

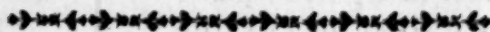
IV

Nothing more can I desire —  
Nothing less will I require :  
Let but *Christ* to me be giv'n,  
And I ask no other heav'n.  
Oh that I might now decrease !  
Oh that all I am might cease ! *Gal. ii. 20.*  
Let me into nothing fall,  
And let *Christ* be *All in all* ! *Col. iii. 11.*



P A R T V.

*Containing Hymns adapted to Believers, under all their various inward Changes, and outward Circumstances.*



S E C T I O N I.

*Hymns descriptive of the inward Warfare of God's People, who are weak in Faith.*

H Y M N 419.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

STRANGE and mysterious is my life !  
 What opposites I feel within !  
 A joyful peace, a fretful strife !  
 The pow'r of grace, the pow'r of sin !  
 Now altogether cold and dead —  
 Now warm'd, and quicken'd by my Head.

II

I prize the privilege of pray'r —  
 But oh ! what backwardness to pray !  
 Tho' on the Lord I cast my care,  
 I feel its burden ev'ry day :

I seek



I seek *his* will in all I do,  
Yet find my *own* is working too.

I I I

I call the promises my own,  
And prize them more than mines of gold,  
Yet tho' their sweetness I have known,  
They leave me unimpress'd, and cold :  
One hour, upon the truth I feed,  
The next, I scarce know what I read.

I V

While on my *Saviour* I rely,  
I know my foes shall lose their aim ;  
And therefore can their pow'r defy,  
Assur'd of conquest, thro' his name :  
But soon my confidence is slain,  
And all my fears return again.

V

Thus diff'rent pow'rs within me strive,  
And grace, and sin, by turns prevail :  
I grieve, rejoice — decline, revive —  
And victory hangs in doubtful scale :  
But if to *Jesus* I hold fast,  
His grace shall overcome at last. *Rom. viii. 37.*

H Y M N 420.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

THE Soldier call'd by *Christ*, to arms, *2 Tim. ii. 3.*  
When long expos'd to sin's alarms, *2 Cor. xii 7.*  
Is tempted oft to yield ;  
But if the gospel trumpet sound, *Isa. ii. 1.*  
He burns with conquest to be crown'd, *Isa. i. 12.*  
And dares again the field.

SECT.



*Hymns exhorting the Saints to diligence.* 397

Cut thy way thro' hosts of Devils,  
Who shall fall before the word.

IV

But if dangers closer threaten,  
And thy soul draws near to death,  
When assaulted sore by *Satan*,  
Then oppose the shield of faith:  
Fiery darts of fierce temptations  
Intercepted by thy *God*,  
Lose their force in faith and patience,  
And are quench'd in *Jesus's* blood.

V

Tho' to speak thou scarce art able,  
Yet pray on, and never rest:  
Pray'r's a weapon for the feeble —  
Pray'r will strengthen the oppress'd:  
Always on thy *Captain* calling,  
Make thy worst condition known —  
He shall hold thee up, when falling,  
Or shall lift thee up, when down.

H Y M N 422.

8 Lines, sixes and eights. *Eph. vi. 11—18.*

I

**S**OLDIERS of *Christ*, arise,  
And put your armour on;  
Strong in the strength which *God* supplies,  
Thro' his eternal *Son*:  
Stand forth against your foes,  
In close and firm array:  
Legions of men, and fiends oppose,  
Throughout the evil day.

II

Let truth the girdle be  
That binds your armour on;

M m

In godly,

398 *Hymns exhorting the Saints to diligence.*

In godly, true simplicity,  
To *Jesus* cleave alone.  
Let ev'ry grace combine  
To guard your valiant breast —  
The plate be righteousness divine,  
Imputed, and imprest.

III

Still let your feet be shod,  
Ready his will to do —  
Ready, in all the ways of *God*,  
His glory to pursue.  
But, above all, lay hold  
On faith's victorious shield;  
To quench hell's fiery darts be bold,  
And *Satan* soon shall yield.

IV

Let naught your firmness shake —  
Never the fight give up —  
The helmet of salvation take —  
The confidence of hope.  
If mighty in *God's* word,  
You need not fear, for, then,  
You'll hew in pieces, with that sword,  
'The snares of fiends and men.

V

To keep your armour bright,  
Attend with constant care —  
And that you may more ably fight,  
In watching persevere :  
'To *God* your ev'ry want  
In fervent pray'r display —  
Pray without ceasing, never faint, *1 Thes. 5:17.*  
And you shall win the day.

H Y M N 423.

8 Lines, *sixes and eights.*

I

**J**ESUS, the Conqu'ror reigns,  
In mighty strength array'd —  
His kingdom over all maintains — *Pf. ciii. 19.*

Why, then, are we afraid?

This bloody banner see!

And in your *Captain's* fight. *Heb. ii. 10.*

Fight the good fight of faith with me — *1 Tim. vi. 12.*

My fellow-soldiers, fight. —

1

Urge on your rapid course,

Ye blood-besprinkled bands, *Isa. xxv. 15.*

The heav'nly kingdom suffers force, *Matth. xi. 12.*

'Tis seiz'd by violent hands.

See there the starry crown *Rev. ii. 10.*

That glitters thro' the skies!

*Satan*, the world, and sin tread down,

And take the glorious prize.

III

Thro' much distress and pain, *Acts xiv. 22.*

Thro' many conflicts here,

Thro' blood ye must the entrance gain, *Heb. xii. 4.*

Yet, oh, disdain to fear!

"Courage!" your *Leader* cries,

Who all your toil foreknew;

"Toil ye shall have — yet all despise —"

"I have o'ercome for you." *1 Jn. xvi. 33.*

IV

The world cannot withstand

Its ancient Conqueror —

The world must sink beneath that hand

That arms us for the war! *1 Cor. ix. 7.*



400 *Hymns exhorting the Saints to diligence.*

Faith gives the victory — *1 Jn. v. 4.*  
 Before our faith they fall;  
*Jesus* hath dy'd for you and me —  
 Believe, and conquer all.

H Y M N 424.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**H**ARK! how the Watchmen cry! *Isa. lxii. 6.*  
 Attend the trumpet's sound! *Joel ii. 1.*  
 Stand to your arms — the foe is high —  
 The pow'rs of hell surround! *Eph. vi. 12.*  
 See, on the mountain-top,  
 The standard of your God! *Isa. lxii. 10.*  
 In *Jesus's* name I lift it up —  
 The cross all stain'd with blood.

II

Go up with *Christ*, your Head, *Eph. i. 22.*  
 Who says, "Come, follow me;" *Matt. xvi. 24.*  
 Each valiant foldier shall be led  
 To certain victory: *Rom. viii. 37.*  
 All pow'r to him is giv'n — *Matt. xxviii. 18.*  
 He ever reigns the same: *Isa. xxxiii. 1.*  
 Salvation, happiness, and heav'n,  
 Are all in *Jesus's* name. *Acts iv. 12.*

Only have faith in God —  
 In faith your foes shall, —  
 And, tho' you fight with flesh and blood,  
 And all the pow'rs of hell,  
 Yet still you need not fear — *Isa. xli. 10.*  
 Why should believers fly?  
 Behold the bloody cross appear!  
 And earth, and hell defy.

Your

*Hymns exhorting the Saints to diligence.* 400

IV

Your Captain leads you on — *Heb. ii. 10.*  
He beckons from the skies,  
And, reaching out a starry crown, *Rev. ii. 10.*  
He bids you take the prize : *Phil. iii. 14.*  
“ Be faithful unto death —  
“ Your conqu’ring Saviour see!  
“ Then ye shall wear the glorious wreath,  
“ And reign as kings with me.” *Rev. v. 10.*

H Y M N 425.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

CHILDREN of the heav’nly King, *1 Jn. iii. 1.*  
As ye journey, sweetly sing!  
Sing your Saviour’s worthy praise —  
Glorious in his works, and ways!

II

Ye are trav’ling home to God,  
In the way the Fathers trod : *Jer. vi. 16.*  
They are happy now, and ye  
Soon their happiness shall see.

III

Shout for joy — for ye are blest —  
Ye, on Jesu’s throne, shall rest : *Rev. iii. 21.*  
There your seat is now prepar’d — *Jn. xiv. 2.*  
There your kingdom, and reward.

IV

Fear not, brethren — joyful stand *Deut. i. 21.*  
On the borders of the land :  
Christ, for you, before is gone — *Heb. vi. 20.*  
Dauntless, after him go on.

V

Lord, obediently we’ll go  
Gladly leaving all below :

M m 3

Only

Only thou our *Leader* be,  
And we still will follow thee, *Rev. xiv 4.*

SECTION III.

*Hymns for Believers, lamenting their unprofitableness and lukewarmness, confessing their weakness, and hardness of Heart, and praying for more Grace and Strength.*

H Y M N 426. L. M.

**T**HE rocks can rend — the earth can quake —  
The seas can roar — the mountains shake —  
Of feeling all things shew some sign,  
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

I I

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,  
Dear Lord, an adamant would melt; *Zech. vii, 12.*  
But I can read each moving line,  
And nothing moves this heart of mine.

I I I

Thy judgments too unmov'd I hear —  
Judgments which even Devils fear:  
Mercy and wrath in vain combine,  
To stir this stupid heart of mine.

I V

*Jesu*, to thee I humbly pray,  
Ohtake th' obdurate stone away! *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*  
Dissolve, with beams of love divine,  
This frozen, stubborn heart of mine.

With

With streams of tears my eyes refresh —

Oh give me now an heart of flesh !

From all my filth and dross refine, *Isa. i. 15.*

And melt, and change this heart of mine.

H Y M — N 427.

6 Lines, all eight.

I  
**F**ATHER, to thee I lift my eyes,  
My longing eyes, and restless heart ;  
Fain would I from my sleep arise, *Pf. xlv. 23.*  
And taste afresh how good thou art ! *Pf. xxxiv. 8.*  
Give me the grace I humbly claim —  
'The saving pow'r of *Jesu's* name. *Matt. i. 21.*

II  
From my dull soul the slumbers shake —  
Warn'd by thy Spirit's inward call, *Isa. xxx. 21.*  
Let me to righteousness awake, *1 Cor. xv. 34.*  
And pray that I no more may fall,  
Or give to sin or Satan place, *2 Cor. ii. 11.*  
But walk in all thy righteous ways.

III  
Almighty Lord, thy servant guard,  
'Gainst ev'ry known or secret foe :  
A mind for all assaults prepar'd —  
A sober watchful mind bestow,  
Ever appriz'd of danger nigh,  
And when to fight, and when to fly.

IV  
Oh, never suffer me to sleep  
Secure within the verge of hell !  
But still my wakeful spirit keep  
In lowly awe, and loving zeal ;

And

And bless me with a godly fear, *Heb. xii. 28.*  
To keep my conscience always clear.

Attended by a filial dread,  
And wise from evil to depart, *Job xxviii. 28.*  
Let me from strength to strength proceed,  
And rise to purity of heart —  
Thro' all the paths of duty move,  
And grow in faith, and hope, and love.

H Y M N 428. C. M.

**L**ORD, fix a principle within  
Of jealous godly fear — *Heb. xii. 28.*  
A sensibility of sin —  
A pain to feel it near.

II  
That I from thee no more may part —  
No more thy *Spirit* grieve, *Eph. iv. 30.*  
The filial awe, the fleshy heart, *Eze. xxxvii. 26.*  
The tender conscience give.

III  
Quick as the apple of an eye,  
O God, my conscience make:  
Awake my soul when sin is nigh,  
And keep it still awake.

IV  
If to the right or left I stray, *Isa. xxx. 21.*  
That moment, Lord, reprove;  
And bring me back to the right way,  
From whence I dar'd to move.

V  
Oh, may the least omission pain  
My well-instructed soul!  
And drive me to the blood again  
Which makes the wounded whole!

HYMN



H Y M N 429. L. M.

I

**G**REAT *God*, on what a slender thread  
Suspended are eternal things !  
The final state of all the dead  
Upon life's feeble, cracking strings !

II

Infinite joy, or endless woe,  
Dependent is on ev'ry breath,  
And yet how unconcern'd we go,  
Upon the very brink of death !

III

May we resolve, with all our heart,  
With all our pow'rs, to serve the *Lord* !  
Nor from *his* precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward. *Pf. xix. 11.*

IV

Oh be his service all our joy !  
Around let our example shine ! *Matt. v. 16.*  
'Till others love the bless'd employ,  
And join in labours so divine.

V

Be this the purpose of our soul,  
Our solemn, our determin'd choice,  
To yield to his supreme controul,  
And in his kind commands rejoice. *1 Jn. v. 3.*

VI

Oh, may I never faint nor tire, *Heb. xii. 3.*  
Nor, wand'ring, leave his sacred ways !  
Great *God*, with pow'r our hearts inspire,  
That we may still shew forth thy praise.

HYMN

## H Y M N 430.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

O H, what an evil faithless heart      *Heb. iii. 12.*  
 Have I, so ready to depart  
 From thee, the living God!  
 Not all thy threats and judgments move —  
 Till master'd by thy stronger love,  
 It will not hear thy rod.

II

My stony heart thy *wrath* defies,<sup>i</sup>  
 And dares against thy *vengeance* rise,  
 Self-harden'd from thy fear;  
 What canst thou with thy rebel do?  
 Try me by *love* — and in my view  
 With all thy wounds appear.

III

Ah, who that piteous sight can bear!  
 Behold, the *Lamb* hangs bleeding there!  
 There, there, on yonder tree!  
 Pierc'd are his feet, his hands, his side!  
 'Tis for my sins he's crucify'd!  
 He bleeds — he dies for me!

IV

For me he meekly bows his head —  
 These pains he suffers in my stead,      *Dan. ix. 26.*  
 My ruin to retrieve:  
 He spreads his arms to take me in —      *Rom. x. 21.*  
 He sheds his blood to purge my sin —  
 He dies, that I may live.

V

O *Love*, by thee constrain'd, at last,  
 I yield, I yield! my tears flow fast —

*Hymns to be used in times of Persecution.* 407

Fast as thy streaming blood :  
Breaks at the sight my heart of stone — *Eze xxxvi.*  
With groans repays thy dying groan — [26.  
Cries out, "My God, my God" !

VI

My God, I can hold out no more —  
My heart now feels thy softning pow'r —  
Dissolves, like melting wax : *Pf. xxii. 14.*  
I know that thou art Love indeed — *1 Jn. iv. 16.*  
Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
Or quench the smoking flax. *Matt. xii. 20.*

VII

Thou wilt not slight the feeblest grace — *Zech. iv. 10.*  
This spark of love thy breath shall raise,  
And kindle to a flame ;  
And I who taste how good thou art, *Pf. xxxiv. 8.*  
Shall, shortly, love, with all my heart,  
My loving, bleeding Lamb.



S E C T I O N IV.

*Hymns to be used in Times of Persecution.*

H Y M N 431. C. M.

I

JESU, our help in time of need, *Pf. xlv. 1.*  
Thy suff'ring servants see,  
Who would in all thy footsteps tread,  
And bear the cross with thee.

II

Stand by us in this evil hour —  
Our feeble souls defend,

And

408 *Hymns to be used in times of Persecution.*

And in our weakness shew thy pow'r, 2Cor.xii.9.  
And keep us to the end. 1Pet.i.5.

III.

The world, and their infernal God,  
Full of invenom'd rage,  
Like roaring lions, thirst for blood, 1Pet.v.8.  
And 'gainst the saints engage.

IV

O *Lords of Hosts*, appear, appear!  
The aliens put to flight; Heb.xi.34.  
Make bare thine arm — in pow'r draw near,  
And for thy people fight. Isa.xxxi.4.

V

O *King of Kings*, thy cause maintain,  
These Sons of *Belial* quell: Judg.xix.22.  
*Captain of our salvation*, reign, Heb.ii.10.  
O'er heav'n, and earth, and hell.

VI

Oh that, by force, or love compell'd,  
The Rebels may submit!  
Now let them to thy sceptre yield,  
And tremble at thy feet.

VII

The truths they hate, may they embrace —  
On thee their *Lord* rely,  
And live the monuments of grace,  
Then to thy glory die.

H Y M N 432.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

**L**AMB of God, we long to be  
Patient, lowly, meek, like thee; Matt.xi.29.  
Taking up our daily cross, Lu.ix.23.  
Bearing shame, and pain, and loss.  
They

II

They who to thy fold belong *Jn. x. 16.*  
Dare not render wrong for wrong — *1 Thes. v. 15.*  
Cannot force with force oppose,  
But with love subdue their foes. *Rom. xii. 21.*

III

Bruis'd by the Oppressor's hand,  
Evil they will ne'er withstand : *Matt. v. 39.*  
All that follow thee are meek,  
Taught to turn the other cheek. *Luk. vi. 29.*

IV

Therefore, in thy gracious pow'r,  
May we meet the fiery hour,  
Calm, dispassionate, resign'd,  
Arm'd with all thy lamb-like mind. *1 Pet. iv. 1.*

V

In all trials here below,  
After thee still may we go,  
True Disciples of our Lord,  
Answering not one angry word. *Tit. ii. 9.*

VI

Innocent in word and thought,  
Suffering, let us threaten not, *1 Pet. ii. 23.*  
But still harmless, as a dove, *Matt. x. 16.*  
Hatred overcome with love. *Rom. xii. 21.*

VII

Jesu, who Almighty art,  
Turn our Persecutors' heart ; *Matt. v. 44.*  
Let them to our pray'rs be giv'n —  
Let us meet them all in heav'n !

H Y M N 433.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

I

JESU, thy suffering people see,  
Mal-treated by the world, like thee, *Jn. xv. 20.*  
N n Partakers



410 *Hymns to be used in times of Persecution.*

Partakers of thy shame ; *1 Pet. iv. 13.*  
Because determin'd not to know *1 Cor. ii. 2.*  
Aught else but thee on earth below,  
Our persons they defame.

II

Thy marks we in our body bear — *Gal. vi. 17.*  
Our *Master's* cross we daily share,  
And bless the sacred sign :  
Buffetted here for doing well, *1 Pet. iii. 17.*  
We thankfully accept the seal,  
And feel that we are thine.

III

Our back we to the smiters give — *Isa. l. 6.*  
A proverb of reproach we live, *Pf. lxxix. 4.*  
Yet do not strive to hide  
From spitting and from shame our face, *Isa. l. 6.*  
But glory in the full disgrace *Rom. v. 3.*  
Of *Jesus* crucify'd.

IV

For thy dear sake, we suffer wrong, *1 Pet. ii. 19.*  
And persecuted, all day long,  
We thus the crown ensure : *Matt. v. 12.*  
As sheep appointed to be slain, *Rom. viii. 36.*  
Our portion of contempt and pain  
We to the end endure. *Matt. x. 22.*

V

We, in thy strength, can all things do, *Phil. iv. 13.*  
Thro' thee can all things suffer too,  
When firmly we believe :  
By faith, then, may we see thee stand  
The great *High-priest* at *God's* right hand,  
Our spirits to receive.

VI

Now unto thee our souls we trust —  
Our *Saviour* to the uttermost, *Heb. vii. 25.*

*Hymns to be used in times of Persecution.* 411

To thee we boldly come : *Heb. iv. 16.*  
Oh may we soon, by Angels borne,  
With joy upon our heads return  
To our eternal home. *Isa. xxxv. 10.*

H Y M N 434. C. M.

I

COME all who love the slaughter'd Lamb,  
And glory in his cross, *Gal. vi. 14.*  
Still for the sake of his dear name,  
Count all things dung and dross. *Phil. iii. 8.*

II

Shrink not from drinking of the cup  
Our Saviour drank before : *Matt. xx. 23.*  
But fill we his afflictions up, *Col. i. 24.*  
And triumph in his pow'r. *2 Cor. ii. 14.*

III

He takes his suffering people's part,  
And sheds his love abroad, *Rom. v. 5.*  
And witnesses with ev'ry heart.  
That we are Sons of God. *Rom. viii. 16.*

IV

Surely, we now believe, and feel  
Our sins are all forgiv'n ;  
The outward and the inward seal *Eph. iv. 30.*  
Confirms us heirs of heav'n. *Eph. i. 14.*

V

Then let us all our burden bear —  
To Christ our souls commend ; *1 Pet. iv. 19.*  
Joyful his lot on earth to share,  
And patient to the end. *Matt. x. 22.*

VI

" Be faithful unto death (he cries)  
" And I the crown will give." *Rev. ii. 10.*  
" Amen (each child of God replies)  
" We die, with thee to live." *2 Tim. ii. 11.*

N n 2

HYMN

412 *Hymns to be used in times of Persecution.*

H Y M N 435.

8 Lines, four sixes, eights and sixes.

I  
**R**EJOICE, ye happy faints, *1 Pet. iv. 13.*  
 Who only *Jesus* know, *1 Cor. ii. 2.*  
 Whom vice or folly paints  
 As monsters here below —  
 Rejoice in the divine applause —  
 The honour from above, *Jn. v. 44.*  
 And glory in your *Master's* cross, *Gal. vi. 14.*  
 And triumph in his love. *2 Cor. ii. 14.*

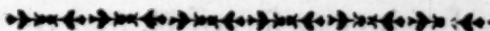
II  
 Ye wise, and pious few,  
 Whose name the world blaspheme, *Lu. vi. 22.*  
 And therefore know not you, *1 Jn. iii. 1.*  
 Because they know not him,  
 Waiting to wear a starry crown, *Rev. ii. 10.*  
 To all their wrongs submit, *1 Pet. ii. 19.*  
 And let them spurn, and tread you down, *Isa x. 6.*  
 As clay, beneath their feet. *Isa. li. 23.*

III  
 'Tis thus ye learn to be  
 True follow'rs of the *Lamb*,  
 Who dy'd upon the tree,  
 Regardless of the shame: *Heb. xii. 2.*  
 With patient thankfulness receive  
 The scandal of the cross — *Gal. v. 11.*  
 The grace not only to believe, *Phili. 1. 29.*  
 But suffer for his cause.

IV  
 By fools accounted mad, *Wis. v. 4.*  
 Of his reproach possesst, *1 Pet. iv. 14.*  
 He bids your hearts be glad —  
 Your *Lord* declares you blest: *Matt. v. 10.*

Exult

Exult in your despis'd estate —  
Enjoy the token giv'n;  
For, oh, beyond conception, great  
Is your reward in heav'n! *Matt. v. 12.*



S E C T I O N V.

*Hymns to be used in all times of outward Affliction.*

H Y M N 436. L. M.

I

**T**O thee, I pour out my complaint,  
To thee, O *Lord*, my soul draws near:  
Let not thy chaf'ning make me faint,  
Nor guilt o'erwhelm me with despair.

II

What tho' thou frown to try my faith —  
What tho' thy heavy hand afflict;  
Thou wilt not give me up to death, *Pf. cxviii. 18:*  
Nor enter into judgment strict.

III

I know thy judgments, *Lord*, are right, *Pf. cix. 75.*  
Thy rod commands me to repent —  
If with my sin compar'd, 'tis light,  
And all in faithfulness is sent.

IV

What would my blood avail, if spilt?  
Thou hast in richer blood been paid,  
When all my dreadful debt of guilt  
Was on my dying *Saviour* laid.

*Isr. liii. 6.*  
Then,

414 *Hymns, in times of outward Affliction.*

V

Then, help me patiently to bear  
Whate'er thou send, to purge my dross; *Isa. i. 25.*  
If in his crown I hope to share,  
Why should I grudge to bear his cross?

VI

Tho' try'd with ev'ry sort of ill,  
Still will I in thy mercy trust:  
Accomplish in me all thy will—  
Only remember I am dust. *Pf. ciii. 14.*

H Y M N 437.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

SAVIOUR of all, what hast thou done?  
What hast thou suffer'd on the tree? *1 Pe. ii. 24.*  
Why didst thou groan thy mortal groan,  
Obedient unto death for me? *Phil. ii. 8.*  
The myst'ry of thy passion shew—  
The end of all thy griefs below.

II

Thy soul, for sin an off'ring made, *Isa. liii. 10.*  
Hath clear'd this guilty soul of mine:  
Thou hast for me a ransom paid, *Matt. xx. 28.*  
To satisfy the wrath divine—  
To cleanse from all iniquity, *Tit. ii. 14.*  
And make the sinner pure, like thee.

III

Pardon, and grace, and heav'n to buy, *1 Cor. vi. 20.*  
The bleeding *Lamb of God* expir'd:  
But didst thou not my pattern die,  
That, by thy glorious spirit fir'd,  
Faithful to death I might endure, *Rev. ii. 10.*  
And make the crown by suffering sure? *2 Tim. ii. 12.*

Thou



IV

Thou didst the meek example leave,  
That I might in thy footsteps tread — 1 Pet. ii. 21.  
Might, like the *Man of Sorrows*, grieve, *Isa.* liii. 3.  
And groan, and bow with thee my head —  
Thy dying in my body bear, 2 Cor. iv. 10.  
And all thy state of suffering share.

V

Thy ev'ry perfect servant, *Lord*,  
Shall perfect as his *Master* be — *Lu.* vi. 40.  
To all thy inward life restor'd,  
And outwardly conform'd to thee: *Phil.* iii. 10.  
Then, from the grave the faint shall rise,  
And gain the glorious heav'nly prize.

VI

This is the strait and royal way *Lu.* xiii. 24.  
That leads unto the courts above:  
Here, therefore, let me ever stay,  
Till, on the wings of perfect love,  
I take my last triumphant flight  
From *Calvary's* to *Sion's* height.

H Y M N 438.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

COME on, my partners in distress, *Rev.* i. 9.  
My comrades thro' the wilderness,  
Who still your bodies feel:  
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,  
And look beyond this vale of tears,  
To *Sion's* holy hill.

II

Beyond the bounds of time and space,  
Look forward to that heav'nly place —

The

416 *Hymns, in times of outward Affliction.*

The saints' secure abode:  
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise, *Isa. xl. 31.*  
And force your passage to the skies,  
And scale the mount of God.

III

Who suffer with our Master here  
We shall before his face appear,  
And by his side sit down: *2 Tim. ii. 12.*  
To patient faith the prize is sure,  
And all who to the end endure, *Jas. i. 12.*  
The cross, shall wear the crown. *Rev. ii. 10.*

IV

Thrice blessed bliss! inspiring hope!  
It lifts the fainting spirits up—  
It brings to life the dead:  
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,  
And you and I ascend, at last,  
Triumphant with our Head. *Eph. i. 22.*

H Y M N 439.

8 Lines, sevens, sixes, and one eight.

L

SUFF'RING Son of God, I pray,  
That, in adversity,  
Still proportion'd to my day  
My strength may always be: *Deut. xxxiii 25.*  
When my sorrows most increase,  
Then, let thy strongest joys be giv'n; *2 Cor. i. 5.*  
Jesu, come with my distress,  
And agony is heav'n.

II

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
For good remember me; *Neh. v. 19.*  
Let me not, at last, be lost,  
For still I trust in thee:

With

*Hymns, in times of outward Affliction.* 417

With me in the fire remain, *Isa. xliii. 2.*  
Until, like burnish'd gold, I shine — *Zech. xiii. 9.*  
Meet, thro' consecrated pain,  
To see the face divine.

H Y M N 440. L. M.

**J**ESU, the weary wand'rer's rest, *Matt. xi. 28.*  
Help me thy easy yoke to bear:  
With steadfast patience arm my breast, *1 Pet. iv. 1.*  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

II

Thankful may I the cup from thee *Jer. xxv. 17.*  
Receive, since mingled by thy skill:  
Tho' bitter to the taste it be,  
'Tis powerful the soul to heal.

III

Be thou, the *Strength of Israel*, nigh, *1 Sam. xv. 29.*  
So shall each murm'ring thought be gone;  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

IV

My warring passions hush to peace —  
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still:" *Mark. iv. 39.*  
Supply me with abundant grace,  
Meekly to suffer all thy will.

V

So when death comes, with joy I'll sing,  
"O Grave, where is thy victory?" *1 Cor. xv. 55.*  
"O King of terrors, where's thy sting?"  
"Thro' *Christ* I now have conquer'd thee."

H Y M N 441. L. M.

I

**T**HOU *Lamb of God*, thou *Prince of Peace*,  
For thee my thirsty soul doth pine!

My

418 *Hymns, in times of outward Affliction.*

My longing heart implores thy grace —  
Oh let me in thy likeness shine! *Rom. viii. 29.*

II

With fraudless, even, humble mind,  
Thy will in all things may I see!  
In love be ev'ry wish resign'd,  
And hallow'd my whole heart to thee!

III

When pain o'er my weak flesh prevails,  
With lamb-like patience arm my breast:  
When grief my wounded soul assails,  
In lowly meekness may I rest.

IV

Close by thy side still may I keep,  
Howe'er life's various current flow —  
With steadfast eye mark ev'ry step,  
And follow thee where'er thou go. *Rev. xiv. 4.*

V

Thou, *Lord*; the dreadful fight hast won —  
Alone thou hast the wine press trod: *Isa. lxiii. 3.*  
In me thy strength'ning grace be shewn —  
Oh may I conquer thro' thy blood! *Rev. xii. 11.*

VI

So when on *Sion* thou shalt stand,  
And all heav'n's host adore their *King*,  
I shall be found at thy right hand,  
And, free from pain, thy praises sing.

H Y M N 442. L. M.

I

**L**ORD, search my heart — wash out its stains,  
Until no spot of sin remains:  
Hallow each thought — purge all my dross, *Isa. i. 25.*  
Nail my affections to the cross.

While

II

While in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my *Light*, be thou my *Way* :  
When sin, and tempting fiends are near,  
In my defence do thou appear.

III

When rising floods my soul o'erflow— *Isa. lix. 19.*  
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,  
*Jesu*, thy timely aid impart,  
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

IV

*Saviour*, where e'er thy steps I see,  
Dauntless, still may I follow thee: *Rev. xiv. 4.*  
Oh let thy hand support me still,  
And lead me to thy holy hill! *Pf. xxxi. 3.*

V

If rough and thorny be my way,  
My strength proportion to my day; *Deut. xxxiii. 25.*  
Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,  
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

H Y M N 443.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

**S**HALL I, O *Lord*, the cup decline,  
So wisely mixt by love divine,  
And tasted first by thee?  
The bitter draught thou didst drink up, *Matt. xxvi.*  
And but this single, sacred drop [42.  
Has been reserv'd for me.

II

Lo, I receive it at thy hand,  
And bear, by thy benign command,  
The salutary pain :  
With thee to live, I gladly die,  
And suffer with my *Lord*, that I  
May in thy kingdom reign. *2Tim. ii. 12.*  
If



420 *Hymns, in times of outward Affliction.*

III

If here my sufferings should increase,  
 Greater shall be my future bliss,  
 For thou my griefs dost tell;  
 They in thy book are noted down — *Pf. lvi. 8.*  
 A jewel added to my crown  
 Is ev'ry pain I feel.

IV

So be it, then, if thou ordain  
 That I must live a life of pain,  
 And thus must daily die, *1 Cor. xv. 31.*  
 I bow, and bless the sacred sign,  
 And bear the cross, by grace divine,  
 Which lifts me to the sky.

H Y M N 444.

6 Lines, eights and fixes.

I

**G**OD of my life, for thee I pine — *Pf. lxvi. 9.*  
 For thee I cheerfully decline,  
 And hasten to decay:  
 Summon'd to take my place above,  
 I hear the call, "Arise, my love —  
 "My Fair-one, come away." *Cant. ii. 10.*

II

Obedient to the voice of God,  
 I soon shall quit this earthly clod —  
 Shall lay my body down:  
 Th'immortal principle aspires,  
 And swells my soul with strong desires  
 To wear the starry crown.

III

The more the outward man decays, *2 Cor. iv. 16.*  
 The inner feels thy strength'ning grace,  
 And knows that thou art mine: *Cant. ii. 16.*  
 Partakers of a glorious hope,  
 I here shall after thee wake up, *Pf. xvii. 15.*  
 And in thine image shine.

Thou

IV

Thou wilt not leave thy work undone,  
But finish what thou hast begun,  
Before I hence remove :  
O *Lord*, I shall be as thou art,  
Lowly, and meek, and pure in heart, *Matt.v.8.*  
And perfected in love. *Jn. iv.18.*

V

Dear *Lamb*, if thou for me couldst die,  
Thy grace shall wholly sanctify —  
Thy *Spirit* seal me thine : *Eph. iv. 30.*  
Thou wilt from me no more depart — *Heb. xiii. 5.*  
My *All*, in life and death, thou art —  
Thou art for ever mine.

H Y M N 445.

*6 Lines, eights and sixes.*

I

**J**ESU, my *Hope* in life and death, *1Tim. i. 1.*  
For thee I spend my latest breath,  
Till join'd to those above :  
Thy faithful mercies I proclaim —  
I sing the glories of the *Lamb*,  
And gasp thy dying love.

II

Thy dying love hath seal'd my peace —  
Hath made my sins and sorrows cease,  
And sweeten'd all my pain :  
Thy dying love supports me now,  
And, lo ! with thee my head I bow,  
And die with thee to reign.

III

Out of the dust of death I rise —  
I feel a life that never dies —

O o

An

Thou art my own — I know thou art — *Cant. ii. 26.*  
 I feel thee, *Saviour*, in my heart — *Col. i. 27.*  
 My utmost *Saviour*, thou *Heb. vii. 25.*  
 Hast seal'd me to redemption's day ; *Eph. iv. 30.*  
 And now I cannot fall away — *Heb. vi. 6.*  
 I cannot leave thee now.

Divinely confident I am, 2 Cor. v. 6.  
And more than conquer, in thy name, Rom. viii. 37.  
Whate'er my hope withstands:  
Upheld by thee, I all break through,  
And thus I ask, triumphant, "Who  
" Can pluck me from thy hands?" Jn. x. 28.



H Y M N 446.

6 Lines, all sevens.

**Q**UIET, *Lord*, my froward heart —  
 Make me teachable and mild —  
 Upright, simple, free from art,  
 As a harmless, weaned child : *Pf. cxxxi. 2.*  
From

From distrust and doubting free,  
Pleas'd with all that pleases thee.

II

What thou shalt to-day provide,  
Let me as a child receive —  
What to-morrow may betide,  
Calmly to thy wisdom leave : *Matt. vi. 34.*  
'Tis enough that thou wilt care —  
Why should I the burden bear ?

III

Like an infant that relies  
On a care beyond his own —  
Knows he's neither strong nor wise —  
Fears to stir a step alone :  
Let me thus with thee abide,  
As my *Father, Guard, and Guide.*

H. Y M N 447.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I

JESU, lover of my soul,  
Let me to thy bosom fly,  
While temptation's billows roll —  
While the tempest still is high :  
Hide me, O my *Saviour*, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past —  
Safe into the haven guide —  
Oh receive my soul at last !

II

Other refuge have I none —  
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :  
Leave, ah leave me not alone !  
Still support, and comfort me :  
All my trust on thee is stay'd —  
All my help from thee I bring ;

O o 2

Cover

424 *Hymns, in times of Temptation, &c.*

Cover my defenceless head;  
With the shadow of thy wing.

*Pf. lxiii. 7.*

III

Thou, O *Christ*, art all I want —  
More than all in thee I find ;  
Raise the fallen — cheer the faint —  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.  
Tho' a sinner vile I am,  
Full of all unrighteousness,  
Yet salvation's in thy name —  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

*Jn. i. 14.*

IV

Plenteous grace with thee is found —  
Grace to cover all my sin ;  
Let the healing streams abound —  
Make, and keep me pure within :  
Thou of life the fountain art —  
Freely let me take of thee ;  
Spring thou up within my heart —  
Rise to all eternity.

*Pf. xxxvi. 9.*

H Y M N 448.

8 Lines, sixes and eights.

I

**G**IVE to the winds thy fears —  
Hope, and be undismay'd ; [8.  
*God* hears thy groans, and counts thy tears, *Pf. lvi.*  
And shall lift up thy head : *Pf. lii. 3.*  
Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,  
He gently clears the way —  
Wait thou his time, so shall this night  
Soon end in joyous day. *Pf. xxx. 5.*

II

Still heavy is thy heart ?  
Still sink thy spirits down ?

Cast



Cast off the weight — let fear depart,  
And ev'ry care be gone. *Pf. xlii. 5.*  
What tho' thou rulest not !  
Yet heav'n, and earth, and hell,  
Proclaim *God* sitteth on the throne, *Pf. xcvii. 1.*  
And ruleth all things well. *Mark vii. 37.*

III

Leave to his sov'reign sway,  
To choose, and to command ;  
So shalt thou, wond'ring, own his way —  
How wise, how strong his hand !  
Far, far above thy thought, *Isa. lv. 9.*  
His counsel shall appear,  
When fully he the work hath wrought,  
That caus'd thy needless fear.

IV

Thou seest our weakness, *Lord* —  
Our hearts are known to thee :  
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand !  
Confirm the feeble knee. *Heb. xii. 12.*  
Let us, in life, in death,  
Thy steadfast truth declare,  
And publish, with our latest breath,  
Thy love, and guardian care.

H Y M N 449.

8 Lines, fives and sixes.

I

**O** *Zion*, afflicted  
With wave upon wave, *Isa. liv. 11.*  
Whom no man can comfort,  
Whom no man can save ;  
With darkness surrounded,  
By terrors dismay'd,  
In toiling, and rowing,  
Thy strength is decay'd.

O o 3

Loud

II

Loud roaring, the billows  
Almost overwhelm —  
But skilful's the Pilot  
Who sits at the helm :  
His wisdom shall guide thee —  
His power defend,  
Till he, all-victorious,  
Thy warfare shall end.

III

“ O fearful ! O faithless ! ”  
In mercy he cries,  
“ What tho' high the furies,  
“ To fright thee, arise,  
“ Still, still I am with thee —  
“ My promise shall stand —  
“ Thro' tempest and tossing,  
“ I'll bring thee to land.

*Matt. viii. 26.*

*Isa. xli. 10.*

IV

“ Forget thee I will not —  
“ I cannot — thy name  
“ Engrav'd on my heart doth  
“ For ever remain ;  
“ The palms of my hands whilst  
“ I look on, I see  
“ The wounds I receiv'd when  
“ I suffer'd for thee.

*Isa. xlix. 15.*

V

“ I feel at my heart all  
“ Thy sighs and thy groans,  
“ For thou art most near me —  
“ My flesh and my bones :  
“ In all thy distresses,  
“ Thy *Head* feels the pain —  
“ Yet all are most needful —  
“ Not one is in vain.

*Isa. lxiii. 9.*

*Eph. v. 30.*

*Heb. iv. 15.*

*1 Pet. i. 6.*

Then

VI

- " Then trust me, and fear not —  
 " Thy life is secure — *Isa. xliii. 1.*  
 " The truth of my word shall  
 " For ever endure : *Pf. c. 5.*  
 " In love I correct thee,  
 " Thy soul to refine — *Heb. xii. 6.*  
 " To make thee, at length, in  
 " My likeness to shine. *Heb. xii. 10.*

VII

- " The foolish, the fearful,  
 " The weak are my care — *Isa. xxxv. 4.*  
 " The helpless, the hopeless —  
 " I hear their sad pray'r ; *Isa. xxxvii. 40.*  
 " 'Thro' much tribulation  
 " My people I bring, *Acts xiv. 22.*  
 " But when they're in heaven,  
 " The louder they'll sing. *Rev. vii. 14.*

H Y M N 450.

6 Lines, eights and sixes.

I

**T**HINK now, dear *Saviour*, on thy pain —  
 The toil and smart thou didst sustain,  
 To ransom my poor heart :  
 Kindly, dear *Lamb*, return, and come,  
 And make my heart thy constant home,  
 Nor e'er again depart.

II

No more let fable clouds of night  
 Arise, to intercept my light,  
 Or earth my heart detain :  
 By thy dear cross still let me stay —  
 There let me sing myself away,  
 And die to live again.

HYMN

H Y M N 451. *L. M. doubled.*

I

**O**H what shall I do to retrieve  
The love for a season bestow'd!  
'Tis better to die, than to live,  
Exil'd from the presence of *God*:  
With sorrow distracted, and doubt —  
With darkness all over oppress'd,  
The city I wander about,  
And seek my repose in his breast.

II

Ye Watchmen of Israel, declare  
If ye my *Beloved* have seen,  
And shew me that heavenly fair,  
Surpassing the children of men:  
My Lover and *Lord* from above,  
Who only can quiet my pain —  
Whom only I languish to love,  
Oh, where shall I find him again?

*Cant. iii.3.*

III

The joy and desire of my eyes —  
The end of my sorrow and woe —  
My hope, and the treasure I prize —  
My height of ambition below:  
Once more if he shew me his face,  
He never again shall depart;  
Detain'd in my closest embrace —  
Conceal'd in the depth of my heart.

H Y M N 452. *L. M.*

I

**H**AVE mercy, *Lord*! thy wrath remove,  
Nor let thy judgments weigh me down!  
I cannot live without thy love —  
I cannot stand beneath thy frown.

*Lo!*

II

Lo! in my pray'r I ever mourn,  
Vext with the sad remains of sin;  
Broken, and bruis'd, and rack'd, and torn,  
I cannot bear this hell within —

III

This unbelief, these horrid fears,  
Distracting doubts, and tort'ring pain:  
O *Lord*, lay up thy servant's tears, *Psf. lvi. 8.*  
Nor suffer them to flow in vain.

IV

Say, must I yield to black despair,  
And fruitlessly for mercy call?  
Tempted above what I can bear, *1 Cor. x. 13.*  
If thou support not, I must fall.

V

For ever is thy mercy gone? *Psf. lxxvii. 8.*  
Thy truth, and faithfulness, and love?  
Doth angry justice reign alone?  
Have I no *Advocate* above? *1 Jn. ii. 1.*

VI

Shall I no more behold thy face,  
Or view the all-atoning blood?  
Have I exhausted all thy grace?  
Hath *God* forgotten to be good? *Psf. lxxvii. 9.*

VII

Impossible — thou'rt good, indeed,  
To ev'ry soul that comes to thee:  
Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,  
Nor quench the smoking flax in me. *Matt. xii. 20.*

VIII

Returning sinners thou wilt meet —  
Me, therefore, *Lord*, in mercy spare:  
I cannot perish at thy feet —  
For, never did one perish there.

HYMN



H Y M N 453. C. M.

I

**A** Sinner now undone, and lost, *Isa. vi. 5.*  
 My weakness I confess,  
 Yet gladly I in *Jesus* boast,  
 My *Strength* and *Righteousness*. *Isa. xlv. 24.*

II

The pit of hell stands open wide, *Pf. lxix. 15.*  
 To swallow up its prey,  
 But in my *Saviour* I confide,  
 Throughout the evil day. *Eph. vi. 13.*

III

Safe in the Lions' den I lie, *Dan. vi. 27.*  
 If he their rage restrain:  
 I pass thro' floods, if he be nigh,  
 And in the flames remain. *Isa. xliii. 2.*

IV

Unhurt I bear the fiery test,  
 And in the furnace shine, *Isa. xlviii. 10.*  
 If but on me his power rest  
 The pow'r of love divine.

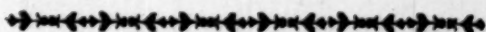
V

Surely, I shall as gold come forth, *Zech. xiii. 9.*  
 When thou my faith hast try'd, *1 Pet. i. 7.*  
 Transform'd into my *Saviour's* worth,  
 And sev'n times purify'd. *Pf. xii. 6.*

VI

Sure as I now his cross sustain,  
 I soon his crown shall wear — *Rev. ii. 10.*  
 The glory of my *Lord* obtain,  
 And reign for ever there. *Rev. xxii. 5.*

SECT.



S E C T I O N III.

*Hymns to be used after deliverance from Temptation, or Spiritual Desertion.*

H Y M N 454. C. M.

I

'TIS past — the dreadful stormy night  
Is gone, with all its fears!  
And now I see returning light —  
The Lord, my Sun, appears. *Mal. iv. 2.*

II

The Tempter, who but lately said,  
I soon should be his prey,  
Has heard my Saviour's voice, and fled  
With shame and grief away.

III

Ah! Lord, since thou didst hide thy face, *Pf. xxx.*  
What has my soul endur'd! [7.  
But now my grief is chang'd to peace,  
And all my wounds are cur'd.

IV

O wond'rous change! But just before,  
Despair beset me round —  
I heard the Lion's horrid roar, *1 Pet. v. 8.*  
And trembled at the sound.

V

But Jesus pity'd my distress —  
He heard my feeble cry —  
Reveal'd his blood and righteousness,  
And brought salvation nigh. *Isa. xlv. 13.*  
Beneath

432 *After deliverance from Temptation, &c.*

VI

Beneath the banner of his love, *Cant. ii. 4.*  
 I now secure remain :  
 The *Tempter* frets, and dares not move,  
 To break my peace again.

VII

Lord, since thou thus hast burst my bands, *Jer. ii. 20.*  
 And set the captive free, *Isa. lxi. i.*  
 I would devote my tongue, my hands,  
 My heart, my all to thee.

H Y M N 455.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

**J**ESU, can I ever raise  
 Trophies equal to thy praise ?  
 Or present, Eternal *Lamb*,  
 Honours worthy of thy name ?

II

When thy wrath made me afraid,  
 I in haste and trouble said, *Pf. xxxi. 22.*  
 " Never had I any grace —  
 " Never shall I see thy face."

III

Now my sorrows I forget —  
 Thou, I find, art with me yet —  
 I'm assur'd thy blood was spilt,  
 To redeem my soul from guilt.

IV

*Jesu*, let me not again  
 Count thy comforts few or vain :  
 Let me not repine, and say,  
 " God hath cast me quite away." *Pf. li. 11.*

Plant

V

Plant a living faith in me —  
Teach me still to trust in thee —  
Both in darkness and in light —  
Both in weakness and in might.

VI

Clouds of unbelief and fear  
Flee before the *Morning-star* :  
Lord, diffuse a brighter ray —  
Shine unto the perfect day.

*Rev. xxii. 16.*

*Prov. iv. 18.*

H Y M N 456.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes, and one eight.

I

WHEN I travail in distress,  
Or grief of any kind,  
Burden'd with uneasiness,  
And anguish on my mind ;  
One sweet ray of heav'nly light  
Breaks up the clouds that go between —  
'Turns to day the gloomy night,  
And quite renews the scene.

*Jer. xxx. 6.*

II

My complaints with speed remove —  
My sorrows end in joy —  
Songs of melody and love  
Again my tongue employ :  
Then I enter into rest —  
Again I call *Immanuel* mine,  
And, like *John*, upon his breast,  
My weary head recline.

*Matt. v. 4.*

*Isa. li. 3.*

*Ja. xiii. 25.*

P P

PART



## P A R T VI.

*Containing Miscellaneous Hymns for a Christian Society, and Hymns for returning Backsliders.*



## S E C T I O N I.

*Miscellaneous Hymns for a Christian Society.*

## H Y M N 457.

*6 Lines, all eights.*

## I

**H**OW good and pleasant 'tis to see  
*Christ's* brethren cordially agree, *Pf. cxxxiii. 1.*  
 And kindly think and speak the same! *1 Cor. i. 10.*  
 A family of faith and love,  
 Combin'd to seek the things above, *Col. iii. 1.*  
 And spread the common *Saviour's* fame.

## II

O *God of grace*, inspir'd by thee,  
 May we maintain our unity!  
 Vouchsafe our intercourse to bless!  
 Revive us with a heav'nly show'r —  
 The fulness of thy blessing pour, *Eph. iii. 19.*  
 And keep our minds in perfect peace. *Isa. xxvi. 3.*



III

*Jesu*, thou precious *Corner-stone*, *Isa. xxviii. 16.*  
 Preserve inseparably one  
 Whom thou dost by thy *Spirit* join !  
 Still let us in thy *Spirit* live, *Gal. v. 25.*  
 And to thy Church the pattern give *Tit. ii. 7.*  
 Of unanimity divine !

IV

Still let us to each other cleave,  
 And from thy plenitude receive *Jn. i. 16.*  
 Constant supplies of hallowing grace,  
 'Till to a perfect man we rise, *Eph. iv. 13.*  
 O'ertake our kindred in the skies,  
 And find prepar'd our heav'nly place. *Jn. xiv. 2.*

H Y M N 458.

8 Lines, fives and elevens.

COME, let us anew  
 Our *Saviour* pursue,  
 With vigour arise, *[1 Cor. ix. 24.]*  
 And run on our race to our prize in the skies:  
 Of heavenly birth, *1 Jn. iii. 2.*  
 Tho' wand'ring on earth,  
 This is not our place, *[Heb. xi. 13.]*  
 And strangers and pilgrims ourselves we confess.

II

At *Jesus's* call,  
 Let us give up our all, *Matt. xix. 27.*  
 And nobly forego,  
 For *Jesus's* sake, our enjoyments below.  
 No love may we find,  
 For the country behind, *Heb. xi. 14.*  
 But onward still move,  
 Expecting and seeking a country above.

## III

Where there's permanent joy,  
 Without any alloy,  
 May we thither repair, [there. *Matt. vi. 21*]  
 And still have our heart and our treasure fix'd  
 Let us march hand in hand,  
 To *Immanuel's* land :  
 No matter what cheer  
 We meet with on earth — for, eternity's near.

## IV

The rougher our way,  
 The shorter our stay —  
 The tempests that rise  
 Shall gloriously hurry our souls to the skies.  
 The fiercer the blast,  
 The sooner 'tis past —  
 The troubles that come  
 Shall come to our rescue, and carry us home.

H Y M N 459.

6 Lines, fives and nines.

## I

COME, let us ascend,  
 My companion and friend,  
 To a taste of the banquet above : . *Rev. xix. 9.*  
 If thy heart be as mine, *2 Ki. x. 15.*  
 If for *Jesus* it pine,  
 Come up into the chariot of love.

## II

Who in *Jesus* confide,  
 We are bold to out-ride  
 The storms of affliction beneath :  
 With the prophet we soar *2 Ki. ii. 12.*  
 To the heavenly shore,  
 And outfly all the arrows of death.

III

By *faith* we are come *Heb. xi. 13.*  
 To our permanent home —  
 By *hope* we the rapture improve —  
 By *love* we still rise,  
 And look down on the skies,  
 For, the heaven of heavens is *love*.

IV

Who on earth can conceive  
 How happy we live,  
 In the palace of *God*, the great *King* ! *Matt. v. 35.*  
 What a concert of praise,  
 When our *Jesus's* grace  
 The whole heavenly company sing !

V

What a rapturous song,  
 When the glorify'd throng  
 In the spirit of harmony join !  
 Join all the glad choirs,  
 Hearts, voices, and lyres,  
 And the burden is mercy divine.

VI

Hallelujah, they cry,  
 To the *King* of the sky !  
 To the great everlasting *I Am* !  
 To the *Lamb* that was slain,  
 And liveth again !  
 Hallelujah to *God* and the *Lamb* ! *Rev. xix. 6.*

H Y M N 460. C. M.

I

**J**ESU, great *Shepherd* of thy sheep, *Jn. x. 14*  
 To thee for help we fly ;  
 Thy little flock in safety keep, *Lu. xii. 32.*  
 For, oh ! the wolf is nigh !



## II

He comes, of hellish malice full,  
To scatter, tear, and slay;  
Seizing on ev'ry straggling soul  
As his own lawful prey.

## III

Thy helpless Lambs in pity take  
Beneath thy guardian arm:  
Unless the fold we first forsake,  
The *Wolf* can never harm.

*Isa. xl. 11.*

## IV

We laugh to scorn his cruel pow'r,  
While by our *Shepherd's* side;  
The sheep he never can devour,  
Unless he first divide.

## V

Oh do not suffer him to part  
The souls that here agree!  
But make us of one mind and heart,  
And keep us one in thee.

*Acts iv. 32.*  
*Jn. x. 16.*

## VI

'Together let us sweetly live —  
'Together let us die;  
And then a crown of glory give  
To each above the sky.

*1 Pet. v. 4.*

H Y M N 461.

C. M.

## I

**T**R Y us, O *God*, and search the ground *Pf.*  
Of ev'ry sinful heart; [*cxxxix. 23.*]  
Whate'er of sin in us is found  
Oh bid it all depart!

## II

That from thy laws we may not stray,  
Uphold us by thy grace,

*Pf. xvii. 5.*

And

And guide our feet into the way  
Of everlasting peace.

*Lu. i. 79.*

III

Help us to help each other, *Lord*,  
Each other's cross to bear !  
Let each his friendly aid afford,  
And feel his brother's care.

*Gal. vi. 2.*

IV

Help us to build each other up —  
Our little stock improve —  
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,  
And perfect us in love.

*Jude 20.*

*Lu. xvii. 5.*

*1 Jn. iv. 18.*

V

Up into thee, our living *Head*,  
Let us in all things grow,  
Till thou hast made us free indeed,  
And spotless here below.

*Eph. i. 22.*

*Eph. iv. 15.*

*Jn. viii. 36.*

*2 Pet. iii. 14.*

VI

'Then, when the mighty work is wrought,  
Receive thy ready *Bride* ;  
Give us in heav'n a happy lot  
With all the sanctify'd !

*Rev. xxi. 2.*

*Acts xx. 32.*

H Y M N 462.

C. M.

I

**J**ESU, unite us by thy grace,  
That each to each endear'd,  
With boldness we may seek thy face,  
And know our pray'r is heard.

II

Still let us own our common *Lord*,  
And bear thine easy yoke ;  
A band of love, a three-fold cord  
Which never can be broke.

*Matt. xi. 30.*

*Eccles. iv. 12.*

Into



## III

Into one spirit make us drink —

*1 Cor. xii. 13.*

Baptize into thy name ;

And let us always kindly think,

And sweetly speak the same.

*1 Cor. i. 10.*

## IV

Touch'd by the load-stone of thy love,

Let all our hearts agree,

And ever to each other move,

And ever move to thee.

## V

To thee, inseparably join'd,

*1 Cor. vi. 17.*

Let all our spirits cleave :

Oh may we all the loving mind

*Phil. ii. 5.*

Which was in thee receive !

## VI

Grant this, and then from all below

Insensibly remove,

That we our change may scarcely know,

Made perfect, first, in love.

*1 Jn. iv. 18.*

H Y M N 463. L. M.

## I

UNCHANGEABLE, Almighty Lord, *Jas. i. 17.*

Our soul's upon thy truth we stay,

Accomplish now thy faithful word,

And give, oh give us all one way ! *1 Cor. i. 10.*

## II

Oh let us all join hand in hand,

Who seek redemption in thy blood !

*Col. i. 14.*

Immoveable together stand,

And build the temple of our God !

*Zech. viii. 9.*

## III

Thou only canst our wills controul —

Our wild unruly passions bind —

Tame

Tame the old *Adam* in our soul, *Col. iii. 9.*  
And make us of one heart and mind. *Acts iv. 32.*

IV

Speak but the reconciling word, *Matt. viii. 26.*  
The winds shall cease, the waves subside,  
We all shall praise our common *Lord*,  
And no dissensions shall divide.

V

Giver of peace and unity,  
Send down thy mild pacific *Dove*, *Matt. iii. 16.*  
That we may all in one agree,  
And breathe the spirit of thy love.

VI

Oh let us take a softer mould,  
Blended, and gather'd into thee!  
Under one *Shepherd* make one fold, *Jn. x. 16.*  
And live in peace and harmony!

H Y M N 464.

*4 Lines, all sevens.*

I

**J**ESU, *Lord*, we look to thee! *Heb. xii. 2.*  
Let us in thy name agree:  
Shew thyself the *Prince of Peace* — *Isa. ix. 6.*  
Bid our jars for ever cease.

II

By thy reconciling love,  
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove: *Isa. lvii. 14.*  
Each to each unite, endear —  
Come, and spread thy banner here. *Cant. ii. 4.*

III

Make us of one heart and mind, *Acts iv. 32.*  
Courteous, pitiful, and kind — *1 Pet. iii. 8.*  
Lowly, meek in thought, and word,  
Altogether like our *Lord*. *Matt. xi. 29.*  
Free

## IV

Free from clamour, wrath, and pride, *Eph. iv. 31.*  
 May we with our *God* abide !  
 All the depths of love express —  
 All the heights of holiness !

## V

May we feel each others care —  
 One another's burden bear ! *Gal. vi. 2.*  
 To thy Church the pattern give *Tit. ii. 7.*  
 How all true believers *live.*

## VI

Let us then with joy remove,  
 To the family above —  
 On the wings of angels fly —  
 Shew how true believers *die.*

H Y M N 465.

4 Lines, all sevens.

## I

**G**OD of love, receive our pray'r —  
 Kindly for thy people care,  
 Who on thee alone depend —  
 Love us, save us to the end. *Jn. xiii. 1.*

## II

Save us, in the prosp'rous hour,  
 From the flatt'ring *Tempter's* pow'r — *1 Thes. iii. 5.*  
 From his unsuspected wiles —  
 From the world's pernicious smiles.

## III

Cut off our dependance vain  
 On the help of feeble man : *Pf. lx. 11.*  
 Ev'ry arm of flesh remove — *Fer. xvii. 5.*  
 Keep us stay'd upon thy love. *Isa. xxvi. 3.*

## IV

Let us still to thee look up —  
 Thee, thy *Israel's Strength*, and *Hope* —  
 Nothing

Nothing know or seek beside  
Jesus, and him crucify'd.

1 Cor. ii. 2.

V

Men of worldly, low design,  
Let not these thy people join —  
Poison our simplicity —  
Turn us from our trust in thee.

2 Cor. xi. 3.

VI

Save us from the great and wise,  
'Till they sink in their own eyes —  
Meekly to thy yoke submit —  
Lay their honours at thy feet.

1 Cor. i. 26.

Matt. xi. 29.

VII

Far above all earthly things,  
Look we down on lords and kings !  
Dead to *Self* still may we be —  
Find our happy *All* in thee !

Col. iii. 1.

Col. iii. 11.

H Y M N 466.

6 Lines, all eights.

I

**J**ESU, with kindest pity see  
The souls that would be one in thee !  
If now accepted in thy fight,  
Thou dost our upright hearts unite,  
May we go hand in hand to heav'n,  
Forgiving, as we are forgiv'n.

Jn. xvii. 21.

Eph. iv. 32.

II

Let peace and unanimity  
Our great characteristic be !  
From bitterness and anguish freed,  
May we from grace to grace proceed !  
Cemented all by love divine,  
Oh let us in thine image shine !

2 Cor. iii. 18.

HYMN

H Y M N 467.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,  
 Perfecting the saints below, *2Pet. i. 4.*  
 Hear us, who thy nature share,  
 Who thy mystic body are. *Col. ii. 19.*

II

Join us, in one spirit join — *1Cor. i. 10.*  
 Let us still receive of thine : *Jn. xvi. 14.*  
 Still for more on thee we call,  
 Thou who fillest all in all. *Eph. i. 23.*

III

Move, and actuate, and guide —  
 Divers gifts to each divide : *1Cor. xii. 11.*  
 Plac'd according to thy will,  
 Let us all our work fulfil.

IV

Sweetly may we all agree,  
 Touch'd with softest sympathy!  
 Kindly for each other care —  
 Ev'ry member feel its share ! *1Cor. xii. 26.*

V

Wounded by the grief of one,  
 Now let all the members groan :  
 Honour'd if one member is,  
 All partake the common bliss.

VI

We who *Jesus* have put on, *Gal. iii. 27.*  
 Tho' we're many, yet we're one :  
 There is neither bond, nor free,  
 Male, nor female, *Lord*, in thee.

VII

Love, like death, hath all destroy'd —  
 Render'd our distinctions void:

Names,



Names, and sects, and parties fall —

Thou, O *Christ*, art *All in all*.

*Col. iii. 11.*

H Y M N 468.

6 Lines, all eights.

I  
WATCH'D by the world's malignant eye,  
Who load us with reproach and shame,  
As servants of the *Lord* most high, *Jn. xv. 20.*  
Who're zealous for his glorious name,  
We ought in all his paths to move,  
With holy fear, and humble love.

II  
That wisdom, *Lord*, on us bestow  
From ev'ry evil to depart — *Prov. xvi. 6.*  
To stop the mouth of ev'ry foe, *1 Pet. ii. 15.*  
While, in integrity of heart,  
Of our religion proofs we give,  
And shew them how true *Christians* live.

III  
Oh let our lives to all around *Matt. v. 16.*  
With pure, unsully'd lustre shine!  
Oh let our zeal and love abound!  
That all mankind may know we're thine; *1 Cor. xiv.*  
And when our works of faith they see, [25.  
Ascribe the glory unto thee!

H Y M N 469.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I  
JESU, soft, harmonious name,  
Ev'ry faithful soul's *Desire*, *Hag. ii. 7.*  
Kindle in our hearts a flame  
That to thee may still aspire!

Q q

Drawn

Drawn by thy uniting grace,  
 After thee oh may we run!  
 Seeking, hand in hand, thy face,  
 Till we're perfected in one.

*Cant. i. 4.**Jn. xvii. 23.*

## I I

Soften ev'ry jarring will —  
 Each to each our tempers suit,  
 By thy modulating skill,  
 Heart to heart, as lute to lute.  
 Sweetly on our spirits move —  
 Gently touch the trembling strings —  
 Make the harmony of love  
 Music for the *King of kings*.

## I I I

May we all, inspir'd by thee,  
 Kindly for each other care,  
 And, in unanimity,  
 Thy redeeming grace declare!  
 Spread thy love to all around —  
 Hark! we now our voices raise!  
 Joyful, consentaneous sound!  
 Sweetest symphony of praise!

## I V

*Jesu's* praise be all our song!  
 While we *Jesu's* praise resound,  
 Glide our happy hours along!  
 Ev'ry heart with joy abound!  
 Far from sorrow, sin, and fear,  
 'Till we take our seats above,  
 Live we all as Angels here —  
 Only sing, and praise, and love!

H Y M N

470.

C. M.

## I

**G**IVER of concord, *Prince of Peace*, *Isa. ix. 6.*  
 Meek, lamb-like Son of God,

Bid

Bid our unruly passions cease,  
Extinguish'd with thy blood.

III

Rebuke the seas — the tempest chide, *Matt. viii. 26.*  
Our stubborn wills controul;  
Beat down our wrath, root out our pride,  
And calm our troubled soul.

III

Subdue in us the carnal mind — *Rom. viii. 7.*  
Its enmity destroy:  
With cords of love th' old Adam bind, *Eph. iv. 22.*  
And melt him into joy.

IV

Us into closest union draw,  
And, in our inward parts, *Jer. xxxi. 33.*  
Let kindness sweetly write her law —  
Let love command our hearts.

V

Thee let us feel benignly near,  
In all thy soft'ning pow'rs —  
The sounding of thy bowels hear, *Isa. lxiii. 15.*  
And answer thee with ours.

VI

Oh let us find the ancient way  
Our wond'ring foes to move,  
And force the heathen-world to say,  
“ See how these *Christians* love !”

H Y M N 471.

G. M.

I

COME, let us use the grace divine,  
And all, with one accord,  
In a perpetual covenant join *Jer. l. 5.*  
Ourselves to *Christ*, the Lord.

Q 9 2

Give

## II

Give up ourselves, thro' *Jesu's* pow'r,  
 His name to glorify;  
 And promise, in this sacred hour,  
 For *God* to live and die. *Rom. xiv. 18.*

## III

The cov'nant we this moment make  
 Be ever kept in mind: *1 Chron. xvi. 15.*  
 We will no more our *God* forsake, *Jer. xxii. 9.*  
 Or cast his words behind. *Neh. ix. 26.*

## IV

We never will throw off *his* fear, *Job xv. 4.*  
 Who hears our solemn vow;  
 And, *Lord*, if thou art pleas'd to hear,  
 Come down, and meet us now.

## V

Thee, *Father*, *Son*, and *Holy Ghost*,  
 Let all our hearts receive!  
 Present with the celestial host,  
 The peaceful answer give!

## VI

To each the cov'nant blood apply *Heb. x. 29.*  
 Which takes our sins away;  
 And register our names on high, *Phil. iv. 3.*  
 And keep us to that day. *2 Tim. i. 12.*

## H Y M N 472.

8 Lines, *sevens and sixes.*

## I

**R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings —  
 Thy better portion trace — *Col. iii. 2.*  
 Rise from transitory things,  
 Tow'rd's heav'n, thy native place.  
 Sun, and moon, and stars decay — *Joel ii. 10.*  
 Time shall soon this earth remove: *2 Pet. iii. 10.*  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepar'd above, *Jn. xiv. 2.*  
 Rivers

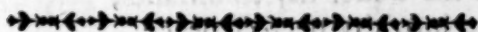
*Hymns for returning Backsliders.* 449

II

Rivers to the ocean run, *Eccles. i. 7.*  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun —  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So a soul that's born of God *Jn. i. 13.*  
 Pants to view his glorious face — *Phil. i. 23.*  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

III

Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn — *Heb. xi. 13.*  
 Press onward to the prize; *Phil. iii. 14.*  
 Soon our Saviour shall return,  
 Triumphant in the skies: *Matt. xxiv. 30.*  
 Yet a season, and ye know *Heb. x. 37.*  
 Happy entrance shall be giv'n — *2Pet. i. 11.*  
 All our sorrows left below, *Isa. xxxv. 10.*  
 And earth exchang'd for heav'n.



S E C T I O N VI.

*Hymns for returning Backsliders.*

H Y M N 473. L. M.

I

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay, *Eph. iv. 30.*  
 Tho' I have done thee such despite, *Heb. x. 29.*  
 Nor cast the Sinner quite away,  
 Nor take thine everlasting flight. *Gen. vi. 3.*

II

Tho' I have steel'd my stubborn heart,  
 And shaken off my guilty fears,



450 *Hymns for returning Backsliders.*

And vex'd, and urg'd thee to depart,  
For *twenty* long rebellious years —

III

Tho' I have most unfaithful been,  
Of all whoe'er thy grace receiv'd,  
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen —  
Ten thousand times thy goodness griev'd —

IV

Yet, oh, the chief of sinners spare; *1 Tim. i. 15.*  
In honour of my great *High-priest*;  
Nor in thy righteous anger swear,  
I shall not enter into rest. *Heb. iii. 11.*

V

If yet thou canst my sins forgive,  
Now, blessed *Comforter*, descend — *Jn. xiv. 16.*  
Speak but the word, and I shall live —  
Now, now let all my wand'rings end.

VI

My heavy-laden soul release, *Matt. xi. 28.*  
And take me under thy command;  
Guide me into thy perfect peace,  
And then into the promis'd land.

H Y M N 474. L. M.

I

**S**AVIOUR, I now, with shame, confess  
My thirst for creature-happiness:  
By base desires I wrong'd thy love,  
And forc'd thy mercy to remove.

II

How shall I thy forbearance praise!  
*Lord*, I have seen my evil ways —  
Oh, let my pray'rs with thee prevail!  
Oh, freely my backslidings heal! *Hosea xiv. 4.*

For

III

For this I at thy footstool wait,  
Till thou anew my soul create: *Eph. iv. 24.*  
My former joy and peace restore,  
And bid me go, and sin no more. *Jn. v. 14.*

IV

A suppliant at thy feet I lie,  
Till thou again thy blood apply—  
Till thou repeat my sins forgiv'n,  
And witness I'm an heir of heav'n. *Rom. viii. 16.*

V

Now for thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Once more me into cov'nant take, *Eze. xxxiv. 25.*  
And lead me on from grace to grace,  
'Till I am meet to see thy face. *Col. i. 12.*

H Y M N 475.

6 Lines, all sevens.

I

**S**AVIOUR, Prince of Israel's race,  
See me from thy lofty throne —  
Give the sweet relenting grace —  
Soften this obdurate stone: *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*  
Stone to flesh, O God, convert —  
Cast a look, and break my heart. *Lu. xxii. 61.*

II

By thy Spirit, Lord, reprove — *Jn. xvi. 8.*  
All mine inmost sins reveal —  
Sins against thy light and love  
Let me see, and let me feel —  
Sins that crucify'd my God — *Heb. vi. 6.*  
Spilt afresh thy precious blood.

III

Jesu, seek thy wand'ring sheep — *Matt. xviii. 12.*  
Make me restless to return;

Bid

452 *Hymns for returning Backsliders.*

Bid me look on thee, and weep —  
 Bitterly as Peter mourn;  
 Till I say (by grace restor'd)  
 "Now thou know'st, I love thee, Lord." *Jn. xxi. 16.*

IV

Might I in thy sight appear  
 As the publican distressed! *Lu. xviii. 13.*  
 Stand, not daring to draw near!  
 Smite on my unworthy breast!  
 Groan the Sinner's only plea,  
 "God, be merciful to me."

V

Oh! remember me for good! *Pf. lxxix. 8.*  
 Let me hear thy pard'ning voice!  
 Sprinkle me with *Jesu's* blood — *Heb. xii. 24.*  
 Bid my troubled heart rejoice!  
 Give my gasping soul to see  
*Jesus* crucify'd for me! *Gal. iii. 1.*

H Y M N 476.

4 Lines, all sevens.

I

**G**OD of mercy, can there be  
 Mercy still reserv'd for me?  
 Can the Lord his wrath forbear,  
 And the chief of sinners spare? *1 Tim. i. 15.*

II

I have long withstood thy calls —  
 Griev'd thee by a thousand falls;  
 And yet (wonderful to tell!)  
 I'm alive, and out of hell. *Eph. iv. 30.*

III

Whence to me this waste of love?  
 Ask my Advocate above! *1 Jn. ii. 1.*

LII

*Jesus*

*Jesus* speaks, and pleads his blood, *Heb. vii. 25.*  
And disarms the angry *God*.

IV

There for me the *Saviour* stands—  
Shews his wounds, and spreads his hands:  
Now the *Father's* bowels yearn — *Jer. xxxi. 20.*  
Now his love I can discern.

V

*Jesus*, answer from above,  
Is not all thy nature love?  
Wilt thou not each wrong forget?  
Suffer me to kiss thy feet? *Lu. vii. 38.*

VI

If I rightly read thy heart,  
If thou all compassion art,  
Bow thine ear, in mercy bow —  
Pardon, and accept me now.

VII

Pity from thine eye let fall —  
By a look my soul recal: *Lu. xxii. 61.*  
Now the stone to flesh convert — *Eze. xxxvi. 26.*  
Cast a look, and break my heart.

VIII

Let my inmost soul relent —  
Let me now my fall lament —  
Now my foul revolt deplore —  
Weep, believe, and sin no more. *Jn. v. 14.*

H Y M N 477.

6 Lines, fives and nines.

I

**O** *Jesus*, my *Hope*,  
When wilt thou lift up

*1 Tim. i. 1.*

A lost

454 *Hymns for returning Backsliders.*

A lost sinner that lies at thy feet ?  
 If thou cast out my pray'r,  
 I shall die in despair,  
 And sink into the bottomless pit. *Rev. ix. 2.*

II

Thou know'st my sad case —  
 I am fallen from grace, *Gal. v. 4.*  
 And posses't by a spirit unclean : *Lu. iv. 33.*  
 I have sinn'd in thy sight — *Pf. li. 4.*  
 I have done thee despite, *Heb. x. 29.*  
 And return'd to my vomit again. *2Pet. ii. 22.*

III

How weak was my heart  
 With my *Saviour* to part,  
 Who had sprinkled me once with his blood ! *Heb.*  
 Yet I threw off his yoke, *[xi. 24.]*  
 And presumptuously broke  
 From the arms of a merciful God.

IV

Oh how shall I move  
 Thy compassion and love,  
 To consider my desperate grief !  
 I can only confess  
 All my sin and distress,  
 And go out of myself for relief.

V

To the fountain I go *Zech. xiii. 1.*  
 Which so freely did flow  
 In pardons from *Jesus's* side :  
 O my *Saviour* and God,  
 Let the water and blood *1 Jn. v. 6.*  
 Be again to my conscience apply'd.

SECT.



S E C T I O N VII,

*Hymns for Backsliders restored to the joys of  
God's Salvation. Ps. li. 12.*

H Y M N 478.

8 Lines, all sevens.

I  
SAVIOUR, art thou pacify'd,  
After all that I have done?  
Dost thou witness thou hast dy'd  
For thy long rebellious son?  
Let me sink into the dust —  
Full of holy shame, adore!  
*'Jesus Christ, the Good, the Just,*  
Bids me go, and sin no more.

II  
Oh, confirm the gracious word,  
*'Jesus, Son of God, and man!*  
Let me never grieve thee, Lord — *Eph. iv. 30.*  
Never turn to sin again: *Pf. lxxxv. 8.*  
Till my *All in all* thou art —  
Till thou bring thy nature in,  
Keep this feeble, trembling heart —  
Save me, save me from all sin. *Tit. ii. 14.*

H Y M N 479.

8 Lines, sevens and sixes, and one eight.

I  
SON of God, if thy free grace  
Again hath rais'd me up —

Call'd

Call'd me still to seek thy face,  
 And giv'n me back my hope,  
 Still thy timely help afford,  
 And all thy loving-kindness shew —  
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
 And never let me go.

## II

By me, O my Saviour, stand,  
 In sore temptation's hour :  
 Save me, with thine out-stretch'd hand,  
 And shew forth all thy pow'r ;  
 Oh, be mindful of thy word !  
 Thine all-sufficient grace bestow !  
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
 And never let me go.

## III

Give me, Lord, a holy fear, *Jer. xxxii. 40.*  
 And fix it in my heart ;  
 That I may from evil near,  
 With speedy care depart :  
 Sin be more than hell abhorr'd,  
 Till thou destroy the tyrant foe !  
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
 And never let me go.

## IV

Never let me leave thy breast,  
 Nor from thy precepts stray ;  
 Thou art my Support and Rest,  
 My true and living Way — *Jn. xiv. 6.*  
 My exceeding great reward, *Gen. xv. 1.*  
 In heav'n above, and earth below —  
 Keep me, keep me, gracious Lord,  
 And never let me go.

ANTHEMS

~~For the use of the Church of England~~  
**P A L M S. VII.**  
*Containing Anthems, Some of which are for Occasions.*

A N T H E M

**O**H praise the Lord, all ye nations — praise him, all ye people! For his merciful kindness is great towards us, and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever. Praise ye the Lord! *Pf. cxvii. 1, 2.*

A N T H E M 2.

**B**LESSED be he that cometh in the name of the Lord! We have wished you good luck, ye that are of the house of the Lord. *Pf. cxviii. 26.* We will go into his tabernacle, and fall low on our knees before his footstool. *Pf. cxxxii. 7.* Let thy priests be clothed with righteousness, and let thy saints sing with joyfulness. *Pf. cxxxii. 9.* The Lord is my strength and my song, and he is become my salvation. *Pf. cxviii. 14.* Help me now, O Lord — send us now prosperity. *Pf. cxviii. 25.* Thou art my God, and I will praise thee — thou art my God, and I will exalt thee. Oh, give thanks unto the Lord, for he is gracious, and his mercy endureth for ever! *Hallelujah! Amen! Pf. cxviii. 29.*

A N T H E M 3.

**O**H the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable

R r

# 48      A N T H E M S.

able are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! For who hath known the mind of the *Lord*? Or, who hath been his Counsellor? Or, who hath first given to him, and it shall be recompensed unto him again? For, of him, and through him, and to him, are all things — to whom be glory for ever! Amen! *Rom. xi. 33—36.*

## A N T H E M      4.

**P**RAISE ye the *Lord*! Praise *God* in his sanctuary — praise him in the firmament of his power! Praise him for his mighty acts — praise him according to his excellent greatness! Praise him with the sound of the trumpet — praise him with the psaltery and harp! Praise him with the timbrel and dance — praise him with stringed instruments, and organs! praise him upon the loud cymbals — praise him upon the high sounding cymbals! Let every thing that hath breath, praise the *Lord*! praise ye the *Lord*! *Pf. 150.*

## A N T H E M      5.

**H**E shall feed his flock, like a Shepherd; and he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and gently lead those that are with young. *Isa. xl. 11.* . Come unto him, all ye that labour, and are heavy-laden, and he will give you rest. Take his yoke upon you, and learn of him; for, he is meek and lowly of heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. His yoke is easy, and his burden light. *Matt. xi. 28, 30.*

## A N T H E M      6.

**I**F *God* be for us, who can be against us? Who shall lay any thing to the charge of *God's* elect? It is *God* that justifieth — who is he that condemneth? It is *Christ* that died — yea, rather, that



that is risen again, who is at the right hand of God, who maketh intercession for us. *Rom. viii. 31, 33, 34.* Worthy is the *Lamb* that was slain, and hath redeemed us to God by his blood, to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing! Blessing, and honour, glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the *Lamb*, for ever and ever! Amen! *Rev. v. 12, 13.*

## A N T H E M 7.

**I** Beheld, and, lo! a great multitude which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the *Lamb*, clothed in white robes, and palms were in their hands. And they cried with a loud voice, saying, "Salvation unto God who sitteth on the throne, and unto the *Lamb*!" And they cried with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, hallelujah, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might be unto the Lord God for ever and ever!" Amen! *Hallelujah!* *Rev. vii. 9—12.*

Behold! the Lord is my salvation — in him will I trust; for, the Lord is my strength, and my song, and he is become my salvation. *Pf. cxviii. 14.* Cry aloud, and sing unto the Lord! for, great is the *Holy-One of Israel.* *Hallelujah!* *Isa. xii. 6.*

## A N T H E M 8.

**I** Heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, *Hallelujah!* Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God! For, true and righteous are his judgments. And a voice came out of the throne, saying, Praise our



God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great! And I heard, as it were the voice of a great multitude, and as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings, saying, Hallelujah! Amen! *Rev. xix. 1, 2, 5, 6.*

## A N T H E M 9.

AND I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and I heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne, even the song of *Moses*, and the song of the *Lamb*. Great and marvellous are thy works, *Lord God Almighty!* Just and true are thy ways, thou *King of Saints*. Who shall not fear thee, O *Lord*, and glorify thy name? *Hallelujah! Rev. xiv. 2, 3—Rev. xv. 3, 4.*

## A N T H E M 10.

HALLELUJAH! for, the *Lord God Omnipotent* reigneth. Hallelujah! The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our *Lord*, and of his *Christ*; and he shall reign for ever and ever, *King of Kings*, and *Lord of Lords*. Hallelujah! *Rev. xix. 6—11. 15.*

## A N T H E M 11.

GREAT was the company of the Preachers—the *Lord* gave the word. *P/. lxxviii 11.* Their sound is gone out into all lands, and their words unto the end of the world. *Rom. x. 18.* Break forth into joy—g'ad tidings! Thy *God* reigneth!

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reigneth ! How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth tidings of salvation — that faith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth ! *Isa. lii. 7, 9.*

## A N T H E M 12.

**P**RAISE the *Lord*, ye servants ! Oh praise the name of the *Lord* ! Blessed be the name of the *Lord*, from this time forth for evermore ! Holy, holy, holy *Lord God of Hosts*, all things declare thy majesty : angels and men still cry aloud, Glory to thee, O *Lord* most High !

## A N T H E M 13.

*For Christmas-Day.*

**T**HERE were Shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night ; and, lo ! the Angel of the *Lord* came upon them, and the glory of the *Lord* shone round about them, and they were sore afraid. And the Angel said unto them, Fear not — for, behold ! I bring you glad tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people ; for, unto you is born, this day, in the City of *David*, a *Saviour*, which is *Christ*, the *Lord*. And this shall be a sign unto you : Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And, suddenly, there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising *God*, and saying, Glory to *God* in the highest, and on earth, peace ; good-will towards men ! *Hallelujah ! Lu. ii. 8—14.*

## A N T H E M 14.

*For Christmas-Day.*

**G**LORY be to God most *High*, and on earth peace, good-will towards men! We praise thee — we bless thee — we worship thee — we glorify thee — we give thanks to thee for thy great mercies, O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty. *Hallelujah! Amen!*

## A N T H E M 15.

*For Christmas-Day.*

**S**ING, O heavens, and be joyful, O earth, and break forth into singing, O mountains! for, the Lord hath comforted his people, and will have mercy upon his afflicted. *Isa. xlix. 13.* The Lord hath made bare his holy arm, in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God: *Isa. lii. 10.* For, behold! I bring you glad tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto us is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord — *Lu. ii. 10.* A Light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of his people Israel. *Lu. ii. 32.* The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for him; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose. *Isa. xxxv. 1.* Sing, O ye heavens! for the Lord hath done it. Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein; for, the Lord hath redeemed Jacob, and glorified himself in Israel. *Isa. xlv. 23.*

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A N T H E M 16.

*For Christmas-Day.*

**T**HE people that walked in darkness have seen a great light; and they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined. For, unto us a *Child* is born — unto us a *Son* is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder; and his name shall be called *Wonderful — Counsellor — the mighty God — the everlasting Father — the Prince of Peace.* *Isa. ix. 2, 6.*

A N T H E M 17.

*For Christmas-Day.*

**A**ND the glory of the *Lord* shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together: for, the mouth of the *Lord* hath spoken it. *Isa. xl. 5.* And he shall purify the Sons of *Levi*, that they may offer unto the *Lord* an offering in righteousness. *Mal. iii. 3.* O thou that tellest good tidings to *Zion*, arise; say unto the cities of *Judah*, “*Behold your God.*” The glory of the *Lord* is risen upon thee. *Isa. lx. 1.* For unto us a *Child* is born — unto us a *Son* is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called *Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace,* *Isa. ix. 6.* Glory to *God* in the highest — goodwill towards men, and peace on earth! *Lu. ii. 14.*

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## A N T H E M 18.

*For Good-Friday.*

**B**EHOLD the *Lamb of God* that taketh away the sins of the world! *Jn.* i. 29. He was despised and rejected of men — a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. *Isa.* liii. 3. He gave his back to the Smiters, and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair — he hid not his face from shame and spitting. *Isa.* l. 6. Surely, he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. He was wounded for our transgressions — he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray — we have turned every one to his own way; and the *Lord* hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. *Isa.* liii. 4, 5, 6.

## A N T H E M 19.

*For Easter-Day.*

**C**HRIST, our *Passover*, is sacrificed for us. — therefore, let us keep the feast; not with old leaven, or the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth. *1 Cor.* v. 7, 8. *Christ*, being raised from the dead, dieth no more — death hath no more dominion over him: for, in that he died, he died unto sin once; but in that he liveth, he liveth unto *God*. Likewise, reckon ye also yourselves to be dead, indeed, unto sin; but alive unto *God*, through *Jesus Christ*, our *Lord*. *Rom.* vi. 9, 10. *Christ* is risen from the dead, and become  
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the first fruits of them that slept; for, since by man came death, by man came, also, the resurrection of the dead: for, as in *Adam* all die, even so in *Christ* shall all be made alive. *Rom. xv. 20, 21, 22.*

Glory be to the *Father*, and to the *Son*, and to the *Holy Ghost*; as it was in the beginning—is now—and ever shall be, world without end! Amen!

A N T H E M 20.

*For Easter-Day.*

**B**LESSED are the dead which die in the *Lord*! Even so, saith the *Spirit*—for, they rest from their labours. *Rev. xiv. 13.* When a few years are come then shall I go the way, whence I shall not return. *Job xvi. 22.* Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble, He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down—he fleeth, also, as a shadow, and continueth not. *Job xiv. 1, 2.* Man dieth and wasteth away—yea, man giveth up the ghost, and where is he? *Job xiv. 10.* I know that my *Redeemer* liveth, and that he shall stand, at the latter day, upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God. *Job xix. 25, 26.* Blessed are the dead which die in the *Lord*! Even so, saith the *Spirit*—for, they rest from their labours. *Rev. xiv. 13.*

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## A N T H E M 21.

*For Easter-Day.*

**T**HE trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For, this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law, but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ! 1 Cor. xv. 52—57.

## A N T H E M 22.

*For Easter-Day.*

**N**OW is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. For, since by man came death, by man came, also, the resurrection of the dead. Behold! I shew you a mystery — we shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed; in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for, the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. For, this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but, thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ! Hallelujah! 1 Cor. xv. 20, 21, 51—57.

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## A N T H E M 23.

*For Easter-Day.*

**I** Have set *God* always before me; for he is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall. Wherefore my heart was glad, and my glory rejoiced: my flesh also shall rest in hope. For why? Thou shalt not leave my soul in hell; neither shalt thou suffer thy *Holy-One* to see corruption. Thou shalt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is the fulness of joy; and at thy right hand there is pleasure for evermore. *Pf.* xvi. 9, &c.

## A N T H E M 24.

*For Ascension-Day.*

**L**IFT up your heads, O ye gates — and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the *King of Glory* shall come in! Who is this *King of Glory*? The *Lord*, strong and mighty — the *Lord*, mighty in battle. Lift up your heads, O ye gates — and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors, and the *King of Glory* shall come in! Who is this *King of Glory*? The *Lord of Hosts* — he is the *King of Glory*. *Pf.* xxiv. 7—10.

## A N T H E M 25.

*For Ascension-Day.*

**G**OD is gone up with a shout — the *Lord* with the sound of a trumpet. *Pf.* xlvii. 5. He hath led captivity captive — he hath received gifts for men. *Eph.* iv. 8. He will not leave us comfortless — he will come unto us. *Jn.* xiv. 18. Lo! he is with us always — even unto the end of the world

world. *Matt. xxviii. 20.* He will pour out his Spirit upon all people, and cause them to walk in his statutes. *Eze. xi. 19, 20.* Oh, sing praises — sing praises unto our God! Oh, sing praises — sing praises unto our King! *Pf. xlvii. 6.*

## A N T H E M 26.

FROM heav'n, the loud, th' angelic song began,  
It shook the skies, and reach'd astonish'd man;  
By man re-echo'd, it shall mount again,  
Whilst fragrant odours fill the blissful plain.  
Worthy the Lamb of boundless sway! *Rev. v. 12.*  
In tearth, in heav'n, the Lord of all!  
Ye Princes, Rulers, Pow'rs obey, *1Pet iii. 22.*  
And low before his footstool fall.  
The deed was done! the Lamb was slain!  
The groaning earth the burden bore:  
He rose! he lives! he lives to reign! *Rev. i. 18.*  
Nor time shall shake his endless pow'r!  
Riches, and all that decks the great,  
From worlds unnumber'd hither bring —  
The tribute pour before his seat,  
And hail the triumphs of our King!  
Wisdom and strength are his alone —  
He rais'd the top-stone, shouting grace: *Zech iv. 7.*  
Honour has built his lofty throne,  
And glory shines upon his face  
From heav'n, from earth, loud bursts of praise  
The mighty blessings shall proclaim!  
Blessings that earth to glory raise —  
The purchase of the wounded Lamb,  
Higher, still higher, swell the strain!  
Creation's voice the note prolong!  
The Lord shall ever, ever reign! *Rev. xi. 15.*  
Let hallelujahs crown the song! *Rev. xix. 6.*

